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The Romance of Guy of Warwick.

Early English Text Society.

Extra Series. No. XLIX.

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The Romance of

Guy of Warwick.

EDITED FROM THE AUCHINLECK MS. IN THE ADVOCATES' LIBRARY, EDINBURGH, AND FROM MS. 107 IN CAIUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

BY

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PART II.

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Extra Series,
XLIX.

R. CLAY AND SONS, CHAUCER PRESS, BUNGAY.

The Sowdan at mete was there : 3885 He found the Soudan at table
Of Guy ne was he not ware.
With the Sowdan ete kyng*is* teñ : with ten kings,
A faire sighte it was to keñ. all foes of Guy.
And Guy on horsbak sate there, [p. 104]
To theim he spake in this manere : 3890
'Now that god that duelleth on highe, After an
That alle thing' socoureth farre and nyghe,
And on the Rode suffred passion,

Yiue you alle his malison ; imprecation on all

And the first, sir' Sowdan,
Cristes curse come the vpon ! 3900 believers in

Vnderstonde, traitour, to my reeson : 3905 Mahoun,
I am the Emperour*s* garson,

That by me hath sente his sonde,
And biddeth the to goo oute of his londe.

he delivered his message,

& ou*er*-comeþ our championn,
Mi lord þe schal ȝiue ransoun,
& als his lord serue wille
Euer more, & þat is skille.
& ȝif it so bitide þat our kniȝt 3925
Ou*er*-come ȝour in feld i*n* fiȝt,
Hastiliche þan, y rede þe,
Out of þis lond þat þou fle.
Þer-of þou take a day:
On mi lordes word, y þe say, 3930
To þi pauiloun ich am y-come,
To do þe bateyle atte frome.
Onswere me wiþ-oute*n* lesing,
What word y schal mi lord bring.'

C. 3683. Quaþ þe soudan, 'whe*n*nes artow, 3935
[1] added at the end of the line. I*n*to mi court[1] comen art now,
& misseyst me so schameliche,
& þretest me so dedeliche?'
Gij answerd, 'ich-il þe telle:
Mi name for-hele y nille. 3940
Gij of Warwike mi name is;
In þat cuntre y was born y-wis.'

Turnbull, p. 138, l. 3555. Þe soudan answerd þo:
'Artow Gij, so mot þou go,
Þou slouȝ mi nevou Cosdram: 3945
His heued þou smot þe bodi fram;
Þou it schalt abigge, bi Apolin!
C. 3700. Today is comen ending þin!'
He hete anon þat Gij wer nome
& y-cast in his prisoun, 3950
Fort þe cloþ ben y-drawe,
& þan reweliche ben y-slawe.
Gij drouȝ out his swerd anon,
& priked his stede wel gode won.
Bi seyn Denis he gan to swere, 3955
ȝif ani man so hardi were,

Therfor' to thy pauylon' y am coñe,
To warne the to bee hense anone.
Answer' me nowe to this asking', and demanded an answer.
What worde y shall to my lorde bringe.'
QUOTH the Sowdan': 'what art thou, 3935 The Sondan asked his name.
That in-to my courte art coñe nowe,
And mysseist me so shamefully
And thretnest me so dedely?'
Guy answerd: 'y shall the telle;
My name to couere for the y nelle. 3940
Guy of Warrewik my name is; He told it.
In the contree there y was borñe, ywis.'
The sowdan' answerd thoo: The Sondan
'Art thou Guy, that seist soo,
Thou slowe my neuyeu Cosdram: 3945
His hede thou smote the body fram̄.'

Anone he bade that Guy were nom̄ commanded Guy to be seized and slain.
And kaste in his depe prison', 3950
Tylle the borde were withdrawe, [p. 105]
And than' shamefully to bee slawe.
GUYE drowe his swerde anoñe:
The sarasyns fast aboute him gan gooñ.
By seynt Denys Guy gan swere, 3955 But Guy
And if any so hardy were

þat him neyȝed wiþ schond,
He schuld dye þurch his hond.
Bifor þe soudan com Gyoun,
& hi*m* biheld als a lyoun,[1] 3960
& seyd, 'soudan, þou schalt abigge:
Þine heued þou schalt forgon, y sigge.'
Opon þe cheyer þer he sat
Gij toke him bi þe top wiþ þat,
& þat heued he dede of fle 3965
Opon þe bord of appel tre.
C. 3713. Þe heued he toke in his hond,
& in his lappe he it wond.
Wel hastiliche he went hi*m*, y-wis,
Of þe Sarraȝins adrede he is. 3970

An hundred heuedes he dede of flen
Of þilke þat hi*m* stode oȝen.
Wiþ hi*m* he forþ þat heued bar, 3975
Maugre alle þat þer war.
Þurch þat ost he rode smartliche,
His hors hi*m* bar hastiliche.
Þer miȝt men se þe Sarrazin
Bi on & on wende to Apolin. 3980
Wel fast after him þai come,
& alle þai wold han hi*m* nome.
Gij to aseylen þai wer ȝep;
Vnarmed were þe most hep.
Gij drouȝ him toward an hulle, 3985
Þe Sarrazins hi*m* driuen snelle:
Boþe bi[2] hundred & þousende
Him go þe Sarrazins driueinde.
On ich half þai smite*n* hi*m* to,
& he oȝain to hem also: 3990
Neue*r* no was an-lepy kniȝt
Þat so mani stond miȝt.

[1] MS. *alyoun*.
MS. fol. 128r. a.
Turnbull, p. 139, l. 3581.
[2] *bi* on an erasure.

To com̄e to him with̄ any shonde,
He shuld him slee with his honde;
And priked his stede amonge the route: advancing
All the sarasyns of him had doubte.

To the sowdan) he com̄e with̄ that.
In his cheire, wherin he sat,
To him he smote than anoon), struck off the Soudan's head,
That the hede vpon) the borde felle down).
The hede Guy toke vp with his honde,
And in a clothe he it wonde.
Hastly the sarasyns route and rode away with it.
Besette Guy all aboute.
To I*es*u crist he cryde eu*er*e vpon).
The sarasyns to him resorted echoon.
An hundred hedes he dud of fleen)
Of tho that stode him ayen̄e,
And with̄ strength̄ that hede forth̄ bare,
Maugre theim all that were there.
Thurgh̄ the hooste he rode smertly,
His horse him bare full swiftly.

He was pursued by the Saracens,

of whom he slew many.

Bot god nim of him ȝeme,
His liif it is michel awene.

C. 3731. Listeneþ now & sitteþ stille :
Of Herhaud ich ȝou telle wille,
Turnbull, p. 140, l. 3607. þat of swoning no may hi*m* duelle.
For his lord Gij, y ȝou telle, 4000
So michel sorwe hi*m* was an,
þat telle no miȝt he it noman.
Euerich man is swiþe wo
[1] MS. *agode* When he schal a gode[1] frende for-go :
So was Herhaud for his lord fre ; 4005
No wende he hi*m* neuer more y-se.
[2] *r* in *her* added over the line. [3] *he* omitted in MS. þan bigan his sorweinge,
His her[2] he[3] tar, his honden gan wring.
MS. fol. 128r. b. 'Allas !' he seyd, 'sir Gij !
Now ich wot wele siker-lye 4010
þat y no schal þe neue*r* y-se ;
Allas ! for sorwe wo is me !'
For grete sorwe þat he hedde
He fel adoun on his bedde,
þer he is y-falle on slepe, 4015
As a man weri of wepe.
A sweuen hi*m* mett wel ferly,
þat he seye his lord sir Gij
On his stede swiþe cominge,
& on his hond his swerd kerueing ; 4020
Aseyled he was wiþ wolues & bere :
C. 3750. Vnneþe he miȝt hi*m* fram he*m* were.
Alle þai hadde to-broken his scheld,
& his brini to-rent manifeld.
Turnbull, p. 141, l. 3633. Vnneþe he miȝt him were, 4025
So þai gun on hi*m* to tere.
Wiþ þat is Herhaud awaked,
& of his sweuen gret sorwe maked,

Bot god him kepte alweys, as it dooth̄ seme,
Or ell*is* his lif he had loste, as men wene;
For on) eu*er*y behalue they smote him to, 3995
And he to theim did also.

LESTENETH nowe and sitte stille, [p. 106]
Lording*is*, and it bee youre wille. Meanwhile, Herhaud,
Of heraude nowe y shall̄ you telle,
That of sorowyng' may not duelle. 4000

Eu*er*y man is full̄ woo
Whan he shall̄ a good frende forgoo:
So was heraude for his lorde free; 4005 was very anxious about his lord.
For he wende neu*er*e him more see.

In his sorrow

He felle in swowe vpon) his bedde
Thurgh̄ grete sorowe that he hadde,
And thurgh̄ that falle aslepe, 4015 he fell asleep,
As a man that is wery of wepe.
A dreme he had merueillously, and saw in a dream Guy
That he sawe his lorde Guy
Vpon) his stede swithe com̄yng',
And in his honde his swerde keruyng', 4020
And was assailled with̄ wolues and beer': assailed by wolves and bears.
Vnnethe he migh̄t fro theim eskape there.
All̄ to-cratched they had his sheelde,
That pecemele it fleigh̄ in the feelde. and in great danger.

Withat is heraude of his slepe awaked, As soon as he awoke,
And anone grete sorowe maked,

& seyd anon to alle his *com*peynie,
'Felawes, wil we ous armi? 4030
Gij to help we ouȝt to spede;
For to help he haþ gret nede,
Wele ich wot bi mi sweuen.
Now help ous god þat is *in* heuen!'
Y-armed þai ben sone anon, 4035
& on hors þai lopen ichon,
& wendeþ forþ wiþ gode wille
Ouer þe dounes & þe dales snelle.
Wiþ alle her miȝt þai heye fast
For to socour Gij on hast. 4040
Þe Sarrazins þai gun þretni,
& made gret sorwe for Gij.
Þai seyd alle þat þer were,
Hem dred þai hi*m* seye neuere;
Oþer ded he was oþer y-nome, 4045
For hi*m* þai were sori alle & some.
Sone þai neyȝed toward þat ost,
Of Sarrazins þai herd gret bost;
Of hem was wrin al þe feld,
On hors þai were wiþ spere & scheld, 4050
Turnbull, p. 142, l. 3659. þat eu*er*ichon þai þretten Gij:
Him to slen þai han gret envie.
MS. fol. 128v. a. Amonges hem þai seye Gyoun
[1] MS. *alyoun*. þat him wered als a lyoun.[1]
On ich half þai him aseyle, 4055
& he him werþ wiþ-outen feyle.
Bi þe reynes þai ben him neye niminge,
Ac he him werþ wiþ swerd kerueing;
Mani he smot of fot & fest;
C. 3780. He hadde al nede, la, wite Crist! 4060
Now þai bigin to prike swiþe,
To socour Gij þai han gret hye.
Herhaud him smot a Sarrazin,
þat litel him halp his Apolin.

And cride anone to his companye :
'Felawes, anone doo you army, 4030
And Guy to helpe anone we spede ;
For of helpe he hath grete nede :
Weꝗ y it wote by my sweuen.
Now helpe us god that is in heuen ! '
Aꝗ armed they were anoon, [p. 107] 4035 his fellows, at his command,
And wente to horse eu*er*ychoon, rode armed

And with aꝗ their might they hie faste
For to socour Guy in haste. 4040 toward the Soudan's camp.

Sone they behelde toward a cooste : On approaching it
Of the Sarasyns they herde grete booste.

Aꝗ fuꝗ sore they thretned Guy :
Him to slee fast hasted they.
Amonge theim they sawe Guyoun they saw Guy chased by his pursuers,
That defended him strongly as a lyon.
On eu*er*y behalue they did him assaille, 4055
That by the brideꝗ they toke s*a*unz faille. who were grasping at his reins.

Tho gan heraude fast spede But now Herhaud and his fellows
To socour Guy ; for it was nede.
First he smote to a sarasyn,
That litiꝗ helped him Appolyn.

Þai smiten togider & fast þrung, 4065
Þai corwen þurch liuer & þurch lunge;
Þe Sarrazins þai teche an iuel play,
Euerich on o*þer* y-slawe lay.
Herhaud is ful wele bifalle,
He socourþe Gij wiþ his felawes alle. 4070
Amonges hem was gret gladn-esse:
[1] ȝeþer Þe most hepe[1] wepen for blis;
Þai kisten Gij alle for blis,
& þonked god ful ȝern, y-wis.
¶ Þe Sarrazins wenten alle oȝen, 4075
Sori & dreri alle þai ben.
Turnbull, p. 143, l. 3685. Þai token her lordes bodi þere,
As sori wreches oway it bere;
To Ascone þai ben þer-wiþ y-come,
Y-schent þai ben alle & some. 4080
Gij, & Herhaud, & her meyne
C. 3800. Glad & bliþe alle ben he.
Þat heued þai han on a spere y-sett
(Þer miȝt men se þat Gij was wel net),
Bifore hi*m* bere þat it haþ y-do. 4085
Mani on pelt her finger þ*er*-to.
Into þe cite þai gun it bring,
For ioie þai gun þe belles ring.
Sir Gij to þemp*er*our y-comen is,
Þe heued he hi*m* ȝalt, y-wis: 4090
Þemp*er*our gret þanke hi*m* can,
& in þat cite he doþ make onan
A piler of gray marbel ston:
Þat heued he sett anon þ*er*-on.
In swiche wise deuised it was, 4095
Þat it was biwreyen in bras,
MS. fol. 128v. b. Whar-þurch þat o*þer* miȝt ben war
C. 3832. To come wiþ ani ost more þar.
Þan Gij hadde y-don so
Þemp*er*our cleped Gij hi*m* to: 4100

They smyte faste and to-geder throngе, 4065 rushed to the rescue,
That forkoruen) been) guttes, lyuer', and longe.
So at laste, as god yaue theim grace,
The sarasyns with shame discomfited was, and "taught the Saracens an evil play."

And Guy rescowed with grete gladnesse : Great was their joy.
AH thanked god of their' prowesse.

The sarasyns with-drowe theim anoon) 4075 The Saracens retreated.
Sory and woofuH eu*er*ychoon,
And toke their' lord*is* body there,
As sory wrecches with theim it bere.

THOO GUYE and heraude and their' meyne Guy and his fellows
Thanked god fast of their' fair' iourne.
The hede on a spere they haue doo, [p. 108]
And ryde faste to the Citee thoo. entered the city,

Whan they of the Citee wiste of his comynge
For ioye they ganne aH the belles rynge. whose bells were rung right merrily.
Whan Guy to the Emperou*r* come is
The hede he p*r*esented with ioye and blis. 4090 Guy presented the Soudan's head to the Emperor,
The Emperou*r* with ioye of Guy it hent,
And thanked him gretly of that present.
In the Citee he lete make anone
A piler of grey marbelstone : who set it on a pillar,
The hede therupon) sette was, 4095
And in eche side an hede of bras.

as a warning to all enemies.

WHANNE aH this was doo
The Emperou*r* cleped Guy him to, 4100

'Welcome be þou to me, sir Gij !
Hennes for dayes þritti
Turnbull, p. 144, l. 3711. Michel monschip ichil þe do,
Mi feir douhter ȝiue þe to.'
To þemp*er*our onswerd sir Gij, 4105
'An hundred siþe, sir, gram*er*ci !'

C. 3843. Þemp*er*our aros amorwe þo,
To sen þe cuntre þai ben y-go ; 4110
Alle þat day þai riden hem so
Alle what euen, þai rested hem þo.
Þai seye toward a pleyn plas
[1] MS. *adoun* Þat bisiden a doun[1] was.
A lyoun þai seye cominde þo, 4115
Bot a smal pas no miȝt he go,
Wiþ ȝenende mouþe, & weri he was.
Gij þat seye & seyd, 'allas !
Whi, no haddestow help non ?'
[2] MS. *foly* Ac þat lyon[2] þai dradden ichon, 4120

For wiþ a dragoun he hade y-fouȝt, 4125
& ou*er*comen he was nere him þouȝt.

Gij anon asked his stede þo,
His spere, & his swerd also : 4130
In his hond a gode swerd he bar ;
Þat y-seye alle þat þer war.
When þe dragoun seye com Gij
Þe lyoun he forlett, & gan hi*m* sayly.
Wiþ open mouþe oȝaines hi*m* he come ; 4135
Gij bar his spere oȝaines him anon :

And seide to him: 'my dere frende Guy,
Of all thy goodnesse y kanne not the thanky,
Bot, and thy wille were to take,
My doughter y yiue the to thy make.'
Than answerd to him sir' Guy,
And seide: 'sir', moult *gra*unt m*er*cy!'
At this tyme they departed so:
The Empero*ur* to his chambre wente tho.
The Empero*ur* aroosse on morowe thoo,
And to see the contree he is goo.
And Guy thoughte in that mornyng'
To wode wende in his pleying'.
So in-to a launde he com̄e by cas,
That a litell within the forest was.
A lyoun' he sawe com̄e thoo,
Bot a softe paas he ne might goo,
With yanyng' mouthe, full wery he was. [p. 109]
Thanne seide Guy, 'allas, allas!
This beest had helpe noon'.'
His men' dredde the lyon̄ echoon'.
Guy to the lyon' wente, saunz faille:
The lyon' on him waued his taille,
As he wolde helpe haue
For a dragon', that ley ther' in a caue,
With whom the lyon' had foughte,
And nye ou*er*e-come he was him thoughte.
Whan that wiste Guy
In his herte he was sory.
After his stede he sente tho,
Shelde, and spere, and swerd also.

The Emperor again offered Guy his daughter's hand.

The Emperor rode through the country.

In the evening a lion was seen, that was nearly overcome by a dragon.

Guy, in order to help the lion, attacked the dragon.

Whan' the dragon' sawe a man' to him come
The lyon' he lefte, and to the man ronne.
With open' mouth toward Guy he gan goon',
And Guy bare vp̄ his spere anone:

Turnbull, p. 145, l. 3737. In-to his þrote he it þrest wiþ stre*n*gþe ;
In his bodi was alle his schaft lengþe,
Þat ded to grounde he feld hi*m* þo.
What schuld y make tales mo ? 4140
He smot of þe heued, & went oway,
& come to þemp*er*our so sone so he may,
Gyoun, wiþ riȝt gode wille :
C. 3890. Þe lyoun after him folweþ snelle.
Biforn hi*m* he goþ swiþe sket, 4145
& folwed him at his stede fet.
His fet he licked, so ȝede he neye,
& lepe vp on his stede an heye,
MS. fol. 129r. a. & seþþe he lepe adoun anon,
& made him gret joie opon. 4150
To þemp*er*our is comen Gij,
Þat of him was glad, sikerli.
Alle þai bihelden þe lyoun,
& hadde gret joie bot þe feloun,
Morgadour þe steward, 4155
Þat eu*er* was Gij oȝeinward.
A liþer tresoun þan þouȝt he,
Þat he wold þe lyoun sle.
Wiþ þat into þe cite þai ben y-gon ;
C. 3913. Þemp*er*our went vnto his tour of ston, 4160
& Gij is to his in y-go :
Þe lyoun him folwed eu*er* mo.
Turnbull, p. 146, l. 3763. Biforn his bed he goþ to ligge,
Fram him he nold, for soþe to sigge.
So long þai riden her jurneys, 4165
And þurch riden þe cuntreys,
Þat to Costentin þai ben y-come.
Þemp*er*our haþ Gij on speche y-nome,
& seyd, 'Gij, make þe redi :
Tomorwe þou schalt mi douhter weddi.' 4170
Wel sweteliche hi*m* answerd sir Gij,
'Sir emp*er*our, mow gramerci !'

In-to the throte he it putte with̄ strength̄,
Farre in-to his body his speres length̄,
That dede he felle to grounde tho.
Wherto shuld y make tales moo?
He smote of the hede, and wente his wey
Hom̄eward ayene, the sothe to sey.
Before him gooth̄ the lyon),
And folowed him alwey by woon),

Guy pierced the dragon with a spear,
and smote off his head.
Returning to the Emperor,
he was followed by the lion.

And likked his fete as he yede,
And lepte and pleyde in eu*er*y stede.

With̄ that praye wente sir' Guy,
And yelde it to the Empero*ur*, sikirly.
All were full̄ gladde of the lyon) [p. 110]
Sauf Morgadour' the felon),
That was the Emperours Styward,
That eu*er*e was Guy ayeneward'.
A slie treason) than though̄te he,
That he wolde the lyon) slee.

All were glad to see the lion,
except Morgadour,
who resolved to kill him.

Now is Guy to his ynne goo:
The lyon) him folowet̄h eu*er*e moo.

After their return to Constantinople,

Guy's marriage to the Princess was fixed for the next day.

C. 3935. A morwe, so sone so it was day,
Gij him schred in fou & gray;
Wiþ him his felawes also, 4175
To chirche þai gon eu*er* to & to.
Wiþ þat þai ben to chirche y-come
Worþschiplich alle & some,
& þat maiden was also;
Gret joie hadde al her kin þo. 4180
Þe erchebischop was comen also,
Redi þe spouseing for to do.

C. 3949. ¶ Þemperour seyd to Gij þere:
'Mi douhter ich ȝiue þe here,
And þritti castels wiþ hir also, 4185
Wiþ þe worþschip þat liþ þ*er*-to,
And half mi lond ich ȝiue þe,
Bifor mi barouns þat here be.
Turnbull, p. 147, l. 3789. Þou schalt ben emp*er*our after me:
Biforn hem alle y graun*t* it þe.' 4190
'Alle,' he seyd, 'þat þou bedest me
Ichil afong,' quaþ Gij, 'wiþ hert fre.'
MS. fol. 129r. b. Þe erchebischop[1] come forþ
Wiþ a ring, þat miche was worþ;
He tok it Gij, & he it gan afong, 4195
& Gij bi-þouȝt him þan wel strong:
He biþouȝt þan in his wille
Þat Felice he schuld don vnskille;
He þouȝt him repent & wiþ-drawe,
Wheþer he miȝt hir[2] lete oþ*er* haue. 4200
Leuer him þouȝt to han hir bodi on
Wiþ-outen siluer & gold & precious ston,
Þan alle oþer þat were o liue
Wiþ alle þe gode men miȝt him ȝiue.
Gij sett him adoun anon, 4205
& seyd swiche iuel is comen him on,
Þat he no may of þe stede gon,
Him þenkeþ his hert brekeþ ato.

[1] MS. *erchebuschop.*
[2] *her* originally intended?

Early the next morning Guy,

with his fellows, went to church.

The Princess was there also.

The Archbishop was ready to marry them.

Besides the Princess Guy was to have 30 castles,

and half the empire at once,

and to be Emperor afterwards.

But when the Archbishop came forth,

Guy thought of Felice.

He would rather have her without anything than any other maiden with all good things.

Guy felt ill,

63142

C. 3969. Gij fel aswoning in þat plas,
& aros vp sone after þas; 4210
Gij seyd an heye to þemp*er*our:
'Sir, y þe pray paramour,
Þat þis fest deleyed be
Fort efsones, y bidde þe,
Turnbull, p. 148, l. 3815. Þat ich am apassed þis hache, 4215
& þat ich in gode hele be.'
Quaþ þemp*er*our, 'þat reweþ me,
Þis sposayl schal delayed be.'
Þennes hij gon alle y-fere,
Alle sone wiþ droupeand chere. 4220
C. 3983. Þat maiden wepe & was sori,
For Gij no miȝt hir spousi,
For neu*er* more hij no wende
Wiþ loue com hi*m* hende;
No ioie ne may comen hir inne, 4225
For hij no wende him neu*er* winne.
Sche wrong hir honden & wepe sore,
Sorwe made neu*er* wiman more;
Sche wrong hir fingres & tar hir here,
& curssed þe time þat moder hir ber, 4230
& þe time þat hye biȝeten was;
Neu*er* woman wers nas.
C. 3987. Gij is to his in y-go,
No wist noman of his wo
Bot him self: bi niȝt and day 4235
Al a fourten niȝt sike he lay,
MS. fol. 129v. a. Þat he no com his bed fram,
No out atte dore he no cam.
Now wille we of Gij duelle,
& of his lyoun ichil ȝou telle; 4240
Turnbull, p. 149, l. 3841. Of his lyoun, hou he fard:
Þer while þat Gij lay sike so hard
Nold he noiþer ete no drink,
Ac sorwe he made and gret morning.

and fell into a swoon.

Recovering, he asked the Emperor to put off the marriage.

The Emperor did not like the delay.

The Princess wept,

despairing ever to win Guy.

And Guy in-to his bedde he is stryke,
And therin he lieth̄ longe sike. 4235

Nobody knew what was the matter with Guy,

who did not leave his bed for a fortnight.

While Guy was ill the lion neither ate nor drank.

C. 3997. Gij[1] cleped Herhaud him to, 4245
[1] *j* in *Gij* seems altered from *f*.
& alle his conseyl schewed him þo.
'Sir Herhaud,' he seyd, '*con*seyl me:
[2] Qy. þi?
Of mi[2] *con*seyl ich oxi þe,
ȝif y schal þemp*er*ours douhter take,
Or ȝete abide forþ & hir for-sake. 4250
Ich haue a leman in Inglond
(To telle þe nil y nouȝt wond),
Þerls douhter Rohaut y-wis,
Felice, þat feir maiden of p*ris*.
Oþer þan hir loue y no may, 4255
Sir Herhaud, for soþe to say.'
Herhaud onswerd: 'ichil ȝou telle
Þe best *con*seyl ich haue in wille.
ȝif þou þemp*er*ours douhter afo
Riche þou best eu*er* mo: 4260
After hi*m* þou best emp*er*our.
God haþ y-don þe gret anour:
In þe world ne worþ man of so g*r*et miȝt,
No of so gret pouer, y pliȝt.
More riches þe worþ bi a þousandel 4265
Boþe of cites & of riche castel,
Turnbull, p. 150, l. 3867.
Forestes ful of hertes beld,
Þan þerl Rohaut haþ i*n* weld.'
C. 4023. 'Stille be þou,' quaþ Gij, 'of þat þouȝt.
Now ich wot þou louest me nouȝt, 4270
When þou *con*seyls me mi leman fro.
Mi liif to lese, nil ich it do.'
'Sir,' quaþ Herhaud, 'ich-il be stille,
When it is oȝain þi wille.
Þat þou hir louedest wist y nouȝt, 4275
& þo þou of *con*seyl me bisouȝt,
Þe best ich wold ȝiue þe
Þat ich hadde wiþ-in me.
When þou Felice loues so,
Vn-riȝt it were & þou hir for-go.' 4280

At last Guy asked Herhaud's advice

as to whether he should marry the Princess,

or wait for Felice.

Herhaud advised him to marry the Princess.

But Guy would rather die.

So Herhaud told him to remain true to Felice.

MS. fol. 129v. b.
C. 4035. Gij aros after þe fourtenniȝt
Glad & bliþe wiþ hert liȝt.
He is to þe court y-come,
& ful welcome to alle & some.
Wiþ him his lyoun to court ȝe[de] þo,[1] 4285
[1] MS. ȝeþo.
Þurch whom aros gret sorwe & wo.
Þemper*our* of Gij wel bliþe he was;
Into al þe court no noþ*er* þ*er* nas
Al bot Morgadour, sikerliche:
He hated Gij wel inliche. 4290
For þe maiden he hadde Gij *in* hete.
Gij bileft in court atte mete,
Turnbull, p. 151, l. 3893.
Him to play & solanci.
Þo at þe court bileft sir Gij,
Þer whiles þe king ate mete sat, 4295
Þe lyoun goþ to play wiþ-out*en* þe ȝat
In pais wiþ-outen vilanie.
Herkeneþ now, lordinges, gladli:
When Þemper*our* hadde y-hete,
Gode while Gij haþ bi hi*m* sete, 4300
Wiþ him to pley in *com*peynie:
Solas he loued wiþouten vilanie.
Þat ich while his lyoun
ȝede out of þe pauiloun:
Al abouten he is y-go, 4305
For to resten him in a wro:
Oȝain þe sonne he slepe i*n* a stede,
Gret while of þe day & so he dede.
C. 4057. When Gij wold his way he nam,
Vnto his in þat he cam. 4310
Þe lyoun no folwed him nouȝt,
In an erber he slepe wel soft.
Þan was þe steward goinde,
In-to an orchard al-on cominde.
Vnder a windowe he him seye 4315
Wher þe lyoun lay wel neye,

GUYE aroosse after the fourtenyghte,
And to courte he wente righte.

Guy rose,

and went to the court with his lion.

With him his lyon yede to Courte thoo, 4285
Thurgh whom aroosse sorowe and woo.
The Emperour of Guy was fayne thoo,
That his sikenesse was fro him goo;
Bot Morgadour, sikirly,
Hated Guy fuH inwardly, 4290
And that was for the loue of the maide
That Guy shuld haue spoused as y you seide.
So at mete sette is Guy:
The Emperour him chereth gretly.
Whiles that Guy at mete sate, 4295
The lyon pleide within the yate
In pees withoute vilanye.
Herken now of grete felonye.

All were glad to see him well except Morgadour.

While Guy was sitting with the Emperor,

WHANNE the Emperour had ete,
And with Guy longe while sete, 4300
With him to pley in companye [p. 111]
(For he loued sporte withoute vilanye),

the lion went to lie down in a corner.

Ther whiles the lyon aboute is goo, 4305
To reste him priuely in a sloo:
Ayenst the sonne he slepe in a stede,
Grete while of the day he so dede.
Whan Guy sawe tyme his leeue he non,
And to his ynne he wente him hom. 4310
The lyon than folowed him noughte,
For in the herber he slepe fuH softe.
As the Styward was to his chambre goyng,
He sawe the lyon in the herber sleping.
Oute at a wyndowe he loked him to, 4315

Guy went home

without his lion.

The steward saw the lion asleep in an orchard,

For to resten him in a wro.
'Bi god,' quaþ þe steward þo,
Turnbull, p. 152, l. 3919. 'Þe lyoun liþ here now slepeing,'
Seyd Morgadour in his þouȝt þenking. 4320
A scharpe wepen þer forþ he drouȝ,
& þe lyoun þer-wiþ he slouȝ.
Þe lyoun afrayd vp stert,
As he þat was to deþ y-hert.
MS. fol. 130r. a. Ac a maiden þat y-seye, 4325
C. 4069. & grad to þe steward an heye:
'Sir steward, þat was iuel y-smite.
In vnworþschip it worþ þe at-wite.'
Þe lyoun him goþ forþ groning,
His guttes after him draweing. 4330
To Gyes in he is y-go,
In a chaumber he fond him þo:
At his fete he fel doun in þat stede,
To hauen of him socour at nede.
His hondes he gan to licky: 4335
Þat was his loue, sikerly.
C. 4085. When Gij þat lyoun wounded seþ,
For sorwe him þouȝt his hert clef.
'O lord,' he seyd, 'god almiȝt,
Who haþ þe so iuel y-diȝt? 4340
Þat mi lyoun haþ y-slawe me,
Y nold it wer don for þis cite,
No þat þer-to bilonge.
Sō michel sorwe me haþ afong.'
Turnbull, p. 153, l. 3495. In swiche wretþe & grame anouȝ 4345
C. 4107. His gode swerd wiþ strengþe he drouȝ;
Seþþen on his stede he wond,
His swerd y-drawe in his hond:
To þe court he com prikeing.
Wele hij seyen bi his lokeing 4350
Þat he is sori & swiþe wroþ:
Alle oȝaines him þai goþ.

And in his herte he seide thoo:
'This lyon y shaH nowe slee.
So y may best on Guy wroken bee.' 4320
A sharpe wepen he forth drowe, and pierced him with a sharp weapon.
And therwith the lyon he slowe.
The lyon was afraide and vp sterte,
As he that was to deth hurte.
A mayde was ther, and aH sighe, 4325 A maiden saw it.
And to the Styward she cride an highe:
'Sir Styward,' she seide, 'that was euyl smyte.
Harme dud he noon, god it wite!'
The lyon ranne forth sore gronyng, The lion ran home,
And after him his guttes drawyng. 4330 trailing his guts,
To Guyes ynne he is goo,
In his chambre he fonde him tho:
At his fete he felle downe in that stede: and fell down at Guy's feet.
To haue socour he it dede.
His handes he gan to likke gently: [p. 112] 4335
That was his loue, sikirly.
Whan Guy the lyon wounded seigh, Guy was very sorry to see his lion wounded.
For sorowe his herte to-clef wel neigh.
'A lorde,' he seide, 'god aH-might,
Who hath the thus euyl dight? 4340
For aH this Citee y ne wolde
That my lyon thus sone dede bee sholde.'

In great wrath and grief

With that Guy oute of the Chambre wonde,
And toke his swerde in his honde,
And to courte wente thinkyng. Guy came to court,
WeH they sawe aH by his lokyng 4350
That he was right wroth:
They aH ayenst him sone gooth.

'Lordinges,' quaþ Gij, 'ich ȝou biseche,
ȝif ani of ȝou me can teche,
Who slouȝ mi lyoun to-day.' 4355
Alle þai seyd, 'sir, certes, nay.'
Wiþ þat into þe halle he come,
C. 4126. A maiden he mett þer anon.
¶ 'Sir Gij,' she seyd, 'leue swete,
Is þi lyoun ded, or liues ȝete? 4360
For þurchout smite ichim seye.'
Þo seyd Gij: 'mi swete lef, ney,
Ich þe bidde, for-hele it nouȝt,
Who haþ mi lyoun to deþ y-brouȝt?'
'Sir,' sche seyd, 'Morgadour, 4365
Þat is steward wiþ þemperour:
Þurch þe bodi he him smot.
MS. fol. 130r. b. His deþ it worþ, wele y wot.'
C. 4139. When he herd þat ich feloun
Hadde y-slawe his lyoun, 4370
Turnbull, p. 154, l. 3971. Out of halle he gan driue
Fram chaumber to chaumber al-so swiþe,
Wiþ naked swerd in his hond:
ȝif he him findeþ he goþ to schond.
Into a chaumber he com þat stounde, 4375
& Morgadour sone he founde
Wiþ his nevou in conseyl fast:
When þai seye Gij þai weren agast.
Gij seyd: 'þou me hast bitreyd
When þou to grounde mi lyoun leyd. 4380
No dede ich þe neuer bot gode,
Þou fel treytour, vnkinde blod.'
¶ Morgadour answerd anon,
Stalworþ kniȝt as he was on:
'Þou lexst amidward þi teþ, 4385
& þer-fore haue þou maugreþ.
Whi berstow me on treysoun,
Þat ich haue sleyn þi lioun?'

'LORDINGES,' quoth̄ Guy, 'y you beseche, — asking
Yf any of you kanne me teche,
Who that slowe my lyoun̄ to-daye.' 4355 — who had killed his lion.
Ah̄ they seide, 'sir, naye.'
As sone as he to the halle com̄e,
A maide in hir̄ armes him nom̄e. — The maiden
'Sir Guy,' she seide, 'my leef swete,
Is thy lyon̄ dede, or lyueth̄ yet? 4360
Thurgh̄ the body smyten y him sigh̄e.'
Than besough̄te of hir sir̄ Guye,
That she shuld concele it nough̄t,
But telle him, who his lyon̄ hath to deth̄ brough̄t.
And she seide that Morgadour̄, 4365 — named Morgadour.
That Styward was [with] the Emperour̄,
'Thurgh̄ the body he him smote: [p. 113]
His deth̄ it was, weh̄ y wote.'
Whan̄ Guy herde that same feloūn — Hearing this,
Had sleyn̄ his lyoun̄, 4370
Out of the halle he gan dryue, — Guy looked for the Steward,
Fro chambre to chambre sechinḡ him blyue,
With a naked swerde in his honde,
Yf he may fynde him to shonde.
To a chambre he com̄e in a stounde: 4375
Morgadour̄ he hath̄ therin founde — and found him in consultation with his nephew.
With his neuyeu in counsaille faste:
Whan̄ he sawe Guy he was agaste.
To him seide Guy: 'why hast me betrayhed, — Guy
To grounde so my lyon̄ leyde? 4380
I did the neu*er*e yet bot good,
Thou false traito*ur* of vnkynde blood.' — called him a traitor,
Morgadour̄ answerd to him anone,
As a stalworth̄ knygh̄t shuld doon̄:
'Thou lyest euen̄ in thy tethe, 4385 — but Morgadour gave him the he,
And therfor̄ haue thou euyl dethe.
Why appechest me of treeson̄?
I it avowe, y slowe thy lyoun̄.'

Gij wiþ his kniif smite he wold,
Ac Gij him suffri nold : 4390
His swerd anon vp he hef,
Morgadour doun riȝt he clef
Fram þe heued doun to þe fot :
Of þat stroke no com hi*m* neu*er* bot.

C. 4155. When his nevou y-seye þat cas, 4395
[1] *nevou* MS, *eme* Turnbull.
Turnbull, p. 155, l. 3997.
þat his em[1] so smite*n* was,
Him to awreke hi*m* þouȝt long,
& as he schuld his dart afong,
His arme atvo smot Gij,
& he hi*m* anon crid m*er*ci. 4400
Gij for rewþe is þennes y-gon,
& cam to þemp*er*our anon,
& seþþe he seyd to þemp*er*our :
'Ich haue þe serued wiþ gret honour ;
ȝolden þou hast me iuel mi while, 4405
When þi folk þurch tresoun & gile
Haue mi lyoun to deþ y-brouȝt.
Mi while is iuel ȝalt : he it haþ abouȝt.
For soþe he me to þe biwreyd,
& now to grounde mi lyoun is leyd. 4410
[2] *alto hewe* MS.
Ded he liþe al to-hewe[2]
þi steward, at wordes fewe :
MS. fol. 130v. a.
Wele ich haue ȝolden him his treysoun,
& þat he slouȝ mi lyoun.
Seþþe þou no miȝt nouȝt waranti me, 4415
Whar-to schuld y serui þe,
On oncouþe man in thi lond,
When þou no dost him bot schond ?
Harm me is, & michel misdo ;
þer-fore ichil fram þe go, 4420
& in oþer cuntres serue y wile,
þer men wille ȝeld me mi while.'
Turnbull, p. 156, l. 4023.
'Merci, sir Gij,' seyd þemp*er*our þo.
C. 4185. 'ȝif ani of our haþ þe misdo,

To Guy wit*h* a knyf haue smyte he wolde, — and tried to stab him,
And Guy it defend, as a man sholde. 4390 — which Guy prevented
Wit*h* that Guy his swerde vp heef,
And Morgadour down right at to-cleef — by cleaving him from head to foot.
From the hede downe to the fote:
Of that stroke ne co*m*e neu*e*re bote.

His nephew, attempting to revenge his uncle,
was wounded.

Tho Guy lefte him there fu*l*l sone, — Guy went to the Emperor,
And co*m*e to the Emperour anone.
To him he seide: 'sir Empero*ur*, [p. 114]
I haue the serued wit*h* grete hono*ur*. — and reproached him with the ill return of his good services.

How shuld y any lenger serue the, — Since the Emperor could not protect a stranger in his country,
Whan thou maist not warante me,
Vnkouthe man in thy londe,
Hym not defende, bot spille and shonde.
Harme me here is mykel doo;
Therfor y sha*l* fro the goo, 4420 — Guy would leave him.
And in other contrees serue y wille,
There they wo*l* theim better acquite me tille.'
'Mercy, sir Guy,' quot*h* the Emp*er*o*ur* tho. — The Emperor
'Yf any of my*n* haue the mysdoo,

Swiche riȝt do als tow wilt, 4425
& take þe amendes after þe gilt;
For alle þai schul be þine men [an]on,
In þi nede serue þe ichon,
& at þi wille take her catel.

[1] *i* in *bidde* altered from *e*?

Wiþ-drawe þi mod, sir, y bidde[1] þe wel: 4430
Ich wil þatow to-morwen arly
Mi douhter at þe chirche spousy.'

C. 4193. ¶ Gij answerd: 'þerof speke nouȝt:
Hir to nim nam ich nouȝt biþouȝt;
For, ȝif þou haddest me hir ȝiue, 4435
& ich hir toke þer whiles y liue,
Þan wold þi men anon,
Þat wonderful be mani on,
Þe seggen wiþ deshonour
Þou haddest made a pouer man emp*er*our, 4440
& vnworþ þai wold holden of me,
& sum edwite þer wold be
Þat þi douhter desp*er*plid were,

[2] *me h.* ȝ on an erasure.

ȝif þou to me hadde ȝiuen [2]her here.
Leuer ich hadde litel wiþ worþschipe 4445
Þan michel welden wiþ schenschipe.
Þer-fore, sir emp*er*our, y þe telle,
In non maner bileuen y nille.

Turnbull, p. 157, l. 4049.

Whende ichil in-to mi cuntre,
Mine frendes to visite & to se.' 4450
Leue he toke wiþ þat speche,
& seyd, 'godes sone y þe biteche.'

C. 4209. When þemp*er*our wiþ-holden him no may
(He seþ his wille is to wende o-way),
Wepen he gan wiþ his eyȝen tvo: 4455
Alle þo of þe court dede al-so.

MS. fol. 130v. b.

His grete tresour he dede forþ bring,
& bede it Gij to his likeing,
Ac þerof liked him nouȝt to take:

[3] One letter erased after *of*.

Anouȝ he hadde of[3] Sarrazins blake. 4460

Suche righ̄t y shaH the doo as thou wilt,
To make the amendes weH for the[1] gylt;
For aH they shuH thy men̄ bee,
And at thy wille serue the.

promised him amends,
[1] *thy* MS.

And to-morowe righ̄t eerly
Thou shalt my dough̄ter' spousy.'
Guy answerd: 'therof speke nough̄t:
Hir to take y am not in though̄t;
For, and ye hir had me yiue,
To haue and holde whiles y[2] lyue,
Than̄ wolde thy men̄ sey echoon̄,
That wonderfuH bee many oon̄,
That ye had with̄ dishonour'
Of a pou*er*e man made their' Empero*ur*.

and urged him to marry his daughter.
But Guy answered that his marrying the Princess,
[2] *ye* MS.
and being made an emperor
would be grumbled at by the Greeks.

Leuer me is a liteH with̄ worship
Than moche to welde with̄ shenship.
Therfor', sir', forsothe y the telle, [p. 115]
With̄ you noo lenger' woH y duelle.
Wende y shaH in-to my contree,
AH my frendes for to see.'
His leeue he tooke with that speche:
'Sir, aH-migh̄ti god y you beteche.'

The Emperor wept at Guy's determination to go away.

Guy refused to accept anything,

Al-so a gode man dede þemp*er*our þere :
Þer-after to alle Gyes fere
Riche tresour þan ȝaf he,
Gold and siluer gret plente,
As miche as þai wold vnder-fo ; 4465
For þemp*er*our it comend so.
Gret [pris] þai ȝeue þemp*er*our,
Þat he was man of gret honour.
Gij diȝt him wiþ riche dubbeing,
Riche wede he dede for him bring. 4470
Of þemp*er*our he toke his leue,
& he al wepend it him ȝeue,
& alle þe kniȝtes of the cite,
Of eu*er*ichon leue nam he.
Turnbull, p. 158, l. 4075. Þer miȝt men se sorwe make, 4475
For sir Gij wold fram hem rake ;
Wimen & children mani on,
For him þai wepen eu*er*ichon :
Þer whiles he was in her ferred,
Of no wer no stode hem drede. 4480
C. 4229. ¶ Þemperour cleped Herhaud hi*m* to,
& aresound hi*m* tvene hem tvo :
' Sir Herhaud, þou schalt bileue wiþ me.
Wele ich þe sigge, & siker þou be,
Þat ich in þis ȝere wille ȝiue þe 4485
Þe richest honour þat in mi lond be.'
' Sir,' quaþ Herhaud, ' gram*er*ci !
Wele ȝe wite icham wiþ sir Gij.
Y no wil depart him fro
For non honour men may me do.' 4490
Sir Gij to his in is y-go,
& areliche amorwe he aros þo :
Into Inglond he went, god itot,
Ac when þemp*er*our þat soþe wot,
Þat Gij þe curteys is y-go, 4495
At his hert hi*m* was ful wo ;

but his fellows received as much as they wished.

Now Guy of the Empero*ur* his leeue take hath̄,
And he all̄ weping' him it yaf,
And at the knygh̄tes of the Citee,
Of theim all̄ his leeue toke he.
Ther' men migh̄t see folke sorowyng'
For Guy that was fro theim goyng',
And women̄ and children) many oon) :
For him they wepe eu*er*ychoon) ;
For, whiles that he was with̄ theim in that stede,
Of noon) Enmyes they durste drede.

Guy took leave of the Emperor, who wept,

and of his knights.

All were sorry for Guy's going.

The Emperor asked Herhaud to stay with him,

but Herhaud would not part from Guy.

GUYE hom̄e to his ynne is goo,
And erly on morowe aroosse tho :
To Englond to wende, god it wote,
Is his p*ur*pose full̄ and hote.
And so Guy forth̄ right*is* is goo :
Therfor' the Empero*ur* was full̄ woo ;

Guy's departure grieved the Emperor and

So was Blauncheflour[1] þe schene :
For his loue sche þoled tene.
Toward Inglond is Gij y-drawe,
& wiþ him Herhaud, his gode felawe. 4500

Swiþe hastiliche þai gun ride,
þe weder was hot in some*r*s tide.

C. 4255. ¶ In May it was also ich wene,
When floures sprede & springeþ grene :
Into a forest sir Gij is go 4505
Neye a cite, nouȝt fer þer-fro.
Þan seyd Gij to his meyney :
'Wendeþ swiþe wel an heye,
Mine in to nim[2] in þe cite ;
Ich wil a while here pleye me, 4510
For to here þe foules singe.'
Þer-in was þo his likeinge.
His folk he doþ fram him go,
Alon bileft sir Gij þo :
Hadde he noiþ*er* knaue no grome, 4515
Seriau*n*t no squier non.
Selcouþe it was for to here :
In priue stede stode Gij þere ;
So michel he herd þo foules sing,
Þat hi*m* þouȝt he was i*n* gret longing. 4520
So mani þinges he of þouȝt,
Þat out of his riȝt way him brouȝt.
So long forþ he is rideing,
In his weye forþ secheing,
Þat o groning fram fer he herd : 4525
He of-list, & thider he ferd.

Þe mening seyd, 'allas, allas,
Þat ich was born for swiche trespas !
Ac now is me iuel bifelle :
Deþ, whi wiltow so long duelle ?' 4530
Þiderward sir Gij hi*m* drouȝ,
C. 4275. And loked vnder an hawe-þorn bouȝ.

[1] So MS.

Turnbull, p. 159, l. 4101. MS. fol. 131r. a.

[2] There seems to be a stroke too many (*ninn* or *niun*) in the MS.

Turnbull, p. 160, l. 4127.

And so was blancheflour'[1] the shene :
For his loue she suffred grete teene.
Now is Guy to Englond drawe,
And with̄ him heraude, his felawe. 4500

Blancheflour.

[1] So MS.

In May it was as y wene,
Whan the herbes growen grene :
By a forest they comē thoo [p. 116] 4505
Nygh̄e a Citee, not farre therfro.
Than seide Guy to his meyne :
'Goo ye nowe to the Citee,
And ordeigne there all thing[1] redy ;
For y shall here a while me pley, 4510
For to here the foules singe.'
Theron was tho all his deliting[1].
His men theim wente to the Citee thoo,
And Guy all alone belefte so.

In May,

Sir Guy, being in a forest,

sent his men to a near town to take lodgings for him,

while he remained listening to the birds' songs.

Left alone,

Of so many thinges he bethough̄te,
That oute of his wey he was brough̄te.
So longe he is forth̄ ridyng[1],
In the forest alone his wey seching[1] :
At laste a gronyng[1] he herde, 4525
And he ne wiste how it ferde.
The voice seide : 'allas, allas,
That euere y was borne to suche cas.'

Guy thought of so many things, that he lost his way.

Riding along, he heard a man moaning,

'Death, why wilt thou tarry so long?'

Thider-ward*is* Guy him drowe,
And, as he loked vnder a bowe,

þe bodi he seye of a kniȝt:
þerof he hadde wonder, apliȝt.
Feir & michel he him seþ: 4535
Gij þenkeþ michel, & nouȝt no seyþ.
þat hors he prikeþ, & forþ he goþ:
þat bodi he bihalt inliche forsoþ.
His barbel first adoun he deþ,
Wiþ-outen colour his neb he seþ 4540
For þe blod he hadde for-lore,
þat of his bodi he hadde forþ bore.
Y-girt he was wiþ a gode swerd,
þat was wele kerueand doun to þe uerd.[1]
Wele he was y-armed gentilliche. 4545
C. 4303. Gij of him hadde reuþe miche:
His name he asked sweteliche,
Who him biseye so reweliche.
'What is þi name? where wer þou bore?
& who haþ y-wounded þe so sore? 4550
Ich þe bidde þatow say me,
& for soþe y pliȝt þe
For me schaltow harm haue non.
Who haþ þe þus iuel bi-gon?'
He answerd, 'þat wille y nouȝt. 4555
In mine hert is swiche sorwe brouȝt,
þat y dar schewe þe no speche.
Lete me dye, y þe biseche.
So michel sigge y þe, sir kniȝt,[2]
ȝif þou wilt pliȝt me anon riȝt 4560
þi treuþe in hond mine,
Siker þou be þat al mi pine
& alle mine estris ichil telle þe;
Elles no wostow it nouȝt for me.'
His treuþe sone he him pliȝt, 4565
His liif he teld him anon riȝt.
C. 4337. Now he seyd: 'sir kniȝt fre,
Mi name[3] y þe telle, & whennes y be.

[1] Read *nerd*? MS. fol. 131r. b. Turnbull, p. 161, l. 4153.

[2] The *k* looks as if the scribe had begun to write a *g*.

[3] added above the line in the same hand.

The body he sawe of a knyght:
Therof he had wonder, aplight.

Under a hawthorn he saw a knight,

whose face was without colour for loss of blood.

Begurde he was with a good swerde,
That was well keruyng vpon the egge.
Guy had of him mykel reuthe, 4545
And asked of him right blithe

Guy asked him who he was,

His name, and where he was bore,
And who had wounded him so sore.
'I the bidde, telle thou me,
And my trouthe y plighte the
That y ne shall the harme doo [p. 117]
Bee thou frende, bee thou foo.'

and who had wounded him.

The wounded knight refused to tell him,

unless Guy would plight his troth to him,

which he did.

'Herken nowe, sir knyght free:
Thou shalt wite my name, and what y bee.

Of Gormoise icham cleped Tirri,
Þeld erls sone Aubri. 4570
Wiþ þe douke of Loreyne ichaue y-be.

A feir douhter þan hadde he :

Ouer alle oþ*er* we loueden ous, 4575
& for loue treuþe pliȝten þus.
For non oþ*er* sche nold me lete,
No y no loued[1] non bot þat swete
In godes lawe, for soþe y-wis :
Swiche a[2] treuþe bitvix ous is. 4580
Armes for hir loue y nam,
& now y thouȝt to han went ham.
Mi priis ichaue wide y-souȝt
Fram stede to oþ*er*, no wond y nouȝt.

[1] The *d* above the line in the same hand.
[2] A letter erased before *a*, and another after it. Turnbull, p. 162, l. 4179.

C. 4371. ¶ Þan come fram hir to me a sond 4585
Þat brouȝt me miche sorwe an hond,
Þat þe douke Ot*us* of Paui
Wald mi leman spousey,
To wham ich was treuþe-pliȝt:
Oisel was hir name ful riȝt; 4590
Þat bi letters sche sent to me,
& bi toknes þat wer so fre,
Þat, ȝif ich hir habbe wold,
Þat to hir comen y schold
To on day þat was y-sett, 4595
Oþ*er* sche worþ fro me fett.
To hir ward y gan spede
Wiþ þritti kniȝtes i*n* mi ferred :
Eueriche of ous his stede bistrode,
& riden ous forþ wiþouten abode, 4600
Wher þe douke Ot*us* was & his ferred
Wiþ an hundred kniȝtes of gret pride,
& wele to hundred of seriau*n*ce
Of Lombardy & of Fraunce,

MS. fol. 131v. a.

Of Gormoyse y am̃ cleped Terry, — 'I am Tirri of Gormoise.
The oolde Erles soñe Aubry. 4570
Wiţh the Duke of lorynge y haue bee, — I served the Duke of Lorraine,
And serued hym at fote and knee.
A faire doughţer thanne had he
Yonge, and ioly, and brighţe of blee.
Ou*er*e aH thing' we loued in fere, 4575 — and loved his fair daughter as truly as she did me.
And of true loue plighţe we were.
For noon) other' she wolde me lete,
Bot me loue hertly and swete.

For her sake

seeking fame abroad,

I was informed

that Duke Otus of Pavia was to marry her

To whom y was trouth-plighţe,
Oysele was hir name righţe. 4590 — (Oisel was her name)
By hir l*ett*res she sente to me
And by tokeñs, that were so free,
That, if y hir' haue wolde,
Bylyue to hir com̃e y sholde
Within a daye that was sette, 4595 — on a certain day.
Or ell*is* she sholde fro me bee fette.
Tho toward hir y gan) me spede — I hastened to her with thirty knights.
With thritty knyght*is* of good rede:
Eche of vs his stede bee-strode,
And rode forthe withoute bode, 4600
Where Otes and his feeres were,
Nyghe an hundred knyghţes of grete power',

For to spouse min owhen wiif, 4605
þat y loued more þan mi liif.
Turnbull, p. 163, l. 4205. When y þat wist y sent hir to
So priueliche so ich miȝt it do,
þat hij schuld come to me:
For gret loue so dede sche; 4610
To me sche come þurch queyntise
Doun of þe castel in selcouþe wise
Bi on cable alle sleyeliche,
þat folk it no fou*n*de, sikerliche.
Y sett hir on a mule amblinde, 4615
In þe way we dede ous rideinde.
Ac þer ich dede gret child-hod,
þat alto long y þ*er* a-bod.
At our wending of þat cite
þe liȝt day we miȝten se: 4620
þer we were y-knowen þo
At a brigge as we hadde go.
þat ich for Oisel was y-come,
Hir fader it was teld atte frome.
C. 4397. þurch þe cite þe crie was gradde 4625
þe maiden was oway ladde.
þer miȝt men se kniȝtes on hors wende,
& me þai of-token at þe brugge ende.
þer we stronglich mett wiþ hem:
Mani we slowen of her men. 4630
Alle þai slouȝ mine feren,
þat swiþe gode kniȝtes weren.
Turnbull, p. 164, l. 4231. Me þai come to nim snelle,
Ac y nold no longer duelle:
MS. fol. 131v. b. Ich toke mi leman on mi stede, 4635
& ou*er* þat wat*er* wiþ hir ich ȝede.
Alle þat day þai driuen me,
Alle fort þai no miȝt for niȝt y-se.
When y was passed þe riuer ariȝt
In hert y was glad & liȝt: 4640

Redy to spouse myn owne wif, 4605
That y loued as my lyf.
Whanne y to the Citee was coṁe so [p. 118] Having received my message,
Priuely y sente for hir thoo,
That she shuld coṁe to me
For aꝗ loues, and so dud shee 4610
she let herself down from the castle by a cable.
By a rope aꝗ sligꝗlie,
That noo maṅ wiste but she, trulye.
I sette hir on a mule ambling, 4615 Then I set her on a mule,
And in the wey we dud vs riding. and we rode away.
And ther y dud grete childehode,
Aꝗ to longe ther we abode;
For at our goyng oute of the Citee
The ligꝗte day men migꝗt see: 4620
So we were knowen thoo But we were recognised,
And at a grete brigge, where we shuld goo.
That y for Oysele was coṁe,
Hir fader it was tolde anoṅe.
Thurgꝗ the Citee the crye was made 4625
That y had awey the mayde ladde.
Tho to horse the knyght*is* gan wende, and pursued.
And vs ou*er*e-toke at the brigge ende.
There we strongly mette theim:
Many we slowe of their men. 4630
They slowe aꝗ myn in fere, All my fellows were slain.
That fuꝗ good and noble knygꝗt*is* were.
Me to take, as y you telle,
They were fuꝗ redy, bot y dud not duelle:
I toke my lemmaṅ vpon my stede, 4635 But I escaped, having taken my leman on my steed.
And ou*er*e that water witꝗ her y yede.
Aꝗ that daye they dryueṅ me,
Tyꝗ they for nygꝗte migꝗt noo lenger see.

Þat water passi þai no durstin,
Þan owayward turn þai mostin.
C. 4441. In þis forest y come rideinde,
Bifor me mi leman ledeinde:
Y no dred robours no thef non, 4645
Ac al siker ich wende forþ gon.
What of wakeing, & of fasting,
& eke þat oþer treueyling,
Osleped swiþe sore ich was,
& lay & slepe in þis plas. 4650
Þan com fiftene outlawes strong
Wiþ her men, & here me afong.
Alle slepende þai wounded me.
Anon riȝt nomen he
Mi leman, & þai han hir ladde fro me. 4655
Now, sir, take þerof pite:
Bi þe treuþe þou hast me pliȝt,
Socour mi leman ȝif þou miȝt,
Turnbull. p. 165, l. 4257. &, when þat ich dede be,
Do me birij, ich bidde þe. 4660
C. 4471. To þat hulle þou wende anon:
Þou hem findes þer ichon.
& ȝif þat þou so miȝti be,
Þatow may hem alle sle,
Winne þou miȝt a maiden fre: 4665
In þe warld may non feirer be.
& ȝete y may þe more telle:
Mi stede þai han, *þat* is so snelle,
Þat wiþ strengþe *in* Peyneme ich wan
Of Solagimis, þe sone soudan. 4670
Þer-fore men han y-boden me
.Xv. castels, & touns, & riche cite,[1]
And .xv. somers of siluer & of gold,
Ac for an hundred ȝiuen ichit nold.
Now þou hast, sir, alle y-her[1], 4675
Hou ich am bitreyd & amerd.

[1] s erased after *cite*.

That water passe they ne dorsten, [p. 119]
Thanne ayene turne they musten.
So in-to this forest y com̄e ryding',
Befor' me my lemman guyding:
Ine dredde robbour' ne theef noon,
Bot all sure y wende to haue goon.
What for waking', and for fastyng',
And for other grete traueilling',
For-sleped swithe sore y was,
And felle a-slepe in this plaas.
Than com̄e here .xv. outlawes stronge
With their' men, and gan me fonge.
All sleping thus they wounded me,
And than, for sothe y telle the,
They toke my lemman, and ledde hir with̄ theim.
For godd*is* loue, sir', haue pitee nowe then:
For the trouthe thou hast me plig̃hte,
Socour' my lemman̄ yf thou mig̃hte,
And, whan that y dede bee,
Thou doo me burye, y pray the.
To that hille thou wende anone:
Ther' shalt thou fynde the outlawes echoon.
And, sir, yf thou soo good bee,
That thou mig̃ht theim all slee,
Wynne thou mig̃ht a maide free:
In the worlde noon fairer' may bee.

In this forest

I was not afraid of robbers or thieves,

but, falling asleep,

I was surrounded by outlaws,

who took my leman from me.

Now, sir, help her,

and when I am dead, cause me to be buried.

If thou succeedest in slaying the outlaws,

thou wilt win the fairest maiden,

and the swiftest steed.

Nowe thou hast, sir', all herde,
How y was take and thus aferde.

Take mi scheld, & mi hauberk of stiel
& mi swerd, þat biteþ wel,
MS. fol. 132r. a. & mine armes ich am in diȝt
(For ich þe se man of miche miȝt), 4680
To quite þi treuþe þou hast y-pliȝt.'
C. 4491. þan stode þer sir Gij vp-riȝt:
Wel depe in hert he haþ y-siȝt.
Grete pite he haþ of þat kniȝt:
Turnbull, p. 166, l. 4283. He knewe Tirri for his frende, 4685
þat lay þer in hard bende.
'Sir,' he seyd, 'bi treuþe mine
þat ich haue pliȝt in hond þine,
Euen forþ mi miȝt ich-il help þe:
More miȝt þou nouȝt oxi me.' 4690
Wiþ þat haþ Gij his brond y-nome,
& his hauberk atte frome,
His scheld, & his oþer wede,
& to þe hulle in gret *per*iil he ȝede.
A loge stonden þer he seye, 4695
& þer wiþ-outen a gode stede & heye,
þat was to a bouȝ y-teyd.
Gij þeron his talent leyd:
Sterneliche prikeing he come,
His swerd he drouȝ out anon. 4700
He aliȝt, & seyd at his cominge:
C. 4507. 'þeues, ȝe be ded, wiþouten lesinge.
Awarid worþ ȝe ichon,
Boþe ȝour flessche & ȝour bon.
Whi slouȝ ȝe þat ich kniȝt? 4705
Alle ȝe schul die anon riȝt.
& ȝif ani so hardi be,
þat hennes stir toward me,
[1] *i* underdotted after *I*. Ich[1] wille ȝou for soþe say
He bes þe first þat schal day.' 4710
Turnbull, p. 167, l. 4309. An Almau*n*de he arauȝt:
His heued of at þe first drauȝt.

Take here my sheelde, and my bronde of stele, — Take all my arms.'
And my fauchon, that biteth wele,
All myn harneys that y am in dighte, [p. 120]
And socour me, gentil knyghte 4680
(For y see thou art of might),
To holde the trouthe thou hast plight.'

THANNE stode Guy vpright: — Guy felt deeply for his friend Tirri.
Full depe in his hert thoo he sight.
He knewe Tirry for his frende, 4685
That leye there in so harde a bende,
And seide: 'sir, by trouthe myn — He said,
That y haue plighte in hande thyn,
With all might y shall helpe the: — 'I will help thee with all my
More thou ne maist aske of me.' 4690 might.'
With that he hath his sheelde nome, — Armed,
And his good bronde than full sone,
His hauberk, and his other wede,
To the hylle in grete perille he yede. — he rode to the hill,
A logge there stonde he sighe, 4695 where he saw a lodge,
And withoute stode a stede highe, — and a good steed tied to a tree.
That was to a bowe teyed.
Guy grete chalange on him leyde:
Sternely priking he come,
His swerde he drowe oute anone, 4700 Drawing his sword,
And seide to theim at his in comyng:
'Theeff*is*, ye bee dede, withoute lesyng. — he cried, 'Thieves, you are dead.

Why slowe ye that noble knyght? 4705 Why did you kill the knight?'
All ye shull dye anone right.'

To the maister theef first he raughte:
Full sone his hede awey was kaughte.

Ar ani of hem hem were miȝt,
Alle he hem slouȝ, y ȝou pliȝt.
Þo he hadde hem slaun ichon, 4715
He lepe opon his stede anon.
Comen he is to þat mayde,
Wel sweteliche to hir he seyde,
'Na more sori þou no be,
Ac arise vp, & com wiþ me: 4720
To þi leman y bringe þe sket
Vnder þe þorn *þer* þou hi*m* let.'
MS. fol. 132r. b. Opon a mule sche warþ anon,
C. 4525. To þe hawe-þorn þai ben y-gon,
Ac þai no haue nouȝt þe kniȝt y-fou*n*de: 4725
Y-ladde he was owai þat stounde.
Þo he fond hi*m* nouȝt, he was sori;
For he wend wel sikerli
Þat lyouns hi*m* hadde to-drawe.
He loked adoun vnder þe wode schawe, 4730
If he ouȝt y-herd loude or heye:
Of hors traces hy þer seye.
¶ Þat maiden he lete þare,
& after swiþe he is y-fare.
So fast he rode, þat he com neye 4735
Four kniȝtes he *þer* seye.
Turnbull, p. 168, l. 4335. Gij of-toke sone þat ferrede,
& seye þan kn[i]ȝt wiþ hem lede.
[1] *j* altered from *þ*. Gij,[1] þat heye rode on his stede,
Ȝernne he bad ȝif he miȝt spede. 4740
To þe kniȝtes sir Gij hi*m* sade:
'Lordinges, þilke lord þat ȝou made,
& þe niȝt & þe briȝt day,
Ȝou do worþschipe so wele he may.
Ȝif it be ȝour wille speke wiþ me: 4745
To mi speche vnder-stond ȝe.
Lordinges, ich haue mi treuþe y-pliȝt
To hi*m* þat ȝe lede, þ[i]lke kniȝt,

AH he theim slowe, y you pligh̄te, [p. 121]
Or any of theim arise migh̄te.
Whan he theim had sleyne echoon̄, 4715
He lepte vpon̄ the stede anoon̄.
Than he com̄e to that mayde,
And swetely to hir' he saide,
'No more sory thou ne bee,
Bot arise vp̄, and com̄e with̄ me. 4720
With thy lemman y shaH the bringe
Vnder the hawthorn̄ withoute taryinge.'
Vpon̄ a moyle he sette hir anone,
And to the hawthorn̄ they com̄e sone,
And they the knygh̄t there ne fonde: 4725
Awey he was ledde in that stounde.
Whan they him ne fonde, they were sory;
For they wende fuH sikirly
That lyon̄s him had aH to-drawe.
Than loked he aboute vnder the wode shawe: 4730
The trade of horse he there sigh̄e.
His herte to-berste for sorowe nygh̄e.
The maide he bade abide there:
After him swithe he gan̄ fare.

Guy ou*er*e-toke sone that ferde,
And sawe foure knyght*is* the knygh̄t lede
Ou*er*e-thwerte a stede fast bounde,
Ryding' a paas with him that stounde. 4740
To the knyght*is* than Guy seide
With faire wordes, withoute drede:
'That lorde that made this daye,
You worship, that best may.
Yf it bee youre wille speke with me, [p. 122] 4745
And to my speche vnderstonde ye.
Lordinges, y haue my trouth̄e pligh̄te
To him ye there lede, that knigh̄te,

Guy slew them all.

Coming to the maiden,

he promised to take her to her lover,

but when they came to the hawthorn, the knight was not there.

Looking about him, Guy saw traces of horses.

Leaving the maiden there, he followed them,

till he saw four knights carrying off Tirri.

þat biri y schal his bodi :
Mi treuþe y hi*m* pliȝt, sikerly. 4750
Al for loue ich ȝou biseche
His bodi þat ȝe me biteche.'
C. 4553. þat o kniȝt went to hi*m* ward,
þat was þe douke Ot*us* steward,
þat hadde y-passed þe riuere 4755
In a bot þat he fond þere,
& seyd to Gij, 'who artow?
Als a fole comen artow now.
Comestow now to aski riȝt
To haue þe bodi of our kniȝt, 4760
For his fere we nim þe snelle,
To þe douke Otous lede we þe wille,
Turnbull, p. 169, l. 4361. & ȝe schul boþe demed be,
& heye hong on galwe tre.'
C. 4565. Gij hi*m* seyd, 'þou miseyst, 4765
&, bi mine heued, þou it abeyst.'

MS. fol. 132v. a. Opon þe heued Gij him smot,
Vnto þe girdel stede þat swerd bot. 4770
Anoþ*er* he smot riȝt anon,
Spare nold [he] neuer on.
Of his hors he has hi*m* feld,
His heued he dede fleye in þe feld.
Wiþ þat come þe gode Hogoun, 4775
[1] MS. *of toun.* þe doukes nevou Otoun[1] :
He smot Gij on þe scheld bifore,
þat neye he haþ his swerd forlore.
For schame he hadde of þe stroke þare
Gij smot Hogoun, and nouȝt hi*m* for-bare : 4780
Ouer-þuert þat swerd glod,
& to-clef him wiþouten abod.
Wharto schuld y make tale of nouȝt?
Alle he haþ hem to deþ y-brouȝt.

That y shall his body burye:
So y haue him plighte, trulye. 4750
Therfor' with loue y you beseche
That ye that body me beteche.'
A knyght thoo turned to him warde,
That was the duke of lorreys stywarde,

Telling them that he was bound to bury the knight,
he begged them to deliver him.
But one of them,
Duke Otus' steward,

And seide to Guy: 'who art thou?
As a foole thou art come hider' now.
Whiles thou comest to aske right
Of the body of oure knyght, 4760
Thou art his felawe, we the telle,
And to Duke Otes the we lede wille:
There ye shull bothe demed bee
To hange highe on a galowe tree.'
Guy answerd, 'thou mysseist: 4765
By myn' hede, thou it abeyest.
Art thou beloued with Otoun',
Haue ye all goddis malison'.'
Vpon' the hede Guy him smote,
To the girdelstede that swerde bote. 4770

menaced him.
Guy killed the steward,
then another knight,
then Otus' nephew Hogoun,

What shall y make a tale of nought?
All he hath to deth brought.

and, at last, the fourth knight.

He nam Tirri in his armes anon, 4785
& sett him his hors opon.
To þat hawe-þorn he is y-fare,
Þan[1] fond he nouȝt þat maiden þare.

[1] Looks like *an* at first sight, the þ being partially covered by the ornaments of the large *L* in the next line.

C. 4587. Lete we now of Gij be stille:
More ȝe schul here ȝif ȝe wille 4790
Of þat maiden, hou sche was nome:
Þan schal we til our tale come.
Of Gyes felawes y wille ȝou telle
So y finde in mi spelle,
Þat so long were in þe cite, 4795
Wonder hem þenkeþ where Gij be;
For þe mete was alle ȝare,
Wonder hem þouȝt wer Gij ware.

Turnbull, p. 170, l. 4387.

C. 4597. ¶ Herhaud of Ardern & o*þer* mo
In-to þe forest þai ben y-go: 4800
Þai miȝt [him] finde for no secheing.
Herhaud cast sone his lokeing:
Biside hi*m* he herd[2] a[3] mening,
Also it were a woman schricheing.
Hye bi-gan loude to grede: 4805
Herhaud neyȝed & his ferrede.
Þe haweþorn þai ȝede wel neye,
& þe maiden þer þai seye.
Herhaud hir oxed what hij was;
Sche no told him nouȝt al her cas, 4810
Bot þat sche was a wriche wiman
Þat michel sorwe so was an;
For alle þat sorwe þan hade he,
For sche no miȝt hir leman se.
Sche forbede him anon riȝt 4815
Þat noman sett on hir siȝt.
Herhaud tok þat mayde wiþ him,
& laddè hir hom to his in.

[2] *a wiman* underdotted after *herd*
[3] *a* above the line

MS. fol. 132v. b.

Turnbull, p. 171, l. 4413.

C. 4617. Now wende we oȝain to our spelle,
Þat ȝe me herd er þan telle 4820

He toke Terry in his armes twoo, 4785 Returning with Tirri to the hawthorn, he missed the maiden.
And ledde him forthe before him tho.
To that hawthorn they bee fare,
And thoo they ne fonde the mayde there.
Lete we nowe of Guy bee stille, [p. 123]
And herken more if it bee your wille 4790 Now you shall hear how the maiden disappeared.
Of the maide, how she was nome,
And than ayene to our tale we shuH come.
Of Guyes felawes shuH we telle Guy's fellows,
As y fynde in this perchemyn felle,
That so longe had bee in the Citee, 4795
And wondred sore where Guy might bee. thinking it strange that he did not come,

Heraude of Ardern and other moo
In-to the forest they been goo, 4800 returned into the forest.
And him fynde they ne might.
Than kaste heraude his sight: Looking for him,
'A-lighte,' he seide, 'I here a gronyng, Herhaud heard a moaning,
As it were a woman in childing.'
And she beganne lowde to crye, 4805
And heraude to hir gooth, trulye.
To the hawthorn they come nyghe,
And that Maide there they syghe. and they saw the maiden,
Heraude hir asked what she was,
Bot she ne him tolde aH the cas. 4810
Than they toke that mayde forth, who said she was a wretched woman.
And homeward ayene sory they gooth;
For they had their lorde longe soughte
In the foreste, and fonde him noughte.

Herhaud took her with him.

NOWE wende we ayene to our spelle,
There ye me herde beforehande telle 4820

Of Gij and Tirri, þerls sone,
Hou þai ben to þe hawe-þorn come.
When hij þider y-comen were,
No fond hij nouȝt þe maiden þere.
Gij bileft þer sir Tirri, 4825
& souȝt þat maiden bi & bi:
Op and doun he ȝede hir secheinde,
& sorwefulliche hir bimeninde.
He wende sche were stole wiþ outlawe,
Oþer wiþ wilde bestes y-drawe. 4830
For hir in hert hi*m* was ful wo,
Þat he no wist what to do:
No wist he what do he miȝt,
To þe cite he went anon riȝt;
When he hir finde no may, 4835
Homward he most take þe way.
Þan toke he þat kniȝt:
On his stede nek he sett hi*m* riȝt.
Y-comen he is to þe cite:
His men al sori findeþ he, 4840
&, when hij her lord seye come,
Bliþe þai were alle & some.
Turnbull, p. 172, l. 4439. 'Lordinges,' he seyd, 'nimeþ þis bodi,
& to þe grounde it lay wel softli.'
Þe bodi þai toke of þat kniȝt, 4845
Opon a pal leyd it anon riȝt.
Gij haþ of-sent leches þere,
Þe wisest þat in þat cite were.
'Lordinges,' he seyd, 'vnderstond to me.
ȝif ȝe þis kniȝt þat ȝe here se, 4850
May on him his wou*n*des hele,
It worþ ȝou ȝolden eueridele.
ȝif he dede or liues be,
Ich bi-hot ȝou, min frende fre,
Him to hele ȝour miȝt ȝe do: 4855
An hundred besaunce y ȝif þe*r*-to.'

How Guy and Terry, the Erles soñe,
Been to the hawthorn ayene coñe,
And, whan they thider coñe were, [p. 124]
They ne fonde the mayde there.
Guy lefte there Terry, 4825
And wente to seche the mayde hastly,

Now let us return to Guy and Tirri.

Guy sought the maiden in vain.

And he hir fynde than ne may : 4835
Hoñeward, forsothe, he toke his way,
And with him toke that knyght :
Vpoñ his stede he ledde him right.
Coñe he is in-to the Citee :
His meñ all sory than fonde he, 4840
And, whan they sawe their lorde coñe,
Gladde they were all and soñe.
'Lordinges,' he seide, 'take this body,
To grounde ye it ley softely.'
The body they toke of that knyght, 4845
Vpon palle they leyde downe right.
Guy than sente for leches,
The best in the Citee he forseches.
'Lording*is*,' he seide, 'vnderstonde me.
Yf ye this knyght that ye here see, 4850
May his woundes sikirly hele,
Ye shall haue good reward*is* with a mery mele.

Not knowing what to do, he rode into the city,

taking Tirri with him on his steed.

His men were glad to see him.

Guy sent for the best physicians,

who, if they could cure Tirri's wounds,

were to receive a hundred besants.

MS. fol. 133r. a. Þai groped his veynes & his wou*n*de,
Þai feld hem boþe hole & sounde:
Wele hii seþ he nis nouȝt dede.
Þe leches taken hem to rede, 4860
In forward hele hi*m* þai wille,
In non maner lete þai nille.

C. 4631. ¶ Þerwhiles of-herd sir Gij
Noise, & wepe, & wel gret crie.
His chaumb*er*leyn he cleped him to, 4865
& alle in wretþe he oxed him þo
Who it was þat noise made.
'Bid hem alle be bliþe & glade.'

Turnbull, p. 173, l. 4465. 'Sir,' he seyd, 'a maiden it is
Þat Herhaud fond, wel feir, y-wis, 4870
Vnder an hawe-þorn in þe forest.'
Quaþ Gij, 'fete hir to me in hast,
Swiþe þat ich miȝt hir se.
Now hastiliche bringeþ hir to me.'
Þe chau*m*berleyn is forþ y-gon, 4875
& brouȝt hir bi-forn hem anon.
Gij hir knewe, & gan hir gret,
'Welcome be þou, mi lef swete,'
As sche was into þe halle y-come,
Wepeinde & sorwende vnder-nome. 4880

C. 4645. Wiþ þat hij seye þat bodi, y-wis,
Liggend on a pal of p*ris*.
¶ 'A, leman Tirri,' quaþ sche þo,
'What, y se þi neb al blo,
Þat so white of colour was: 4885
Þi better neuer y-born nas.
In wroched time mi bodi þou say,
When þou schalt for me day.
Dye ich-il forþ wiþ þe:
For sorwe liues no may y be. 4890
Bot y may dye ichil me quelle:
Leng[1] to libbe is nouȝt mi wille.

[1] *e* seems altered from *i*.

They saw he was not dead yet.

The leches seide that they him hele wolde ;
With godd*is* helpe they it doo sholde.
Thanne anone herde Guy
Noyse, weping, and grete cry.
His Chambreleyn) he cleped him to, 4865
And aH wrothly he asked him tho
Who it was that the noyse made.
'Goo in to theim, and bidde theim bee glade.'
'Sir,' he seide, 'a faire mayde it is [p. 125]
That heraude fonde in the forest, ywis, 4870
Vnder an hawthorn) in the foreste.'
'Lete me hir see,' quoth Guy, 'in haste.'

In the mean time Guy heard great crying,

which his chamberlain told him came from a maiden found by Herhaud in the forest.

Guy wished to see her,

The Chambreleyn) is forth goon), 4875
And bringeth hir before Guy anoon).
Guy hir knewe, and gan) hir grete :
'WeH founde, my leef swete.'
But eu*ere* she wepte, and 'allas' seide :
AH they had reuthe of that mayde. 4880

and, when she came, he knew her.

When she saw Tirri lying there,

she burst into lamentations,

threatening to kill herself.

Seþþen þou hast þi deþ for me,
For soþe dye ich-il for þe.'
Turnbull, p. 174, l. 4491. When sche seye Tirri, hir leman, 4895
Ouer him sche fel aswon onan.
Gij hir in his armes nam,
& seyd to hir, 'mi leue leman,
No make þou nouȝt sorwe so miche:
þi leman worþ hole hastiliche.' 4900
MS. fol. 133r. b. In þat cite þai bi-leued þere
What Tirry was hole & fere.
To þe wode þai ben y-go:
Miche loue was bitven hem to.
C. 4691. On a day, as þai com fram hunting, 4905
Gij seyd to Tirry, wiþ-outen lesing:
'Ich wil þat we be treuþe-pliȝt
& sworn breþer anon riȝt.
Tirri,' seyd to sir Gyoun,
'Vnder-stond now to mi resoun, 4910
[1] Read *oure*? þat noiþer oþer[1] after þis
No faile oþer while he liues is.'
¶ Wiþ þat answerd þerl Tirri,
& seyd, 'wel bleþelich, sir Gij.
Now þou louest so miche me, 4915
þat tow mi sworn broþer wil be,
No wille ich neuer feyle þe
For nouȝt þat mai bi-falle me.
Gret worþschip þou hast don me:
God leue me ȝete þan day y-se 4920
Turnbull, p. 175, l. 4517. þat ichit þe mow wele ȝeld.
For gode baroun þou art y-held;
Fram deþ þou hast y-warist me;
Wel gret wrong it schuld be
Bot ich þe loued as mi lord fre. 4925
Wel gret worþschip ich ouȝt bere þe.'
Treuþe bitven hem is pliȝt,
& after kist anon riȝt.

She fainted over Tirri.
Guy took her in his arms, assuring her that Tirri would soon recover.

They remained there till Tirri was cured.

There was much love between him and Guy.

ON A DAYE, as they com̄e fro huntyng', 4905
Guy seide to Terry, withoute lesyng':
'I wolł that we bee trouthe-pligħt,
And sworen' brothers bee-com̄e nowe rigħt,

One day, Guy offered Tirri to be his sworn brother,

That neither' of vs neu*er*e moo
Faille other' in wele nor woo.'
Than answerd the Erle Terry:
'Fułł hertly, sir Guy.
Now thou so gretly louest me, 4915
That thou my sworne brother wolt bee,
I woll neu*er*e, certaine, faille the
For noo-thing' that may bee-falle me.
Grete helpe y haue had of the:
God lete me yet that daye see 4920
That y it the may yelde
To thy pleasur' in towne or feelde.'

which Tirri gladly accepted,

promising never to fail him.

Truthe betwene theim there they pligħte,
And after kyste anone rigħte.

They plighted their troth, and kissed each other.

Seþþen þai went in-to þe cite
Wiþ ioye & mirþe, gamen & gle. 4930

C. 4721. Now Gij him makeþ hi*m* alle ȝare
Into Inglond for to fare.
Tirri he wald lede wiþ him þo
& Oysel, his leman, þ*a*t he loued so.
To þe king þai wold hem aqueynti, 4935
& gode þrowe wiþ hi*m* soiornni.
Biteche he hi*m* wille his castels alle,
So he hi*m* biþouȝt, ȝif it miȝt falle.

C. 4729. ¶ It was opon a somers day,
Gij out at a windowe lay. 4940
To Tirri he spac of her fare,
Of her wele & of her care.
Wiþ þat com prikeing anon riȝt
A kniȝt: he semed wele, apliȝt,[1] 4945
Wele he semed he treuaild were.
Gij anon clept to him þere:
'Sir kniȝt,' he seyd, 'whennes comestow?
& what þou sechest telle me now.'
¶ Þe kniȝt answerd, 'ich-il[2] þe telle,
& nouȝt þerof leyȝen y nille. 4950
Tirri of Gurmoise y go secheinde,
Þerl sone Aubri wele doinde.
In mani londes ich haue hi*m* souȝt.'
'Wharto?' quaþ Gij, 'hele it nouȝt.'
'Sir,' quaþ he, 'y telle þe sone 4955
Of a gret sorwe, þat is y-done.
Tirri serued þe douke Loyere:
Þe douke hi*m* loued, and held hi*m* dere,
& ȝaf him armes wiþ gret honour:
Kniȝt he bicome of gret valour. 4960
Þe douke hadde a feir douhter for þe meistr*i*,
Þat was y-ȝouen to þe douke of Paui:
Tirri hir loued & oway ladde,
Whar-þurch mani man þe deþ hadde.

MS. fol. 133v. a.

[1] *apliȝt* not quite distinct.

Turnbull, p. 176, l. 4543.

[2] *jich il* MS.

Forthe they wente in-to that Citee [p. 126]
Witħ ioye, and myrthe, and moche glee.
Guy after that made him redy
In-to Englonde to fare, truly.

Now Guy made himself ready to return to England, taking with him Tirri and Oisel,

It was vpon̄ a somers daye,
Guy oute at a wyndowe laye.

But on one day in summer, looking out at a window, and talking to Tirri about their adventures, Guy saw a knight coming.

As he lay, com̄e ridyng' a knygħte :
Fuł wery he semed by ał sigħte,
That oute of farre contrey trauailled were.
Guy to him cleped there :
'Sir knygħt,' he seide, 'fro whens com̄est thou?
And what thou sechest telle me now.'

'Terry of Gormoyse y goo seching',
The Erles son̄e Aubrey weł doyng'.
Thurgħ many londe y haue him sougħte.,
'Wherto?' quotħ Guy, 'cou*er*e it nougħte.'
'Sir,' he seide, 'thou shalt wite sone
The grete trespasse that was doon̄e.'

This knight was in search of Tirri,

who, having served Duke Loyere,

and shown himself a knight of great valour,

had eloped with the Duke's daughter;

Wiþ strengþe hi*m* folwed kniȝtes bliue: 4965
Y not wher he be ȝete oliue.
C. 4765. ¶ Þe douke Loyer biþouȝt hi*m* þo
Opon his fader for to go.
Þe douke Loyer wiþ hi*m* ladde
Þe douke of Paui þider he hadde 4970
Wiþ his gode cheualrie,
Þe best of al Lombardye.
Turnbull, p. 177, l. 4569. In Gormoise þerl bisett han he,
And destrud alle his cuntre.
Bot god me leue Tirri finde, 4975
Þat he be his fader helpinde,
Al his lond hi*m* tit for-go:
No schal he it oȝain win neu*er* mo.
His fader no may armes weld,
No no lenge help hi*m*self for eld.' 4980
C. 4777. ¶ 'Sir kniȝt,' þan seyd sir Gij,
'Her wiþ ous þou schalt herberwei,
& of þerl Tirri telle y þe
ȝif ich ouȝt can, mi frende fre.'
'Gram*er*ci, sir,' þan seyd he. 4985
'Of him to here leue war me.'
Gij hete his folk hastiliche
Þat hye hi*m* vnder-feng curteysliche.
MS. fol. 133v. b. 'Ich-il þe telle,' quaþ sir Gij,
'Þat y can of þerl Tirri.' 4990
When þai hadde d[r]onken i*n* þe halle,
& glad þai were, y telle ȝou, alle,
¶ Þan seyd þerl Tirri:
'For loue y bidde þe, sir Gij,
Oȝain to mi cuntre com wiþ me, 4995
Als-so we sworn breþ*er* be,
Mi fader to help þat we spede;
For of help he haþ gret nede.'
Turnbull, p. 178, l. 4595. 'Be stille,' seyd Gij, 'what seystow me?
Þat day to god vnworþi y be, 5000

for which offence his father was being besieged by the Duke.

If Tirri could not be found,

his country would be lost,

his father being too old to wield arms.

Guy asked the knight to stay with him for the night.

'Sir knyght,' seide Guy,
'Here with vs thou herborugh, truly,
And of the Erle Terry y shall the telle
Yf y ought kanne, my frende, withoute duelle.'
'Graunt mercy, sir,' seide he. 4985
'Of him to here leef were me.'[1]

When they had drunk in the hall, and were glad,

Tirri asked Guy to go with him to his country

to help his father:

WHANNE they had ete and dronke to,
In grete gladnesse they were tho.
Thanne seide the Erle Terry:
'For loue y prey the, sir' Guy,
That thou to my Contree come with me, [p. 127] 4995
As we sworne brethern' bee.
My fader' to helpe we vs spede;
For to helpe he hath grete nede.'

[1] *Gui of warwick is my name, how like yow the same,* in a later hand in the blank space left by the original scribe here, as elsewhere before a line beginning with a large capital.

ȝif y, sir Tirri, feylė þe,
þerwhiles þat ich haue liif *in* me.'
'Sir Gij,' he seyd, 'grame*r*ci:
þilke y sigge þe, sikerly.'

C. 4801. Now sendeþ Gij after kniȝtes snelle, 5005
Almaines swiþe & of gode wille
To him þer come gret plente:
Er þe twenti day y-comen be,
Fif hundred kniȝtes hardi & hende
To Tirri come for his frende, 5010
& seyd to Tirri, 'to þi fader we wil gon:
Wele we it auȝt to don;
Wel redi we ben ichon.'
So long þai han forþ y-gon,
C. 4809. Y-comen þai ben to Gormoise. 5015
In þat cite was gret noise.
In an euening þai com to þe cite,
þat hye wiþ-outen ap*er*ceiued nar he.
Wel glad hi*m* was þerl Aubri
Of the cominge of his sone Tirri, 5020
& of sir Gyes coming,
þat gode kniȝt was, wiþ-oute*n* lesing.
Her eyȝen watred for gladnesse,
Alle þai ȝede oȝain hi*m* to kisse.
Turnbull, p. 179, l. 4621. 'Leue fader,' seyd sir Tirri, 5025
'Worþschip wele now sir Gij:
Felawes we ben treuþe-y-pliȝt.
Y wil þat ȝe it wite now riȝt:
Fram deþ he haþ y-heled me.'
[1] *god* added above the line. Quaþ þerl: 'god[1] y-þonked mot it be. 5030
Hennes forward alle þ*at* min is
To his wille schal ben, y-wis,
MS. fol. 134r. a. His hest to don & his wille
Erliche & lat, loude & stille.
A wel eld man ich am, y-wis: 5035
þat y bar armes tventi ȝer it is;

'I shaH the neuere faille,' quoth Guy,
'While the lif lasteth in my body.'

and Guy was very eager to do so.

On Guy's invitation

there came 500 German knights

to help Tirri's father.

They entered Gormoise

unseen by the enemy.

FuH gladde was therle Aubry
For the comyng of his sone Terry,
And ouere aH other of Guyes comyng,
That good knyght was, withoute lesing.
So longe to bataille they been goo,
That betwene theim moche sorowe is doo,

Aubri was glad of their coming.

Tirri told his father

that Guy had saved his life. Aubri thanked God for it.

Guy was to be lord of the country.

Y-lorn ich haue cheualrie :
Of mi lond haue þou þe meistrie.'

C. 4833. Þan y-herberwed weren he
Worþschipliche in þat cite. 5040
In þe cite gret noise is made :
Of þe barouns com þai ben wel glade.
Þer-in is now þerl Aubri,
So is sir Gij & sir Tirri.

Next morning,

An arnmorwe aros sir Gij, 5045
& cleped to him his *com*peynie.
Bifor þerl þan þai ferden,

hearing great noise, Guy asked what it meant,

& a gret crie þai herden
Of þe barouns of þe cite.
Anon oxed Gij þe fre 5050

Turnbull, p. 180, l. 4647.

Of þat noise what it was.
A squier told him al þat cas :

and heard that Duke Loyer's steward wanted to fight.

'Þe douke steward Loyer
For present he comeþ to iusti here
ȝif he finde wiþ whom to do, 5055
Þat ani kniȝt durst cu*m* hi*m* to.'

Guy replied that he was to get as much of it as he desired.

Sir Gij answer[d], 'ȝif y may
Þerof him worþ his fille to day.
Lordinges,' he seyd, 'ginneþ ȝou armi,
& gin whe hem to asaily. 5060

C. 4857. Sir erl Tirri,' Gij hi*m* sede,

At Guy's advice Tirri sallied out with 200 knights.

'Take to hundred kniȝtes i*n* þi ferred :
Þe lordinges to aseyl ȝe go.[1]
In Herhaud & in me trist also.
We wil abide in þis cite, 5065
In þi nede we schul socour þe.'
Tirri nimeþ wiþ hi*m* kniȝtes
To hundred armed in fiȝtes.
Out of þe cite he nam his way,
Mani scheld he to-drof þat day. 5070
Tirri smot wiþ gret miȝt
Opon þe helmes, þat schine briȝt.

[1] This line added in the same hand at the end of the column (after l. 5076).

þurch þe bodi a kniȝt he bar,
Ded he feld him adoun þar.
Anoþer lording he smot þo, 5075
His hauberk nas him worþ a slo.
þurch his bodi þe brond went :
Ded he feld him verrament.
Ich on of hem þat he toke, he slouȝ,
Were it wiþ riȝt, were it wiþ wouȝ. 5080
Wel fel kniȝtes þer weren y-feld,
þat lay long streȝte in þe feld :
Sum were þurch þe bodi wounde,
And sum lay ded opon þe grounde.
So wele dede þerl Tirri, 5085
& wiþ him alle his *com*peynie.
þe lordinges þai han so þurch-gon,
þat ded þai fel mani on.
Tirri smot to þe *con*stable :
Of his stede he feld him, wiþ-oute*n* fable, 5090
& ney he hadde hi*m* wonne in fiȝt.
þer com an hundred kniȝtes of gret miȝt :
Alle þai folwed him abaundoun,
& he mett wiþ hem als a lyoun.
Mani heuedes he dede of fle : 5095
Alle þat he smot ded most be.
Tirri mis-dede nouȝt for þan :
þer he les his feren euerich man.
þurch strengþe of þe lordinges snelle,
Fif hundred of kniȝtes felle, 5100
Tirries felawes ben ouer-come,
Of-held, y-slawe, oþ*er* y-nome.
Ac Tirri he*m* goþ þan meteing
Wiþ mani strok of his brond kerueing :
A fot no deyned hi*m* nouȝt to fle, 5105
No his stede wiþ-wende oȝe.
His feren he rescoud as a gode kniȝt :
Mani on he feld ded anon riȝt.

Turnbull, p. 181, l. 4673. MS. 134r. b.

Tirri slew whomsoever he hit.

He did well, and so did all his fellows.

C. 4878.
Tirri would have vanquished the constable,

if a hundred knights had not come, who pursued him.

Notwithstanding his valour, he lost all his fellows,

who were killed or taken prisoners.

Turnbull, p. 182, l. 4699.

But he rescued the prisoners.

C. 4899. Then said Herhaud to Guy,

Þan seyd Herhaud, 'leue sir Gij,
Sestow now þe gode erl Tirri? 5110
Of grete valour now so is he:
His better wot y non bot te.

'We ought to go help Tirri.'

Him to socour we auȝt to go.'
Gij him answerd, 'we schul so.'

And so they did.

Forþ þai ȝede wiþ gode welle: 5115
Þe lordinges hij astounded snelle.
Wiþ þat com forþ sir Gij,
In his hond his swerd blodi.

Guy slew two knights,

Wel heteliche he smot a kniȝt,
His bodi he clef adoun riȝt. 5120

MS. fol. 134v. a.

Anoþer kniȝt he smot anon,
Þat ded he feld him on þe ston.

[1] Added above the line.

Sir Gij[1] him smot to Gayer,
Þat was þe doukes nevou Loyer:

and unseated Gayer.

Of his hors he haþ him feld 5125

[2] The second *i* added above the line.

Þurch Tirries[2] help in þe feld.
For he smot his felawe,
In þe sond he haþ him slawe.

Turnbull, p. 183, l. 4725.

Herhaud smot anoþer forþ,
His armes was him nouȝt worþ: 5130

Herhaud also fought valiantly.

Þurch his bodi þe swerd ȝede;
Ded he feld him of his stede.
Anoþer he smot him as gode kniȝt,
Of his stede he feld him doun riȝt.
Now þai ginne togider smite: 5135
Non no spared o*þer* bot lite.
Togider þai smite hard wiþ alle,
Mani on þer was ded & doun falle.

Tirri, Sir Guy, and Herhaud took prisoners and killed so many,

Who þat seye þan þerl Tirri
Wiþ his felawe sir Gi, 5140
& Herhaud of Arderne þe gode,
Þat wele to smite was in his mode,

that there was no choosing the best of them.

So mani þai nomen & feld þat day,
Is non þe best chese may

Of þre kniȝtes so wele doinde, 5145
Oȝain þe Loreyns fiȝting.
Gij to þe steward haþ y-smite,
Of his hors he feld him wiþ hete :
Þurch strengþe of fiȝt he hi*m* wan.
Þe oþer oway fleye ich man : 5150
Gij & Tirri hem folweþ stron[g]liche
& her feren,[1] hardiliche.
Alle þai ben ded o*þer* ou*er*-come :
Þer bileued non vnnome.
Gij & Tirri oȝain ben y-gon : 5155
Wiþ hem þai ladde her prisouns ichon.
Whar-to schuld y þer-of lye ?
Þat day þai hadde þe maistrie.

C. 4927.

The steward was taken by Guy, and the others fled.
They were pursued by Guy, Tirri, and their men,
and all killed or made prisoners.

[1] MS. *ferren.*

Turnbull, p. 184, l. 4751.

Guy and Tirri returned with many prisoners.

Þan com forþ a kniȝt þer,
Þe tiding teld þe douke Loyer : 5160
'Sir douk,' he seyd, 'vnder-stond to me.
To ben awreken now biþenke þe.
Bifor Gormoise þat cite
On arnemorwe þan come we
Wiþ fif hundred of gode kniȝtes : 5165
An acumbrau*n*ce ous come anon riȝtes.
Alle nomen & slawen ben hye :
Oȝein ne beþ nouȝt comen fourti.
Repeired is þerl sir Tirri,
Wiþ him of Warwike sir Gij,[2] 5170
Herhaud of Ardern, þe gode marchis,
& wiþ hem fif hundred kniȝtes of p*ris*,
Þat gode ben to fiȝt & modi.
Þine kniȝtes þai han slayn bi & bi.'

C. 4937.

A knight told the news to Duke Loyer,

MS. fol. 134v. b.

[2] l. 5170 before 5168 in MS.

informing him also of the arrival of Tirri with Guy, Herhaud, and 500 good knights.

Þe douk answerd, 'is it soþe þis, 5175
Þat þerl Tirri repeired is,
Gij of Warwike, & Herhaud also,
& her feren, þat gode ben, mo :
Þe fende hem haþ þider y-brouȝt.
To slen ous alle þai han i*n* þouȝt.' 5180

C. 4953.

The Duke answered,

'The fiend has brought them hither.'

Turnbull, p. 185, l. 4777.

¶ þan bi-spac Ot*us* of Paui
(To Gij he bar gret envie):

Duke Otous advised him to attack the city the next day with 1000 knights and more.

'No-þing, sir, desmay þou þe:
Ful wel we schul awreken be.
To morwe we schal to þe cite go 5185
Wiþ a þousend kniȝtes & mo:
& ȝif þe treytours y-fou*n*den be,
We schul hem aseyle, y telle þe.
Euerichon þai worþen ded.'

Duke Loyer said, 'That's a good advice,' and acted upon it.

Quaþ þe douk, 'þat is a gode red.' 5190
Wel erliche þai arisen þo,
& to the cite þai ben y-go,
& a þousend kniȝtes *in* her *com*peynie,
þe best þat were in Lombardye.
Alle þai þreten sir Gij, 5195
Him for to slen & sir Tirri.
To-gider fast þai gun smite
Wiþ swerdes þat wil wele bite.

C. 4963. Guy, coming from church, saw the Duke's host,

Als Gij com fro chirche go,
Into a pleyne he loked þo: 5200
He seye þe doukes ost was neye:
So mani kniȝtes þer he seye.
þan þerl Tirri he cleped hi*m* to,
& to him wiȝtliche spac þo:

and told Tirri

'Sir erl,' he seyd, 'what schal we do? 5205
Alle þe ost of Loreine y se, lo,[1]
þe ost of Loreyne wele y-diȝt
Wiþ scheldes & wiþ brinis briȝt.

MS. fol. 135r. a. that he knew the Duke of Pavia by his arms,

þe douk of Paui is y-come,
By his armes y knowe þat gome. 5210
Y no may him[2] loue, he is mi fo:
Gret wille me comeþ oȝain him go.'

and was anxious to meet him. They armed themselves, and sallied with 1000 knights.

þerl seyd, 'arme we ous eu*er*ichon:
A þousend kniȝtes schul wiþ ous gon.'
Gij him mett wiþ þerl Iordan, 5215
Lord he was of alle Melan.

C. 4995.

[1] An erasure before *lo*. Turnbull, p. 186, l. 4803.

[2] *he* struck out after *him*.

He smot him ou*er* þe gilden scheld, — Guy killed Earl Jordan,
Ded he feld him in þe feld.
Anon he smot anoþ*er* kniȝt, — and another knight.
Þat ded he feld him anon riȝt. 5220

¶ Wiþ þat come prike þerl Tirri,
& mett wiþ a kniȝt hiȝt Amori, — Tirri slew Amori, Duke Otous' constable,
Þat was þe doukes *con*stable Otoun:
To deþ he him smot wiþ his swerd brou*n*.
Anoþ*er* he smot wiþ his brond, 5225 — and another knight.
Þat ded he feld him on þe sond.
¶ Wiþ þat com prike Herhaud,
& mett wiþ Gwishard þe Mouhaut. — Herhaud cut down Gwishard.
Herhaud him haþ þer afeld,
Þat dede he lay in þe feld. 5230
Þemp*er*our[1] wiþ þat ginneþ fle: — [1] Read *þe douk?*
On euerich half driuen ben he.
Swiþe hij hem nimeþ & quel[l]eþ, — Turnbull, p. 187, l. 4829.
Bi þe pleynes þai gredeþ & ȝelleþ.
Wel gret it was þe scomfitour: 5235 — Many Lombards were taken and slain.
To þe Lombardes bifel iuel auentour.
Bi þat side was Otous fleinde, — Duke Otous fled,
In his hond his swerd kerueing.
Now folweþ him Herhaud alle on — pursued by Herhaud,
So swiþe so þe stede miȝt gon. 5240
Als-so þe douk was flowen hi*m* fro,
Þat no moder bern no seye him þo;
Bot Herhaud him folwed stouteliche;
His bodi no drad he nouȝt miche.
Bihinden hi*m* he smewe his wede: 5245
Þe lasse of him was his drede.
'Biwende þe,' seyd Herhaud fre, — who called to him to answer for his former treachery.
'Þe douke of Paui, & wer þou þe
Of þat ich wicked felonie
Þat þou ous dede in Lonbardye.' 5250
When þe douke Oto*us* þis y-seye,
It was[2] Herhaud þat after him fleye, — [2] *douke* struck out after *was*.

MS. fol. 135r. b.

The Duke turned round, and struck Herhaud on his helmet,

Hastiliche he haþ him mett,
& at a diche him bisett.
He smot hi*m* on þe helme briȝt, 5255
A quarter of his helme doun riȝt.

threatening him.

þan seyd þe treytour, 'glotoun,
Dye þou schalt wiþ resoun:
Ich þe[1] abie in þis stede.'

Turnbull, p. 188, l. 4855.

[1] *de* under-dotted after *þe*; read *do?*

Herhaud anon to him sede: 5260
¶ 'þou lexst,' he seyd, 'vile losaniour:
þou it abist, bi seyn Sauour.'

Returning the stroke,

Herhaud a strok him rauȝt
Opon his scheld wiþ gret mauȝt:
On þe helme þat strok glod, 5265
& fel on þe stede þat he on rode.
So he mett him i*n* þat stede,
þat his stede knewele he dede.

Herhaud made the Duke's horse kneel.

Vp stirt þe stede þat was snelle:
þan come þer[2] bi an hongend hille 5270

[2] The *r* added above the line.

Then Guy came,

þe miȝti and þe hardi Gyoun:
In his hond he bar a trou*n*soun.

and struck Otous, that he lost his stirrups,

Ot*us* he smot þer-wiþ[2] so,
þat he les his stiropes to.
þan seyd Gij to Ot*us* so vnwrast: 5275
'To me ward þou wende on hast,
& were þe of þat felonie
þat þou dest me in Lombardye.'
Ot*us* him went wiþ gret hete:

but was wounded in his thigh himself.

þurch þe thei Gij he haþ y-smite. 5280
Wiþ gret hete he smot Gyoun,
þat his stede knewled adoun.

Guy thought to revenge himself.

þan biþought him sir Gij,
To awreke him he hadde gret hye.

Turnbull, p. 189, l. 4881.

þe douke he seyleþ þere, 5285
& of his helme he carf a quarter.

[3] *a croun* written twice originally.

He made him a croun[3] brod þere
As a monke þat orderd were.

Of þat helme þat swerd glod
Wiþ þat strok wiþ-outen abod. 5290
Allas þat reuþe & þat sorwe,
Þat he no hadde his bodi for-corue!
Ac in þat maner ȝete it schal wende,
Who so hereþ þis tale to þende.
Þer him hadde Gij his heued binome, 5295
No hadde gret socour to hi*m* come,
An hundred kniȝtes & fifti,
Þat stalworþ were & hardi:
Þe douke þai ben to socour y-come.
Mani Gij haþ her heuedes binome.[1] 5300
Wiþ þat þer com a stout Lombard,
Of Mohaut he was y-hote*n* Grimbald.
Gij he smot in þat stounde
Þurch þe scholder a grete wounde.
Gij wold awreke him anon: 5305
Opon his helme he hewe gode won.
Þan com ten kniȝtes prout,
& Gij þai bisett about,
& Gij him wered wiþ his brond,
Til þat it brac vnto his hond. 5310
'Allas,' quaþ Gij, 'þis vnþang!
Were no may y me nouȝt lang.'
¶ Þer come prikeand a prout Lombard,
Atte last he held hi*m*, a musard.[2]
Bi þe nasel he tok Gij, 5315
& seyd hi*m* a gret vilainie:
'Þou wroche glotoun losaniour,
Þou schalt þe ȝeld, bi seyn Sauour.
Now ichil ȝeld þe to prisoun
To mi lordes wille, þe douke Otoun.'[3] 5320
'Þou lext,' þan Gij sede,
'Þou liþer bodi, so god me rede.
Erst þou it schalt abigge,
Er þou me in prisoun legge.'

He would have killed the Duke, MS. fol. 135v. a. but for 150 knights,

who came to help him.

[1] *bi* altered from *y*.

Grimbald wounded Guy's shoulder,

and, at last, Guy's sword broke.

Turnbull, p. 190, l. 4907.

A proud Lombard, who, however, was a coward,

[2] MS. *auuisard*?

called upon Guy to surrender,

[3] MS. *of toun*.

but was slain by a blow with Guy's fist.

Gij him smot so wiþ his fest, 5325
Þat his nek-bon to-brest.

Then came another knight, Amori,

Wiþ þat come anoþer kniȝt
Of Fraun*c*e y-bore, Amori he hiȝt:
Douke Ot*us* soudour was he,
For his warisoun wiþ him to be. 5330

in the hope to take him prisoner;

'Gij,' he seyd, 'now ȝeld þou þe,
Al sikerliche, now to me.
Þe no tit harm litel no miche.'
'Y nil,' quaþ Gij, 'sikerliche.
Ȝete no drede y nouȝt alle ȝou. 5335
Sey me, wreche, what seistow?'

Turubull, p. 191, l. 4933.

but Herhaud came and supplied Guy with a sword.

Wiþ þat come Herhaud prikeinde,
& in his hond a swerd wele kerueinde;
He it brouȝt to gode Gyoun.

Now Guy defended himself like a lion.

MS. fol. 135v. b.

Þerwiþ he him werd as a lyoun. 5340
Gij was socourd swiþe wel,
When he hadde þe brond of stiel.
Neuer þ*er* nas non so hardi,
Þat enes durst com him bi.
Wharto schuld ich held long tale, 5345
And michel speke about dualle?
Ac sigge ich-il soþeliche

To be short,

Wiþ fewe wordes simpeliche,

Guy and his followers were victorious.

Gij, & Herhaud, & Tirri þe fre
Wiþ her felawes, þ*a*t gode be, 5350
Han ou*er*comen þe batayle
Atte nende, wiþouten faile:
Alle þe Lombard ben ou*er*-come,
Oway y-flowen þ*er* be some.

Duke Otous fled, pursued by Guy.

Þe douk Ot*us* oway fleye snelle, 5355
Gij hi*m* drof wiþ gode wille.
Ot*us* him went & smot sir Gij,
& Gij opon him, sikerly.

Guy did his best to strike him well,

Gij fonded to smite wel,
Ac þat swerd glod sumdel: 5360

Bitvene þe bodi & þe arsoun
Gyes swerd glod adoun,
þat þe sadel & þe stede also
Al-to-gider he smot atvo.
þat he no hadde, allas, allas, 5365
ȝouen him swiche anoþ*er* so þ*a*t was!
Ac for vp-coming he no miȝt:
So gret socour him com of kniȝt,
þat han y-socourd þe douke sone.
Wiþ þat anon riȝt mididone 5370
Gij & Tirri wiþ-went ben he,
& gon oȝain to þat cite.
Wiþ þat come Herhaud prikeinde
After þe douke, loude gredeinde.
'Douk,' he seyd, 'wende, & were þe 5375
Of þe tresoun þou dest Gij & me,
þat þou ous dede in Lombardye;
Were þe now of þat felonie.'
Þe douk wiþ-went him fot hot,
& wiþ his brond he him smot. 5380
þer þai fouȝten togider snelle,
& smiten strokes wiþ gode wille.
þai hewe on armes & brini briȝt:
Þe blod sprang out anon riȝt.
Bitvene he*m*[1] was strong fiȝt; 5385
Aiþer no spard oþ*er* no-wiȝt.
Þan biginneþ Herhaud swiþe:
Bot he him wreke he is vnbliþe.
Fast he sayleþ þe douk Otoun,
A quarter of his helme he smot adou*n*: 5390
Opon his scholder þ*a*t swerd glod,
& in he it schef an hand brod.
Opon his honden he dede him falle,
& seþþe he tok hi*m* bi þe naselle:
Bleþeliche he wold þe heued haue nom, 5395
Ac so mani kniȝtes to him come,

but his sword came down between the Duke's body and Turnbull, p. 192, l. 4959.

saddle-bow, cleaving the saddle and the steed.

Alas, had he given him such another blow!

But there came succour to the Duke.

Guy and Tirri withdrew into the city,

C. 5011.

but Herhaud followed the Duke.

C. 5021.

[1] An erasure after *he*m.

MS. fol. 136v. a.

There was a violent fight between them.

Turnbull, p. 193, l. 4985.

Herhaud wounded Otous,

and made him fall upon his hands.

He would have killed him,

had not many knights come to rescue him.

& on Herhaud þai smiten snelle :
ȝernne þai strengþed hi*m* to quelle.
Herhaud mett wiþ hem þere :
Made he no semblau*n*t þ*a*t he wou*n*ded were. 5400

C. 5045. Wiþ a Lombard so mett he,
þe heued he dede fram þe bodi fle.
As a gode kniȝt he werd hi*m*, y-wis,
Ac swiþe liþer bifallen him is :
Also he wald to þe cite go, 5405

Herhaud's steed was killed under him.

His stede dyed vnder him þo.

He was attacked by many,

Wiþ swerdes þai smite*n* hi*m* þan about,
& on his helme hard hi*m* clout.
þai hewe on his helme, þ*a*t blod out ran,

but he defended himself valiantly.

Ac he werd him as a man. 5410
Mani on he made blodi, y pliȝt,
Of[1] Lombardes in þat fiȝt.

[1] *f* altered from *b*.

C. 5057. A Lombard come forþ wiþ þan,
Richard he hete, an onwrast[2] man :
To Herhaud he smot a strok grim 5415
þurch þe scholder wiþ a swerd in.
Herhaud wold of him be wreke :
On his[3] helme a stroke he gan reke,
Ac he failed of him þo :
Opon þe arsoun þe strok gan go ; 5420
Ac hetelich he pliȝt out þat brond,

But his sword broke at last.

þat it brak in his hond.
'God, what schal y do?' þan seyd he,
'No lenger may ich weri me.
A, swerd, he þat made þe 5425
Of godes mouþe acursed he be.
Why feylestow so sone me?
Iuel biseyn worþ y for þe.

C. 5079. MS. 136r. b. Leuer me is her to be ded,
þan hy my bodi wiþ hem led.' 5430
Wiþ þat come driuend a Lombard,
Attelast he held him, a couward.

[2] *annwrast* originally, but *o* added above the line. Turnbull, p. 194, l. 5011.

[3] Two or three letters erased after *his*.

By þe nasel he rauȝt him þo,
& sternliche he seyd him to,
'Feloun, þou schalt it abigge: 5435
Today þou schal þine heued her ligge.'
Herhaud smot him wiþ his fest þo,
þat his nek-bon brac atvo.
'Ded no worþ y nouȝt for þe:
Alle to heteliche þou com to me.' 5440

A coward hoped to make him a prisoner now,

but Herhaud killed him with a blow of his fist.

Ozainward *him* went sir Gij
So is þe gode erl Tirri.
þe Lombardes þai han ou*er*come,
What y-slawe[1] & y-nome.
After Herhaud he asked þo, 5445
Whare he is, & whider y-go.
A kniȝt it seyd *him* anon
Out of þe scomfite he was y-gon
Strongliche a kniȝt driueing,
þe douk Ot*us* bi his witeing. 5450
'God, m*er*ci,' þan Gij seyd,
'Be mi frende ded, icha*m* bitreyd,
Herhaud þat so loued me:
For no þing may y *com*fort be.
Lordinges,' he seyd, 'ginneþ ȝe to gon, 5455
& lede ȝour prisouns wiþ ȝou anon,
& Herhaud ich seche wille;
Niȝt no day swiken y nille,
Liues or deþes þat ich him se:
ȝif ich him lese wo is me. 5460
Com wiþ me, felawe Tirri,
Hastiliche Herhaud to socouri.'
Wiþ scharp spors þai smite*n* her stede,
& sprongen forþ so spark on glede.
Swiþe þai priked, for soþe to sigge, 5465
Chalau*n*ge on Herhaud to legge.
At an ende of þe ost bihalt Gij þo
þe douk of Paui, hou he is y-go,

Turnbull, p. 195, l. 5037.
C. 5103.

[1] *a* added above the line.

Asking after Herhaud,

Guy learned

that he had pursued Duke Otous.

He sent his men into the city with the prisoners,

and went himself in search of Herhaud,

C. 5125.
They rode very quickly,

accompanied by Tirri.

Turnbull, p. 196, l. 5063.

& þat Herhaud was y-nome :
Gret sor was[1] at his hert y-come. 5470

[1] *sorwas* MS.

[2] *bi* added before *god* in a later hand.

'God,'[2] quaþ Gij, 'Herhaud y se
Among his fon : nomen is he.

MS. fol. 136v. a. till Guy saw Herhaud a prisoner among his foes.

Go we smite to hem, Tirri :
For dout of deþ spare nil y.
So gode a kniȝt leten y nille.' 5475
Herhaud þai socourd snelle.

C. 5139. By dint of a valiant attack on the Lombards

To a Lombard smot sir Gij,
& feld him & his fere him by.
Tirri anoþ*er* smite bigan,
þat ded he feld boþe hors & man. 5480
Swerdes þai drowen, wiþ-oute*n* feyle,
Wharwiþ was wrouȝt mani batayle.

Guy and Tirri succeeded in rescuing Herhaud, and supplying him with a sword.

þai hewe and slouȝ wiþ gret hete :
So mani þer þe liif forlete.
Herhaud þai socourd mididone, 5485
A gode swerd þai toke him sone.

C. 5151. The Duke fled, followed by Guy,

Toward his ost þe douke heyeþ bliue,
& Gij after him gan driue.
A strok him ȝaf sir Gyoun :
Bitvene þe bodi & þe arsoun 5490
þe dint of þat strok aliȝt :

who killed his steed.

þe stede he smot adoun riȝt.

Turnbull, p. 197, l. 5089.

Kniȝtes þan out of þat ost
To Gij lopen wiþ michel bost :

Although attacked by many knights, Guy escaped,

þurch þat gret ost went Gij snelle, 5495
þe Lombardes hi*m* folwed wiþ gode wille.
Tirri & Herhaud her ost mette*n* þere,
& of hem michel awonderd were,

[3] *hij* seems altered from *he*.

Hou hij[3] fram þe ost aschaped is :
Of hem þai hadden gret blis. 5500

and returned into the city with Tirri and Herhaud.

Gij, & Tirri, and Herhaud also
Oȝain to þe cite þai ben y-go,
& þe citiseins of þat cite
Wel often god þonkeden he.

Þe douke Ot*us* to his pauiloun he ȝede, 5505 **C. 5195.**
& vnarmed him of his wede,
& lete loken to his wounde,
& went to þe douke Loyer in þat stou*n*de,
His gret encumbrau*n*ce him telde :
Conseyl þer-of he wold helde. 5510

Duke Otous had his wounds looked to, and repaired to Duke Loyer.

¶ Gij, Herhaud, & Tirri also
To þe cite þai ben y-go.
Ioie þai make & blisse also :
Þe niȝt is comen, þe day is go.
¶ Herkeneþ me, ȝe þat ben i*n* wille, 5515
Of a tresoun y schal ȝou telle :
Þat was swiþe miche traisoun,
& y-wrouȝt þurch þe douke Otoun[1]
Tellen ichil of þe douke Otoun[1]
Þat cruwel was & feloun. 5520

Now I'll tell you of a treason.
MS. fol. 136v. b.

[1] MS. *of toun.*

Turnbull, p. 198, l. 5115.

To þe douk Loier he is y-gon, **C. 5203.**
& seyd, 'sir, herken me anon.
Bot þou gode *con*seyl chese
Al þi lond þou schalt forlese
Þurch treytours *þat* ben come*n* herin, 5525
Gij, & Tirri & Herhaud wiþ him.
ȝif þou wilt here me speke,
Þurch gile þou schalt ben awreke :
Oþerliker wi*n*nen he*m* y no may,
No noþ*er* rede no can y say. 5530
Man schal ben awreken of his fo
In what maner he may com to.'

Duke Otous advised Duke Loyer,

as his enemies could not be vanquished otherwise, to have recourse to guile.

¶ 'Wel lef me were gode *con*seyl to here,'
Þus him answerd þe douk Loyer.
'Sir douke, now y bidde þe, 5535 **C. 5219.**
To þerl Aubri sende ȝe,
& to his sone Tirri also ;
Sende to sigge to hem bo
Þat þou wilt hi*m* þi douhter ȝeue,
Wiþ hi*m* to acord while þou liue, 5540

He said, 'Send word to Earl Aubri

that thou art ready to give thy daughter to his son

and bid them all come to thee;

& þat he com hider to þe:
Ri3t siker þer-of may þai be;

but when they have left their country,

&, when þai ben farn her iurne,
& fer fram her cuntre,

Turnbull, p. 199, l. 5141.

þe treitours þou schalt nimen icho[n], 5545

let them be seized and tried in thy court,

& dem hem in þi court anon.
& so michel y bid þe,

leaving Guy and Herhaud to me.'

Gij & Herhaud 3iue þou me.
& so þou schalt awreke be
Of þine enmis, as y telle þe, 5550
& bot 3e wil þus don,
þai worþ þi dedliche fon.'

C. 5246.

Wiþ þat answerd þe douk Loer,
'Lat be, sir Ot*us*, for seyn Richer.

But Duke Loyer at first refused to betray Earl Tirri,

þat felonie y nil hem nou3t do 5555
For nou3t þat y mi3t afo.
Y nil bitray þerl Tirri

his former 'norri,'

For loue þat he was mi norri
Fram childehed, now he is a man.
Now do 3e þe best þat 3e can, 5560

MS. fol. 137r. a.

& he wil amend o3ines me.

[1] *y* added above the line.

Bi him y[1] nold no traysoun se,
No Herhaud no Gij þe fre
No wille ich nou3t bitreye, y telle þe,

or Herhaud and Guy,

all three being good men.

For þai ben gode men alle þre: 5565
Amende þai may o3aines me.'

C. 5257.

But Otous replied, 'If you love the traitors so much that you refuse to put them to death,

Otous answerd wiþ wicked mod
& seyd, 'sir, no seystow bot gode.
When 3e þe traitours loue so,
þat ye no wille hem to deþ do, 5570

Turnbull, p. 200, l. 5167.

In prisoun þou schalt hem legge,
So þat hij it schul dere abigge,

detain them in your prison till they give security for keeping the peace.'

Alle fort þai han y-founden þe ostage
þat hij no do þe non vtrage.'

Otous did not cease to gloze till Loyer consented.

So he glosed þe douk in þat stede, 5575
& so 3ernne he haþ him bede,

þat he him grau*n*ted his talent,
& in þat fourme he haþ of-sent.
An erchebischop þan sent he,
þe wisest[1] of alle þat cuntre: 5580
þe message he schewed hi*m* þo,
& to þe cite he dede hi*m* go.
þan he is to Gormoise come,
& þer aliȝt, þe gentil gome,
þer fond he þerl Tirri, 5585
& his fader, & eke sir Gij.
¶ 'Lordinges,' he seyd, 'herke*n*þ now:
þe douk me haþ y-sent to ȝou,
& greteþ ȝou wele, wil y nouȝt hele.[2]
þe douke wiþ ȝou acord he wele,[2] 5590
& amenden þat he haþ misdo.
He bit ȝou þat it be so.
Tirri he wille his douhter[3] ȝiue,
To haue hir while þat he liue.
Into þe cite of Lorein he wil ȝe hir lede, 5595
& spouse hir þer wiþ gret ferrede,
& þer he wille þe bridal held:
þer-at schul ben his barouns beld.
þat þe loue stedefast be
Bitvene mi lord & þe 5600
Hennes forward he seyd me
Schuld þe sposails couþe be:
þan schul ȝe acordi,
& togider sauȝten wele an hi.'
'Sir,' seyd þerl Aubri, 5605
'Y-here now me, and grame*r*ci.
þe douke y þanke for þe frendschip,
þat he wil mi sone so miche worþschipe.
Bleþeliche we wil to him come
At a day y-sett alle and some. 5610
Mi sone Tirri, kepe wele þe
þat bitrayed þou no be:

[1] *wissest* originally, the second *s* being underdotted.

An archbishop was sent to Gormoise,

C. 5289.

[2] Read *hille: wille*? with the treacherous offer of peace and the Princess's hand.

[3] *douhter* originally, the first *t* being underdotted.

Turnbull, p. 201, l. 5193.

MS. fol. 137r. b.

Earl Aubri accepted it,

although he had some misgivings

Me doutep þe douke of Paui,
Lest he do þe sum felonie.'

C. 5321. Þe bischop answerd, 'þ*er*-of þou no drede: 5615
Al siker ȝe beþ of þilke dede.'
Þe bischop oȝain y-farn he is,
Her answere he telleþ hem, y-wis.
When þe day come þat was sett,
Þerl com forþ wiþouten lett 5620
Wiþ to hundred kniȝtes & mo,
Þat bliþe were þider to go;
Ac þerof þai dede foliliche:
Was þer non of hem, sikerliche,
Þat ani wepen wiþ hem bere: 5625
So siker þai wende to be þere.
In riche cloþes þai were schred wele,
Þat were gold-broiden eu*er*idel.
To þemp*er*our[1] þai comen anon,
To[2] þerl Tirri & his men ichon. 5630
Y-comen þai ben to þe douke Loer,
& brouȝt þe maide wiþ leyȝeand cher.
Y-comen þai ben to þe p*ar*lement,
For to here þat iugement.

C. 5349. 'Lordinges,' seyd þe douke Otoun,[3] 5635
'Vnder-stond now to mi resoun.
Ȝe wite wel þat Tirri, þat is here,
Haþ agilt þe douk Loere,
Þat him forþ brouȝt, & armes hi*m* ȝaf:
Iuel ȝolden he it him haþ, 5640
Now he bringeþ vncouþe folk miche
Opon his lond so dedliche.
Ac ichaue þe douke bisouȝt,
& mine feren hider brouȝt,
Þat forȝif it be him eu*er*mo; 5645
& gret worþschipe he wil him do:
His douhter he wille him ȝiue,
& gret worþschip while[4] þ*a*t he liue.

Turnbull, p. 202, l. 5219.

[1] Read *þe douke?*
[2] *To* to be omitted?
[3] *of toun* MS.
[4] *i* in *while* above the line.

on account of the Duke of Pavia.

On the appointed day the Earl set off, with more than 200 knights,

all unarmed.

When they had come to Duke Loyer, taking Oisel with them,

LORDINGES,' seide the duke Otoun,
'Vnderstonde to my resoun.
Weꝗ ye wite Terry, that here is,
Hath agilted the Duke loyer, ywis,
That him forth bredde, and armes yaf,
And euyl him aquytte he hath,
Whan he bringeth vnkouthe folke moche
Vpon his lorde so dedeliche.
Bot y haue besoughte the Duke so
With my frendes also,
That foryiue him hath he for euere moo,
And grete worship he woꝗ him doo.'

Duke Otous made a speech,

saying that, notwithstanding Tirri's misdemeanour,

Duke Loyer would give him his daughter,

Turnbull, p. 203, l. 5245. MS. fol. 137v. a.

And ichil wiþ Tirri wende:
Henneforward we schul be frende. 5650
ȝete vnderstond,' seyd sir Otoun,
'Bifor ȝou alle y biseke sir Gyoun,
ȝif ich him haue ouȝt misdo,
Amenden ichil wele þerto:
Bi so þat he wille kisse me, 5655
Euer eft we schul frendes be.'
'Lat be,' seyd sir Gij þe fre,
'No wille ichaue no cosse wiþ þe:
In Lombardye þou bitraydest me,
& min men þou dest sle. 5660
Ac kisse þou schalt þerl Aubri,
& wiþ him þou schalt acordi.'
¶ Þan seyd þe douk Loer:
'Vnderstond now, ȝe þat ben here,
Þat þerl sir Tirri, 5665
Aubri sone, þat is her bi,
He þat maiden Oysel schal spouse
In godes lawe vnto his house.
Acorded we ben of þat dede,
& forȝeuen al hatrede.' 5670
Þan haþ þe douke y-kist Tirri
For gret traisoun, & nouȝt freli.
Gij & Herhaud held hem in pays:
Hye no kist Lombard no Tyays,
Ac þe Loreins þai kist, 5675
& þe douke Loyer att[1] first;
Ac Ot*us* no kist þai nouȝt:
Þai no hadde to hi*m* no gode þouȝt.
Þan seyd to Loer þerl Aubri:
'Þe ich biteche mi sone Tirri. 5680
Alder-first I*es*u heuen king
& þe y biteche mi ȝongling.
No may ich for eld trauaily:
Hom ichil wende now an hye.'

Turnbull, p. 204, l. 5271.
[1] An erasure before *att.*

and asking Sir Guy's pardon,

by whom he wanted to be kissed, in token of their reconciliation.

But Guy had no mind to kiss the traitour, and murderer of his men.

Thanne seide the Duke loer:
'Vnderstonde aH that been heer',
That the Erle sir Terry, 5665
Aubry soñe, that is here by,
That he the mayde OyseH shaH spousy, [p. 128]
And in godd*is* lawe lyue, truly.
Accorded we bee to that dede,
And foryiue is aH hatrede.' 5670
Thanne hath the Duke kyste Terry
Of grete treason, and not frendly.

After a speech,

Duke Loyer kissed Tirri treacherously.

Guy and Herhaud only kissed Loyer and his men.

Earl Aubri, being too old to bear the fatigues of a long journey, returned home,

He bitauȝt hem god & gode day, 5685
He lete hem þar, & went his way.
Gij and Herhaud þe maiden gan forþ lede,
Oysel sche hete wiþ þe rode so rede.
Gret iurne þai riden þat day,
Fram Gormoise þai riden owai 5690
Wele fiften mile oþ*er* mo :
For gret hete þai resten he*m* þo.
MS. fol. 137v. b. In a pleyne þai liȝten hem snelle,
þer þai wald resten & duelle.
When þai aliȝt þe kniȝtes fre, 5695
Alle þai wende y-nomen to be.
¶ Þan seyd Ot*us* of Paui :
'Herkeneþ to me, al mi co*m*peynie,
þe Loreins & þe Lombardes ichon,
Alle þat in our side riden & gon : 5700
Turnbull, p. 205, l. 5297. Bi þe rede of þe douke Loer
Ichot boþe kniȝt & squier
Þat ȝe Gij, Herhaud, & Tirri binde
Fast her hondes hem bi-hinde.
In-to Loreine we lede hem snelle : 5705
Tomorwe we schul hem honge*n* alle.
Who so hi*m* feyneþ hem to nime
Forþ wiþ hem men schal him blim.'
Þan lopen about hem þe Lombars
As wicked coltes out of haras 5710
[1] Or read *þe Loreyns?* & Loyers [men][1] deden also,
& þerfore hem was ful wo.
Anon Tirri aseylden he,
& nomen hi*m* (he no miȝt nouȝt fle),
& Herhaud, þat was gode of miȝt, 5715
Þai nomen þer anon riȝt.
C. 5455. Gij vp stirt hastiliche,
& to hem spac wel sternliche :
'Now þe deuel hong ȝou ichon.
Is þis acord now alle agon? 5720

Guy and heraude that mayde doo lede
Oysel she hig̃hte with̃ rodyes rede.

but the others went on.

After a ride over 15 miles or so,

they alighted to rest a little.

At laste seide Otes of Pauye:
'Herken̾ to me, my companye.

Now Otous ordered Loyer's men and his own

By the rede of the Duke Loer
I co*m*maunde you all that bee heer
That ye Guy, Terry, and heraude bynde
Faste their̾ handes theim behynde.'

to bind Guy, Herhaud, and Tirri,

that they might be hung next day.

Anone they assailled Terry,
And toke him full hastly,
And heraude, that was so good of mig̃ht,
Theim twoo they toke agayne rig̃ht.
But Guy vp sterte full hastly,
And to theim spake boldely.

Tirri and Herhaud were seized at once.

Worþschiped ous haþ þe douk Loer
Wiþ alle þe tresoun þat is her.
No war we acorded bifor þe barnage,
& kist wiþouten vtrage?
[1] MS. *of toun.* þis has made þe douke Otoun,[1] 5725
þat is so ful of tresoun.
Turnbull, p. 206, l. 5323. Alle þis tresoun he haþ bispeke
(God ous of him awreke);
For þurch þe no war it nouȝt,
Bot it were first of him y-þouȝt.' 5730
þe douk Loer was so wo:
O word no miȝt he speke þo.
C. 5469. Wiþ þat stirt forþ anon riȝt
Ot*us* cossyn, an vnwrast kniȝt.
Gij bi his mantel he drouȝ so, 5735
þat þe tassels brosten ato.
MS. fol. 138r. a. þan seyd a Tya[y]s to a Lombard:
'Now is Gij of Warwike a couward.
Lo, now he no haþ no miȝt:
Lorn he haþ contenaunce, apliȝt.' 5740
Wiþ þat þai speken hem þus bitven,
Gij seye it miȝt no noþ*er* ben:
To him þat him held turned he,
And ȝaf him swiche b*en*edicite,
þat he brak his nek ato. 5745
Alle þe oþer on him þresten þo.
þe mantel þat he had opon
To cloutes it was drawen anon,
So þat ichon oway bar
An pece of his mantel þar. 5750
Gij werd him fast in þat sturbing:
Now helpe him I*es*u heuen king.
Tarnbull, p. 207, l. 5349. Smer[t]liche þai gun hi*m* asaily:
He werd him as a kniȝt hardy,
So þat he neyȝed his stede; 5755
For to him he hadde nede.

But Guy reproached Duke Loyer with this treason,

at the bottom of which he knew was Duke Otous.

Duke Loyer could not answer a word.

Witħ that forth̄ sterte anone righ̄t
Otes Cousyn̄, a noble knygħte.
Guy by the manteħ he pligħte so
That the tassels brake in two.

But a cousin of Otous seized Guy by his mantle,

Guy sawe it migħt noon̄ other' bee:
To him that helde him to*ur*ned he,
And raugħte him suche a buffet tho,
That his nekke brake in two.

but got such a 'benedicite' from him that his neck broke in two. Now all the others rushed upon Guy,

and tore his mantle into pieces.

Guy defended him weħ and strongly
With the helpe of god to him redy.
Smartly they gonne him assaille, [p. 129]
And he him defended eu*er*e in bataille,
So that at laste he com̄e to his stede:
To him he ranne as man̄ that had nede.

But Guy succeeded in reaching his steed,

Wiþouten stirop he lepe þer-on:
Mani on he made þat liif forgon.

C. 5491. When þe douk Otus þat y-seye
þat Gij on his hors oway fleye, 5760

[1] Another *he* struck out.

Anon he[1] seyd to his kniȝtes:
'Now to hors wiþ alle ȝour miȝtes;
For, ȝif he passe ous in þis biker,
Of mi liif am y nouȝt siker;
& þerfore nimeþ him anon 5765
Als ȝe wil haue mi loue ichon.
Bot ȝe bring him me to,
We ben y-schent for euer mo.'
An hors þai lopen þan on hast,
And driuen Gij swiþe fast, 5770
& Gij no hadde wepen non:
Wold god of heuen, þat made man,
þat he hadde his brond kerueing!
He no hadde þer no frende him helping.
Bi þat o side oway he ginneþ fle; 5775
Bot god of him haue pite,
þer he worþ y-slawe anon:
Alle abouten him þai ben y-gon.

Turnbull, p. 208, l. 5375.

Wiþ þat þer come rideing a kniȝt,
C. 5513. About his swere his scheld briȝt, 5780

MS. fol. 138r. b.

& wiþ a spere opon his hond:
Toward Gij wel swiþe he wond,
& þurch þe bodi smite him wold,
Ac god of heuen it suffre nold:
þe strok of þe spere it gan glide 5785
Bitven þe arsoun & his side.
His blihaut he carf, his schert also.
Gij strongliche him mett þo:
Wiþ his fest he him smot so,

[2] *he* added above the line.

þat to grounde he[2] dede him go. 5790
Wiþ þat sir Gij forþ him diȝt,
Ac he mett wiþ anoþer kniȝt:

Withoute styrope he lepe theron: — and mounting him.
Many he made leue their liff*is* anoon.[1]

THANNE the Duke seigh — When Duke Otous saw him riding away,
That Guy on horse aweyward fleigh, 5760
Anone he seide to his knyghtes:
'Now to horse with all your mightes. — he sent his knights after him, saying, 'If he should escape us my life is lost.'

Take ye Guy, and that anone, 5765
As ye woll haue my loue echoone.
Who that dede or lyuyng him bringeth me to,
A thousand besaunt; he shall haue and moo.'
To horse they wente in all haste,
And dryuen Guy swithe faste, 5770 — They pursued Guy, who had no weapon,
And Guy hadde wepen noon:
Wolde good, that made man,
That he had had his bronde keruyng!
For he had there noo frende helping. — and, without God's mercy, would have been slain at once.

A knight threw a spear at Guy, — which, however, tore only his coat and shirt.

Having disposed of this aggressor by a deadly blow with his fist,

[1] *Then said Gui thoo*, in the blank left between l. 5758 and l. 5759, in the same hand as p. 126.

Swerd he bar þat wele wald bite,
In þe heued he wald Gij smite.
Þe strok opon his hors glod 5795
Opon þe croupe a fot brod.
Þei he war aferd no wonder nas:
Gij ferd fram him a[1] fast pas.
C. 5533. He seye wiþ þat a grom cominde,
To him ward fast erninge:[2] 5800
A gret soule in his hond he bar,
So wold god þat it war.
Gij wel feir him bisouȝt
ȝif him þe staf þat he brouȝt.
Turnbull, p. 209, l. 5401. 'Ichil ȝeld it þe ful wel.' 5805
'Haue here, sir, bi seyn Miȝhel.
Wele ich þi gret nede se:
Now god fram schame kepe þe.'
He tok þat soule in his hond,
Anon forþ to hem he wond. 5810
A Lombard wel sone he mett,
And wiþ þe soule[3] so him grett,
Þat ded he feld him anon.
He tok his hors, & gan to gon,
& seyd to þe grom þo: 5815
'Þou nim þis hors, & gin to go.
Wiþ gode wille y ȝiue it þe
For þe staf þou lentest me.'
Þe knaue hi*m* þonked bliue,
Oway wiþ þe hors he gan to driue. 5820
Þan went forþ Gij þe gode,
Nas neu*er* man of his mode
Þat better him werd i*n* his ende.
Er he out of þat fiȝt gan wende
MS. fol. 138v. a. ȝete he slouȝ on of her felawe. 5825
In lasse while he hadde [him] y-slawe,
Þen men schold sigge a pater-noster.
Y telle it ȝou bi Pet*er* þe apostel

[1] *an* originally, the *n* being underdotted.

[2] *erneinge* originally, the second *e* being underdotted.

[3] MS. *swerd.*

Guy had a narrow escape from another's sword.

Guy fledde fro theim a smarte paas:
Thoughh he were a-feerde noo wonder was.
Withh that he sawe a knaue comyng',
As god it wolde in that thring', 5800
That a grete staffe on his shulder bare,
And Guy fulfeyre besoughte him there
That he wolde the staffe him yiue,
And he wolde him acquite yf he dud lyue.
'Ye, sir,' quothh he, 'by sainte Michell, [p. 130]
Haue him here and bere the well.'

Now Guy saw a man coming towards him, with a thick stick in his hand,

and he asked him for it.

Receiving it,

Withh that a lombard Guy ther' mette,
And withh the staffe so he him grette,
That dede he him felde right anone.
He toke that horse, and gan' to goñe,
And seide to that knaue thoo: 5815
'Haue thou this horse, and thy wey goo.'

he killed a Lombard with it,

whose horse he gave to the man.

Guy killed also another knight in a shorter time than it takes you to say a Paternoster.

Þat neu*er* swiche nas[1] y-seye non.
When he haþ ouer-comen ichon 5830
Wel long he werþ him þat day.
When he no lenge doure ne may
Þan seyd he to hem anon:
'Þe deuel biteche ich ȝou ichon,
& namliche Otus of Pauie, 5835
Þat haþ y-don ous þis felonie;
& ȝif ich a ȝer libbe may
He schal it[2] abigge, for soþe to say.'
Þan is[3] he gon[4] oway ful ȝernne,
So þat he com to a wat*er* sterne. 5840
In he hi*m* dede, & ouer he goþ.
Alle þai wondred þer-of, for soþ.
Non no durst after him wende
For drencheing at her liues ende.
Oȝain þan þai ben y-come 5845
To þe douke Ot*us* alle and some,
& telden him wel sone anon
Þat Gij was ouer þe wat*er* y-gon.[5]
Þe douke Oto*us* is now wel sori,
For Gij is schaped so oway, 5850
& swore bi god & seyn Gelen
Neuer eft nold he louen[6] his men,
For þat hii leten him oway fle:
Gret wille he hadde him to sle;
Ac Gij hi*m* werd wiþ mani wrenche: 5855
Hope[7] of fole may of-blenche.
'Sir douk Loer,' seyd Otoun,
'Y-schaped is þe felle Gyoun.
To Paui ichil now[8] gon,
& spouse þi douhter anon: 5860
Riche bridal ichil maki.
Wiþ me schal Herhaud & Tirri;
Þer þai schul be don i*n* prisoun:
Schul þai neuer come to rau*n*soun.

[1] *nas* on an erasure.

Turnbull, p. 210, l. 5427.

[2] MS. *ich*
[3] *is* added above the line.
[4] MS. *goand*
C. 5561.

[5] Lines 5847-8 written twice originally, but struck out the second time.

[6] looks more like *louen* than *leuen*.

Turnbull, p. 211, l. 5453.
C. 5569.

[7] *Bothe*, Turnbull, but the first letter, although not quite distinct, is certainly not *b*, and the third, without any doubt, is *p*, not þ.
[8] *n* and part of *o* struck out after *now*.

He fought as long as he could.

Then cursing his enemies, especially Otous,

and threatening revenge,

And Guy him gooth̄ to a water' yerne,
And ou*er*e he gooth̄ with̄ godd*is* sterne. 5840

he rode away,

crossing a dangerous water,

of which his pursuers were afraid,

Ayene than they bee com̄e 5845
To the Duke Otes aH̄ and som̄e,
And tolde him aH̄ the sothe anone,
How Guy is ou*er*e the water goon̄e.
Than is the Duke Otes fuH̄ sory
That so with̄ lif escaped is Guy. 5850

so that they returned to Otous,

who was very sorry to hear of Guy's escape.

Duke Otous intended to go to Pavia now to marry Oisel, taking Herhand and Tirri with him, whom he meant to keep in prison till they should die.

Dye þai schul wiþ miche wo. 5865
& ȝete to ȝer ichil now go
MS. fol. 138v. b. Wiþ min men to sechen Gij,
What he be nome, sikerly.
Alle þis oþer prisouns wiþ þe go,
& þine wil wiþ hem þou do.' 5870

C. 5581. 'Sir,' seyd þe douk Loer,
'Þat nil ich nouȝt in non maner
Þat tow Tirri no do sle:
Y nold *in* non wise, sir douk þe fre;
But Duke Loyer ordered him to treat Tirri well, Ac, ȝif Tirri schal wiþ þe go, 5875
In fre prisoun þou schalt him do.
Þou do hi*m* kepe worþschipliche
Wiþ gret plente manschipliche,
Alle fort he haue mi wille y-do.
Ichil now þat it be so, 5880
whereas Herhaud was not to go with him at all. & ich-il lede Herhaud wiþ me:
In mi fre prisoun schal he be.
Turnbull, p. 212, l. 5479. Y nil nouȝt he wiþ þe go:
To michel iuel þou wost him do.'
Þan þai token her leue þo: 5885
Wiþ gret loue þai kisten hem bo.
Loyer returned to Lorraine, taking Herhaud with him, who, not being able to go to Guy, wished to die. To Lorein went þe douke Loer,
Þat wiþ worþschipe dede kepe þer
Herhaud of Arderne, þe marchis:
Wele leuer him were be ded, y-wis. 5890
When he to Gij com no miȝt,
Leue him were dye anon riȝt.

C. 5597. Duke Otous started for Pavia with Oisel and Tirri. Now is Otous to Paui gan,
Wiþ hi*m* he ledde his feir leman,
Also he dede þerl sir Tirri 5895
Fast y-fetred, sikerly,
Riȝt fast vnder þe hors fet
In-to Paui, and þer him let.
Seeing Tirri fettered ignominiously, When Oysel seye him lede so
Sore sche wepe for his wo. 5900

'Allas,' sche seyd, '& wale-wo:
Sone is my ioie went me fro.'
Of þe hors sche fel aswon anon:
For sorwe almost hir hert to-chon.
When þe douk hir falle seye 5905
Bi his oþ he swore an heye,
'Iuel þou dost, mi gode leman,
When þou for swiche a man
Swiche sorwe schaltow make.
& ȝif þou more[1] sorwe for his sake, 5910
Oþ*er* eu*er* eft make swiche sorweing,
& ich it perceiue bi ani þing,
To-hewe he worþ bifor þe,
Or heye hong on galwe tre.
Glad & bliþe, leman, þou be: 5915
Wiþ ioie to Paui y lede þe,
Þer ichil nim þe to wiue,
And wiþ þe helden alle mi liue.
Tirri ichil in prisoun do:
He no schal haue sorwe no wo. 5920
Ichim hate wel sore, sikerly,
For þe loue of Herhaud and Gij.
Richeliche he schal serued be:
Þer-of nouȝt no dred þou þe.'
¶ 'Sir, grame*r*ci of þi speche, 5925
Ac of o þing y þe biseche:
Fourti days respite þou ȝif me,
Til þat mi sorwe aslaked be,
& seþþen spouse me wiþ worþschipe.'
'Y graun*t* wele,' quaþ þe douke, 'sikerlike.' 5930
To Paui þai ben þan ago,
Ac alle anoþ*er* þouȝt þat maiden þo;
Anoþ*er* sche souȝt[2] þan sche seyd:
Gret sorwe in hir hert sche leyd.
Ar sche wille to hi*m* spoused be, 5935
Wiþ a kniif sche wil hir sle.

Oisel fell from her horse, fainting;

which incensed Otous so much that he swore,

Turnbull, p. 213, l. 5505.

[1] Another *more* struck out. MS. fol. 139r. a.

if he saw her pitying him again Tirri would be killed before her eyes.

He bade her be cheerful

since he was going to marry her.

Tirri would be treated well, although he hated him.

C. 5623.

Oisel persuaded him to defer his marriage with her for 40 days.

[2] Read *þouȝt*? But she was resolved to kill herself rather than become his wife. Turnbull, p. 214, l. 5531.

Ac o þing hir glad, sikerliche :
Opon Gij sche trust miche.
Seþþe þat he aschaped was,
Wele sche þouȝt þurch su*m* cas 5940
He schuld Tirri out of prisou*n* cast,
Hir swete leman, wel on hast.

C. 5641. Þai com to Paui wiþ þat :
Þe douk Ot*us* nouȝt forȝat,
Þat erl Tirri he bond fast, 5945
& i*n*-to þester prisoun him cast,
Þer he was in sorwe, apliȝt :
He nist whe*þer* it wer day or niȝt.
Litel he hadde of mete or dring.
His leman lan neu*er* wepeing 5950
Aniȝt, when sche alon was,
Þat noman wiþ hir nas.

C. 5651. Now to tel of Gij ichaue y-þouȝt
Hou god him haþ fra*m* deþ y-brouȝt.
MS. fol. 139r. b. When he was passed þat wat*er* sternne 5955
He loked about him wel ȝernne,
Of his felawes him vnderstode :
1 *welle* originally, but *le* underdotted. Wel[1] neye he was for sorwe wode.
'God,' he seyd, 'what schal y do?
Weri wreche, whider may y go? 5960
Turnbull, p. 215, l. 5557. Ichaue forlorn þe gode Tirri
& Herhaud, for wham icham sori.
2 Read *Ai now!* Amow,[2] sir douk Loer,
Hou miȝtestow dreye þe bismer,
3 MS. *of toun.* Þat þe fals douk Otoun[3] 5965
Dede bifor þe þat traisoun?
For traitour þou worst eu*er* i-held
When þou comest in place or feld.
Lord,' he seyd, 'what may y do?
Into whiche lond may y go? 5970
An arnemorwe no þing y no dred me :
Þo ich went out of þat cite

But that mayde was glad, sikirly,
That Guy was so goon, truly,
So as he escaped was;
For weł she hoped by som̄e cas
He wolde bringe by som̄e Kaste
Oute of p*ri*son hir lemman in haste.

Her only hope was Guy.

Arrived at Pavia,

Otous threw Tirri into a dark prison, where he did not know whether it was day or night, and got little to eat or drink.

His leman wept for him when she was by herself.

To telle of Guy y haue thoughte
How god him hath̄ fro deth̄ broughte.
Whan he was passed that Ryuer sterne
He loked him aboute fuł yerne.

Let us return to Guy.

Having escaped,

he thought of his fellows.

'Lorde god,' he seide, 'what may [y] doo?
Wery wrecche, whider may y goo?
Now y haue loste the Erle Terry [p. 131]
And Heraude, my maister, y am sory.'

He wondered how Duke Loyere could accede to Otous' treacherous proposal.

Wiþ me ich hadde an hundred kniȝtes
To mi wille for me in fiȝtes,
& now y no haue a grom to held mi stede. 5975
þat so miche me miȝt help[1] at nede,
For me þai ben y-slawe ichon,
Oþ*er* in peine in prisoun don.
A, mi dere frende sir Tirri,
For our departing icham sori. 5980
No schal y þe se neuer eft mo?
For þe ichil mi liif in p*er*iil do,
þat y[2] schal his body smite ato
þat þus þis traisoun haþ ous do,
& so ichil awreke þe: 5985
Dye ichil bot it so be.'
Gij rode forþ in his way
Alle þat iche self day,
So long þat he a castel seye
Opon a roche stode an heye. 5990
He þouȝt to herberwe þare;
For he no miȝt no ferþer fare.
Also he to þe gates come
A ȝong kniȝt he fond þer anon.
Michel he was, hende, & fre: 5995
Feren he hadde wiþ him þre.
Gij sey bi his semblau*n*t anon
þat he was lord ou*er* hem ichon.
'Sir,' quaþ Gij, 'vnderstond to me.
þe lord, þat made me and te, 6000
þe loke ȝif þi wille be,
And miche blisse he ȝif þe.
A kniȝt icham deswarre,
þat in y bid par charite.'
¶ þe lord answerd sweteliche, 6005
'þou it schalt haue, bleþeliche.'
He dede vnder-fong his stede þo,
Bi his own[3] he dede it do.

[1] Looks like *helper*.

[2] *y ne schal* MS.

Turnbull, p. 216, l. 5583.
C. 5687.

MS. fol. 139v. a.

[3] *on* MS.

In the morning he had 100 knights,

and now not one groom.

He was resolved to avenge Tirri at the peril of his own life.

Guy forthe wente his waye,
And rode mo*ur*nyng aƚƚ that daye,
So longe that he a Casteƚƚ seigħ
Vpon a roche stonding[1] on heigħ.

Guy rode all day,

till he came to a castle standing on a rock.

As he to the gate com̄e
A yonge knygħt he fonde there anone.
Mikeƚƚ he was, hende, and free:
Felawes he had with him three.
Guy sawe by their semblant anone
That he was lorde of theim echone.
'Sir,' quotħ Guy, 'vnderstonde me.
The lorde, that made bothe sonde and see,
The saue and blisse eu*er*mo,
In-to what contree that ye goo.
I am a knygħt of farre contree,
And herborougħ y aske for charite.'
The lorde answerd fuƚƚ swetely,
'Ye shaƚƚ haue, fuƚƚ hertly.'

At its gate he saw a young knight,

whom he knew to be its lord.

He asked him for shelter,

and was very hospitably received.

Bi þe riȝt hond he toke sir Gij,
& went into his halle on hey. 6010
A mantel of silk he of-sent on hast,
& about him he dede it cast.
Turnbull, p. 217, l. 5609. Wonderliche þai bihelden him alle
Kniȝtes þat weren in þe halle;
For he was michel & wele y-sett. 6015
Þai him bihelden wele þe bett.
Þe lord wiþ þat to him sede,
'Ich þe bidde for loue-rede
Þat þi name telle þou me,
& nouȝt forhole it no be.' 6020
Gij answerd wel sweteliche,
'Mi name y þe telle, sikerliche:
Gij of Warwike mi name is.
Iuel ich am acumbred, y-wis.'
When þe lord herd þat, 6025
Þat it was Gij þat to him spac,
'Sir,' he seyd, 'welcome ȝe be:
In ȝour owhen herberwe ȝe.
Ful welcome artow to me,
& ful wele y knowe þe. 6030
Ich auȝt þe loue, so moti gon:
Wel michel gode þou hast me don.
Þo ich þe serued þou louedest me:
Armes ich vnderfenge of þe,
And þou me sendest ner & fer 6035
To turnamens & to wer,
So þat gret word sprong of me,
Þo y went hom to mi cuntre.
Turnbull, p. 218, l. 5635. Amis of Mounteyn mi name it is:
Wele ouȝt ȝe me knowe, y-wis.' 6040
C. 5727. When Gij him seye he knewe þe kniȝt,
He kist him þer anon riȝt.
MS. fol. 139v. b. 'Sir,' quaþ Amis, 'when comestow,
Þatow gost alle on now?

By the honde he toke than Guy,
And in-to the halle yeden they. 6010

The lorde with that to him seyde,
'I the bidde, sir, at this breyde
That thy name thou telle me,
And not cou*ere*[1] it, y pray the.' 6020
Guy answerd fuH louely,
'My name y telle the blithely:
Guy of Warrewik my name is.
Euyl y am a-combred, ywis.'
Whan the lorde herde that, [p. 132] 6025
That it was Guy that by him sat,
'Sir,' he seyde, 'welcome to me:
In your owne herburgh ye bee.

His host asked him his name,

and he answered that he was Guy of Warwick.

Then his host said to him, 'You are in your own house.

You loved me when I served you.
You made me a knight,
and sent me abroad to tournaments and wars, so that I became famous.

Amys of Champeyn my name is:
WeH ye oughte to knowe me, ywis. 6040

My name is Amis of Mounteyn.'

Then Guy kissed him.

'Sir,' quoth Amys, 'fro whens comest thou,
That ye goo thus allone nowe?

[1] MS. *discouere.*

It semeþ wele, so þenkeþ me, 6045
Fram gret periil aschaped be ȝe.
Whare his Herhaud, þi kniȝt so fre?
Alle þine kniȝtes where ben he?'
'Ich-il þe telle,' þan seyd sir Gij.
'Now vnder-stond ich am sori.' 6050
Þan teld he him al þat cas,
Hou þerl Tirri wou*n*ded was,
& hou he hadde y-heled his wounde,
& socurd his fader, & ost him founde,
& hou he passed hi*m* self vnnome, 6055
& hou þai were þurch traisou*n* ou*er*-come,
& hou his felawes weren y-nome,
& hou þat he was þider y-come,
& hou Tirri was y-nomen þo
& þe gode Herhaud also, 6060
& wiþ hem fif hundred kniȝtes,
Orped men & gode in fiȝtes.
'Y not ȝif þai be liues or dede:
Al ich hem sey nimen & lede.'
Turnbull, p. 219, l. 5661. When Gij hadde y-teld þat cas, 6065
C. 5751. Hou iuel hi*m* bifallen was,
'Suffre awhile, sir,' quaþ he.
'Ȝif it is þi wille listen to me.
Ich haue castels & cites strong
Mani and fele in mi lond: 6070
Alle ichil bitake þe,
Mine kniȝtes ichil[1] of-sende to me:
Fif hundred ich of-sende may,
Þat schal do þi wille niȝt and day.
Alle þat to min erldom falleþ y wil it be 6075
To þine wille so schal com to þe.
Wende we wille to þe douk Otoun,[2]
And bring him to destruc*c*ioun.
His londes we schul þurch-ernne,
& his castels felle, & his tounes bernne, 6080

[1] An *s* erased after the *ch*.

[2] MS. *of toun*.

Where is heraude, that knyght free,
And all thy knyghtes of grete bountee?'
'I shall the telle, sir,' quoth Guy.
'No wonder is though y bee sory.' 6050
Than tolde he him that cas,
How the Erle Terry wounded was,

Amis asked where Herhaud and his other knights were,

and Guy told him all about his finding Tirri,

and helping his father,

and about Otous' treason.

And how the parlement was nome,
And how thurgh treason they were ou*er*come,
And how Terry was take thoo
And the good heraude also, 6060
And with theim .v. hundred knyght*is*,
Orped men and stronge in fighte.
'I ne wote whether they bee dede or alyue:
All y sawe theim ledde forthe blyue.'
WHANNE Guy had tolde all the cas, 6065
How euyll tho him befalle was,
'Suffre awhile, sir,' quoth he.
'And it bee thy wille vnderstonde me.
I haue Castelles and townes stronge:
Haue thou right, haue thou wronge, 6070
All y shall theim betake the,
And my knyghtes y shall sende for to me.'

Amis offered to send for 500 knights,

by whose help Guy might be avenged on Otous.

& so þou miȝt awreke be,
His londes destru, him seluen sle.
Of werre no swike wille we,
Al what he a-slawe be.'

C. 5769. 'Amis,' quaþ Gij, 'god ȝeld it te: 6085
To long schuld ich here be.

MS. fol. 140r. a. ȝif ich orn on him so þou speke,
To late ich worþ of him awreke.
For drede of deþ nille y fle.
Hastiliche ichil awreken be.' 6090

Turnbull, p. 220, l. 5687. Al a day he bileft þare,
His hert was in michel care:
Amis emforþ his miȝt
*Con*fort him boþe day and niȝt.'
¶ Of him he toke his leue þo, 6095
Toward Paui he is y-go.
Amis wiþ him gon wold,
Ac he seyd þat he no schold.
Amis bileft, þat was sori,
& often to god he bad for Gij, 6100
þat for his swete moder loue
Leue hi*m* harmeles oȝain come.

C. 5785. ¶ Gij him diȝt in a-queyntise,
& com to Paui in squier wise.
An vnement purchast he 6105
þat made his visage out of ble:
His here, þat was ȝalu and briȝt,
Blac it bicome anon riȝt.
Nas no man in þis world so wise of siȝt
þat afterward him knowe miȝt. 6110
Now to Paui y-comen he is:
Of no man aferd he nis.
þe douk Ot*us* he fond þere,
& gret hi*m* as ȝe may here:
'Sir douk Ot*us*,' he seyd, 'god loke þe: 6115
Al so ich it wold so mot it be.

'Amys,' quoth Guy, 'god yelde it the, [p. 133] 6085
The goodnesse that thou proferst me.

Guy, however, declined this offer,

Hastilier of him awreke y hope bee:
For doubte of deth y woH not flee.' 6090

wishing to be avenged at once. Guy remained there only one day.

Guy toke his leeue thoo, 6095
Toward Pauye for to goo,
And seide, 'Amys, y beseche the,
A stede that thou wolt yiue me.'
And Amys anone, withoute doubte,
Made hym chese the beste in the route. 6100
Oon he toke, and lepte vpon:
SadeH ne house he wolde noon.
So Guy him dighte in newe aqueyntise,
And come to Pauye in a wonder guyse.
An oignement than purchassed he 6105
That made his visage oute of blee.

Amis was not allowed to go with him.

Guy arrived at Pavia

with his face and fair hair tinged black—

Noo man was so wise of sighte
That afterward him knowe mighte. 6110
To Pauy than Guy come is:
Of noo man he afferde is.
The Duke Otes he fonde there,
And he him grette in this manere:
'Sir Duke,' he seide, 'god saue the: 6115
As y it wolde so mote it bee.

so that no one knew him.

Turnbull, p. 221, l. 5713.

A man icham o fer cuntre :
Hider ich come to seche þe.
Ich haue þe brouȝt here a stede,
In þis world is better non at nede. 6120
Noris it dede a Sarazin,
And me it ȝaf, min owen cosyn :
In alle þe world is so swift a best,
Libard no ro, in no forest,
No dromedarie no is *þer* non 6125
So swiþe goand so is he on.
No þarf þe drede non arme of þe se,
And tow opon þis stede be.
ȝif ȝe nille þerof me leue
Ichil þat ȝe it asey[1] ar eue. 6130

[1] *aseyle* originally, *le* being erased.

MS. fol. 140r. b.

Ac on maner haþ þat hors,
Þerfore mani haþ fare þe wors :
In þe world nis[2] man þat ney hi*m* come
Þat he no wold him slon wel sone,
Bot þe man þat loked[3] it. 6135
Þer-fore y loue it out of witt.'

[2] MS. *is*.

[3] The first letter seems to be *l*, although it looks a little like *b*.

C. 5817.

Quaþ þe douk, 'mow grame*r*ci.
Þis is a fair ȝift, sikerly.
Wiþ þat hors ichil at-hold þe,
& make þe riche of gold & fe. 6140
To swiche an hors ich hadde nede,
Þat ich might þe better spede.

Turnbull, p. 222, l. 5739.

Of min fomen ich wold ben awreke,
& som in min prisoun ben y-steke,
Ac on of hem is schaped fro me. 6145
Now wold god, þat alle may se,
Þat he were now in þis halle :
Wel iuel him schuld sone bifalle.
Wel sone he schuld an-honged be
Wiþ gode riȝt, y telle it te.' 6150

C. 5827.

'Sir,' quaþ Gij, 'who [may] þat be?
In gret p*er*iil now is he.'

A man y am of farre contree:
Hyder y am com̄e to seche the.
Brough̄te y haue the a stede,
In all̄ the worlde is noo better at nede.

He offered the Duke a steed,

swifter than a leopard, roe, or dromedary,

Yf ye me therof doo not beleue
I shall̄ him assaye for the more preoue.'

but so vicious as to kill any one approaching it except himself.

Quoth̄ the duke: 'sir, moult *gra*unt m*er*cy. [p. 134]
This is a faire yifte, sikirly.

The Duke thanked him for the horse,

and asked him to stay with him.

To suche an horse y haue nede,
That y migh̄t the better spede,
And on my foomen̄ bee a-wreke;
And som̄e in my p*ri*son̄ been̄ steke,
Bot oon̄ eskaped is fro me.
That wolde god all̄ men migh̄t him here see,
That he were nowe in my halle:
Grete woo him shuld sone befalle.
To morowe he shuld hanged bee
With good wille, y telle it the.'
'Sir,' quoth Guy, 'who may that bee?
In full̄ grete perill̄ stondeth̄ he.'

He was in need of such a horse against his enemies,

especially one.

Asked whom he meant,

'Ichil þe telle,' quaþ þe douk þo:
'Gij of Warwike, þat is mi fo.
Siker no be ich neuer mo 6155
Þe whiles þat he oliues go.
Ich wold now he stode þe bi.'
'Sir,' quaþ he, 'y knowe wele Gij:
He slouȝ on of mi neye kin;
Þer-fore ich am riȝt wroþ wiþ him, 6160
& wiþ þerl Tirri also:
He is mi dedliche fo.
Þurch felonie mi fader he slouȝ,
Mi broþer he deserited[1] wiþ wouȝ.
God lete me neuer ded be 6165
Er ich him to mi wille se.'
C. 5843. 'Mi dere frende,' seyd þe douk Otoun,[2]
'Ichaue Tirri in mi prisoun.
Now ich-il þou loke hi*m* to,
And alle schame þou hi*m* do.' 6170
'Sir,' quaþ he, 'grame*r*ci,
And y þe sigge sikerly
Þat alle his liif ichil wende
Er þan come seuen niȝtes ende.'
MS. fol. 140v. a. Þe douke doþ him þe keyes take, 6175
Maister iaioler he doþ him make.
C. 5853. Þe douk oxeþ what his name be:
'Yon men clepet me in mi cuntre.'
'Yon,' he seyd, 'ichot now þe
Þat þou þat hors wele kepe me.' 6180
An hous he deliuer[d] him þo
Þat no þing com in bot þai to.
Þe douk þat nouȝt no wist,
Þat Gij was þe*r*-in, bi Crist.
C. 5861. Alle his wille he may now do, 6185
Non vn-worþschip men seyd hi*m* to.
Gij into a tour is y-go,
A strong prisoun fond he þo:

[1] *desirit* MS.

[2] *of toun* MS.

Turnbull, p. 223, l. 5765.

'I shall the telle,' quoth the Duke tho.
'Guy of Warrewik, that is my foo.'

he answered that he was not safe, as long as Guy of Warwick was alive.

'Sir,' quoth he, 'well knowe y Guy.
I wolde that he stode the by.
He slowe oon of my nyghe kyn;
Therfor y am yet wrothe with him, 6160
And the Erle Tirry also:
I hate him as my dedely foo.

Guy pretended he hated him, too, because he had slain a near relation of his,

and that Tirri also was his deadly enemy, and had slain his father.

God lete me neu*er*e dede bee 6165
Tiil him at my wille y see.'
'Frende,' quoth the Duke Otoun,
'I haue Terry here in my prisoun.
Now thou shalt loke him to,
And all shame thou him doo.' 6170
'Sir,' quoth he, 'g*ra*unt mercy,
And y the sey sikirly
That his lif y shall to*ur*ne and wende [p. 135]
Or come this seuen nyght to an ende.'
The duke doth him than the keyes take, 6175
And maister Iayler he doth him make.

The Duke told him that he had Tirri in his prison,

and made Guy his jailer.

Guy called himself 'You.'

An house the Duke deliu*er*ed him thoo
That noo thing was in bot they two.
The Duke noo-thing the sothe wiste,
That he was Guy, ne noo man nyste.
Therfor all his wille he might doo, 6185
That noo man shuld speke him to.

Guy found in a tower a prison 40 fathoms deep.

Fourti fadom depe it was.

Hearing some one cry 'Alas,' he asked who it was,

He hadde y-herd cri, 'allas': 6190
He oxed anon who þat were
Þat made *þer* so reuly bere.
'Ich,' he seyd, 'a wreched man:
Me reuweþ sore þat y liues am.

Turnbull, p. 224, l. 5791.

and learnt that it was Tirri,

Erl Tirri mi nam is: 6195
Now icham a wreche, y-wis.
Þe douk no misdede y neu*er* nouȝt,
And in þis prisoun icham y-brouȝt.

who had more iron about him than a sumpter could carry,

More iren about me is
Þan a somer miȝt beren, y-wis, 6200
On armes, on legges, on bodi also.
Mi deþ ich wold were com me to.
For þan þat ich felawe was
To a kniȝt þat neuer his better nas,
Whom þe douk Ot*us* hated, y-wis, 6205
On me þe wreche fallen now is.

and had eaten nothing for three days.

Þat ich ete þis is þe þridde day:
Long liue y no may.'

C. 5885. ¶ 'Tirri,' quaþ Gij, 'no be nouȝt wo:

Guy discovered himself, and promised to deliver him as soon as possible.

Icham Gij þou louedest so. 6210
Out of prisoun y schal cast þe
So sone y may mi time se.'

But Tirri implored him to go away

Sir Tirri spac to Gij þo,
'For godes loue, hennes þou go.
Hou come þou hider, sir Gij? 6215
Þine hider-com wil me harmi.

lest the Duke should slay him.

ȝif þe douk wite þat þou it be
Þis ich day he wil sle þe.

MS. fol. 140v. b.

Leuer me were al-on to day
Þan wite þe ded, soþe to say. 6220

Turnbull, p. 225, l. 5817.

Þerfore, sir, hennes þou go;
For godes loue, sir, do now so.'
Als þai togider speken þis

C. 5899. A Lombard it of-herd, y-wis,

Þat after into þe tour was y-go 6225
To aspie what Gij wold do.
Wiþ loude steuen he haþ hi*m* gred,
'Gij, þou hast wel iuel y-sped.
Boþe ȝe schul an-honged be,
Now ich ȝou[1] boþe here y-se.' 6230
¶ 'Lete be,' quaþ Gij, 'so god þe amende:
So þou miȝt ous boþe schende.
What schuld þe þe better be
ȝif þou dest ous boþe sle?
Þine owhen man ichil be, 6235
& as mi lord seruy þe,
& þerl Tirri bi his miȝt,
And þerto mi treuþe y þe pliȝt.'
'Hold þi pes,' quaþ þe Lombart,
'Haue neu*er* god of me part 6240
Bot ich þe douk Ot*us* it telle:
For noþing leten y nille.'
Adoun of þe tour he goþ erninde,
And Gij after him fast folweinde.
Riȝt bifor þe doukes fet 6245
Gij arauȝt him wiþ a staf gret:
Swiche a strok he hi*m* ȝaf,
Þat his breyn fley about þe staf.
Seyd þe douk, 'whi destow þis?
Wiþ hors tow worþ to-drawen, y-wis. 6250
Whi hastow mi man y-slawe?
Hou dorstow bigin þat plawe?'
'Sir,' quaþ Gij, 'herken to me,
Anon ichil telle to þe:
Into þe tour ich was y-gon, 6255
For to se þe esters ichon;
Þer ich fond þis feloun,
& spac to Tirri in þe prisoun,
& mete hi*m* brouȝt gret plente.
Þo ich it seye it of-þouȝt me. 6260

A Lombard overheard their conversation,

and threatened to get them hanged.

[1] *þou* MS.

Guy tried to silence him,

but in vain.

So Guy followed him to the Duke,

and killed him there with a staff.

Turnbull, p. 226, l. 5843.

Asked by the Duke why he did so,

C. 5931.

Guy answered he had found him speaking to Tirri,

and supplying him with food,

Wiþ his fest he me smot,
þ*er*fore ichim suwed, god it wot,
MS. fol. 141r. a. & smot him so þou miȝt se.
þe gilt, sir, for-ȝiue þou me.
Soþe to sigge in þis stede, 6265
For þine anour ich it dede,
þat oþer bi him y-warned be
To fede þi prisoun wiþ-outen þe.'
þe douk gret oþ swore þo,
þat ȝif he oþer-loker had do 6270
He worþ to-drawe, oþ*er* an-hong,
Or oþer schames deþ to afong;
Turnbull, p. 227, l. 5869. 'Ac now forȝiuen it þe be.'
Gij him þonked on his kne.
Sone so þe niȝt him come, 6275
Gij into þe cite nome:
Mete anouȝ he bouȝt þere,
And to Tirri he gan it bere.
þus he dede y not hou long,
Michel he slaked his pine strong, 6280
Alle his bendes doþ oway,
And slakeþ his pine so michel so he may.
C. 5967. Into a chau*m*ber[1] goþ on a day,
[1] The *u* in *chaumber* has a stroke too many. þerin he fond þat fair may,
þat biment hir strongliche 6285
For hir leman sche loued so miche.
Gij seyd to hir, 'maiden fre,
Wele þou owest to knowe me:
Gij of Warwike mi name is,
Icham þi lemanes felawe, y-wis. 6290
In þis maner y-comen icham,
For y nold be knowen of no man,
And for to deliuer þi leman
þat ich michel gode an.'
When þe maiden herd þis, 6295
þat it was Gij, for soþe y-wis,

and had been struck by him.

The Duke approved of his conduct.

As sone as the tyme com̄e,
Guy is in-to the Citee goon):
Mete enough̄ he bough̄te there,
And to Terry he did it bere.

In the night Guy bought food,

and carried it to Tirri,

and lessened his sufferings as much as he could.

Alł his bondes he doth̄ awey,
And socoureth̄ him bothe nygh̄te and daye.
In-to the chambre than wente he,
Whan he his tyme did see,
To comforte that mayde weł,
That in grete sorowe abode eu*er*y dele.
Guy seide to the maide free,
'Full weł thou aughtest to knowe me:
Guy of Warrewik my name is,
I am thy lemmans felawe, ywis.'

One day he went to see Oisel,

Whan that maide herde this,
That it was Guy, forsothe ywis,

who, hearing that he was Guy,

For blisse sche fel aswon adoun,
And vp hir toke þe gode Gyoun.

Turnbull, p. 228, l. 5895.

'Maiden,' he seyd, 'lete now be:
Wiltow now schende me? 6300
ȝif ani me perceiue miȝt
Ich were y-honged anon riȝt.'
'Merci, sir Gij,' seyd þat may,
'Now wiþin þe þridde day
To him spoused schal y be; 6305
Ac o þing ich haue biþouȝt me,

MS. fol. 141r. b.

þat ichil mi-selue sle
þat day þat y schal spoused be.'
Gij seyd, 'no do nouȝt so,
Ac alle his wille þou schalt do, 6310
And ar he to þe chirche come
Y schal mete hi*m* atte frome:
His heued fro þe bodi schal fle,
& lede y schal þe forþ wiþ me.'

C. 5999. Now is Gij þennes y-gon hom, 6315
And also swiþe so niȝt[1] come
To þe prisoun anon he ȝede,
And deliuerd his felawe in þat stede.
'Sir Tirri,' he seyd, 'forþ þou go
(Niȝt no day no swike þou no) 6320
Riȝt to Amis of[2] þe Mou*n*teyne,
þat woneþ in þe marche of Almeyne.
On mine half grete him wele bi me.
þider þou go, & ful wele rest þe,
Fort[3] ich com, or man for me.' 6325

Turnbull, p. 229, l. 5921.

'Bleþeliche, sir,' þan seyd he.
Hye kisten hem, and forþ ȝede þo;
At her parting hem was ful wo.
Aiþ*er* for oþer for gret pite
In gret p*er*iil hadde y-be. 6330
Gi lete him of þe tour þo,
Bitauȝt him god, & lete him go.

[1] The *n* in *niȝt* on a *e* only partially erased.

[2] *to* MS.

[3] *t* added above the line.

fainted with joy.

'Mercy, sir,' seide that faire may,
'Now within this thirde day
Herin y shall spoused bee; 6305
But of oon thing rather y haue thought me,
That y shall my-self slee [p. 136]
That day he shall spouse me.'
Guy answerd and seide, 'not so:
All his wille thou shalt feyne to doo, 6310
And or he come to the Chirche yate
Of other thinges he shall lakke:
His hede fro the body shall flee,
And forthe the lede y shall with me.'
Guy fro thens he is goon, 6315
And as sone as he might come
To the geayle anone he yede,
And Terry than therof deliu*er*ed.
'Sir Terry,' he seide, 'now forthe thou goo[1]
(Nighte nor day spare thou noo[2]) 6320
Right to Amys of the Mountaigne,
That duelleth in the marches of Almaigne.
On my behalue grete him swithe,
And soio*ur*ne there, and make the blithe,
Tyll y come, or other man for me.' 6325
'Blithely, sir,' quoth Tirry the free.

Learning that the wedding was to be within three days,

he promised to deliver her in time.

Guy then went to

set Tirri free,

whom he sent to Amis of the Mounteyne.

[1] MS. *goon*).

[2] MS. *noon*).

Guy lete him adowne of the towre thoo,
Betaughte him to god, and lete him goo.

Gij bileft, & Tirri is forþ y-fare:
Of alle niȝt no hadde he rest þare.
C. 6027. So long is Tirri forþ y-gon, 6335
To þe Mounteyn he com anon;
A castel þer was fair wiþalle,
And strong cite biloken wiþ walle;
Fair halles & toures also
In þe cite were mani & mo. 6340
In þat on half orn þe riuer,
In þat oþer half forest wiþ wilde dere.
Into þe cite he is y-go,
And to þe maist*er* palays he ȝede þo.
He fond Amis atte ches pleyinge 6345
Wiþ his felawes, fair gamen giuing.
Þritti kniȝtes were i*n* halle also
His soudours were, his wil to do,
Þat wiþ Amis bileften he
For wer þat was in þat cuntre. 6350
Turnbull, p. 230, l. 5947. MS. fol. 141v. a. 'Sir,' quaþ Tirri, 'ȝif it be þi wille,
Vnder-stond & speke me tille
Al priueliche, y þe biseche,
Þat þi folk no here our speche.'
Amis answerd, 'wel bleþeliche 6355
Wille ich it do & loueliche.'
Fram þe cheker he is y-go,
And to a windowe he cleped hi*m* þo.
C. 6043. 'Sir Amis,' seyd Tirri,
'Often þe greteþ wele sir Gij; 6360
& hider to ȝou he sent me,
For to soiourne here wiþ þe,
Fort he may hider come,
Oþer anoþ*er* send for hi*m* atte frome.'
'Sir,' quaþ Amis, 'miche þanke haue he, 6365
Þat he þe sent hider to me.
What is þi name? say þou me.'
'Ichil þe telle, sir,' quaþ he:

Guy abode, and Terry forthe wente :
Nighte ne daye he ne stente. — Tirri travelled all night.
So longe he is forthe goon, 6335
TiH he to the Mountaigne is come. — Reaching his destination,
A casteH ther' was faire with-aH,
And a faire Citee closed with stone walle.

In-to that Citee he yede thoo,
The chief palays he come to. 6344
He fonde Amys at Chesse pleying' [p. 137] — he found Amis playing at chess,
With his felawes, faire game holding'.

'Sir,' quoth Tirry, 'yf thy wylle bee,
A worde y muste speke with the
AH priuely, y you beseche,
That thise men here not oure speche.'
Amys answerth, 'fuH gladly: 6355
I shaH come to you fuH blithely.'
Fro the Chesses he rosse tho,
And to a wyndowe he cleped him to. — and spoke to him privately at a window.
'Sir Amys,' seide Tirry,
'Ofte sithes you grette sir Guy; 6360 — Hearing that Guy had sent him,
And hider to you he sente me,[1] — [1] *to me* MS.
For to soio*ur*ne here with the,
TiH that he may thider come,
Or some other for him right sone.'
'Sir,' quoth Amys, 'moche thanke haue he, 6365
That he the sente hider to me.
What is your' name, sir' free?'
'I shaH you telle, sir,' quoth hee.

'Tirri of Gormoise mi name is,
Aschaped of strong prisoun, y-wis.' 6370
'Sir Tirri,' þan seyd he,
'Welcome in-to þis cuntre!'
He kist him an hundred siþe,
Wiþ eyȝen he wepe, so was he bliþe.
& for he hi*m* so miseise[1] y-seye 6375
Of prisoun aschaped, bliþe was hye.
He dede him baþe, sikerly,
And al þing diȝt hi*m* redi.
Wiþ riche cloþes[2] he dede hi*m* schrede,
& fond him alle þat hi*m* was nede. 6380
He ȝaf him armes and riche stede,
& diȝt him þer alle wiþ prede.
Þennes no went he for no þing,
Er he of Gij hadde tiding.

C. 6069. Of þe douk ichil ȝou telle, 6385
& þan of Gij, ȝif ȝe wille.
Þe douk of-sent his barnage in hast,
Þat þai com to him riȝt fast
Into þe cite of Pauie,
Alle þe Lombardes of Lombardie. 6390
When þe time it comen was,
Þe douk was bliþe & glad *in þat* cas.
To þe maiden he come swiþe,
As he þat was glad & bliþe,
And seyd, 'leman, glad make þe; 6395
Today þou schalt y-spoused be.'
'Sir,' sche seyd, 'wiþ gode wille
Alle þine hest ichil fulfille.'
He schred hir swiþe wele, y-wis
Wiþ riche cloþes alle of *pris*; 6400
He sette hir on a palfrey, *þat* ȝongling,
Better no bistrode neu*er* no king.
Riche anouȝ þat atire was
Of gold & siluer: no no*þer* þer nas.

[1] *so miseise* looks like *sounseise* in MS.

Turnbull, p. 231, l. 5973.

[2] *c* added above the line.

MS. fol. 141v. b.

Turnbull, p. 232, l. 5999.

'Terry of Gormoyse my name is,
Escaped stronge prison, y-wis.' 6370
'Sir Terry,' thanne seide he,
'Thou art well-coṁe in-to this contree.'

and that he was Tirri of Gormoise,

he welcomed him heartily,

and supplied him with all he wanted.

Thense he shuld for noo thing',[1]
TiH he of Guy had soṁe tidyng'.
OFF THE Duke y shaH you telle, 6385
And of Guy, if it bee your' wille.
The Duke sente for his baroñs in haste, [p. 138]
That they shuH coṁe aH to his feste
In-to the Citee of Pauye,
AH the knighites of lombardye. 6390
Whan the tyme coṁe was,
The Duke so gladde neu*er*e nas.
To the maide he coṁe swithe,
As he that was gladde and blithe.
'Lemman, aH redy make thou the; 6395
This day thou shalt spoused bee.'
'Sir,' she seide, 'with good wille
AH thy heestes y shaH fulfille.'

[1] This line is repeated in a later hand in the blank space left originally after l. 6384.

I'll tell you of the Duke, and then of Guy, if you please.

The Duke invited his barons to be present at his wedding.

On the appointed day he was very joyful.

Oisel,

in rich attire,

was set on a good palfrey,

Toward a chirche went hye; 6405
Wiþ ioie he wend hir to spousi.
¶ Gij armed him wel richeliche
Alto his wille stalworþliche
Wiþ armes þe maiden hi*m* had bitouȝt,
Þat were þe douke to present brouȝt. 6410
His gode stede he bi-strod,
And of-tok hem wiþ-outen abod.

'Douk Ot*us*, vnder-stond to me: 6415
No go no forþer, ich hot þe.
Vnder-stond þe of þat traisoun
Þat þou dest to sir Gyoun,
Also he com fram Boneuent:
Ȝete is mi hert þ*er*-fore i*n* turment; 6420
& seþþen þou dest me a gret traisoun,
Þo þou Tirri dest in þi prisoun.

Icham Gij þat to þe speke: 6425
Ȝete today y þenk to ben awreke.'
Þurch þe bodi he smot hi*m* anon
Bifor þe Lombardes eu*er*ichon,
And swore bi god, heuen king,
Ȝif[1] him neyed ani þing, 6430
Þat heued he schuld þ*er* forgon.
To þat maiden he cam anon,
Bitven his armes þe maiden he nam,
& sett hir biforn hi*m*: oway he ran.
Swiþe owaiward þan rod he: 6435
C. 6121. Þe noise aros in þat cite.
Wiþ gret strengþe þai driuen Gi:
He paseþ hem: oȝain went hij.
Oȝain þai went to þat bodi riȝt,
Ac a child-ȝong man, apliȝt, 6440

[1] The *f* on an erasure.

Turnbull, p. 233, l. 6025.

Toward the Chirche wente he, 6405 — and set off with the Duke towards a church.
With ioye to spouse the mayde free.
Guy armeth him fuH hastly — Guy, having armed himself,
At his wille fuH stalworthly.

A good stede he bee-strode, — and bestridden his steed,
And after theim faste rode. — overtook them.
Whan he theim had ou*er*e-take,
Contenaunce of loue he did noon make.
'Duke Otes,' he seide, 'vnderstonde me: 6415
Ne goo noo farther, y hote the. — He charged him with his treacheries,
Remembre the of the treason
That thou did to me[1] Guyon, — [1] So MS.
As he come fro a turnement,
Betwene Pauy and Boneuent; 6420
And sithe thou didist him grete treason,
Whan thou toke Terry in-to thy prison;
And heraude and his feeres echoon,
AH thou made theim in p*r*ison bee doon. 6424
I am the same Guy, that to the speke: [p. 139] — and discovered himself.
Now y shaH therof bee a-wreke.'
Thurgh the body he him smote[2] anone — Then he killed him,
Before the lombardes eu*er*ychoon, — [2] *smothe* MS.

And toke the mayde in his armes two, — [3] *to* MS.
And sette hir before him, and con[3] goo. — took Oisel on his steed, and rode away.
Fast a-weyward than rode he: 6435
The noyse anone arosse in the Citee.
With grete [strengthe] they folowed Guy, — He was pursued,
And he rode forth hastely
And whan they him ne ou*er*e-take might, — but all returned before long,
Ayene they come to the body right. 6440

except a kinsman of the Duke's, Berard,
Þat was þe doukes kinseman
(Berard was his riȝt nam),

MS. fol. 112r. a.
Alle on he folwed sir Gij
(He no hadde felawe no frend *him* bi)
Wiþ scheld & spere opon his stede : 6445
A gode kniȝt he was at nede.

who, having followed Guy for five miles,
He folwed Gij fif mile,
Þat Gij fore in a litel while.

asked him to turn back and fight with him,
'Gij,' he seyd, 'turn oȝe,
So help þe Crist, & iuste wiþ me.' 6450

which Guy did.
Gij turned him wel an hast,
For he no was nouȝt of him agast.
Þe maiden he to grounde sett,
& diȝt his armes wiþ-outen lett,
& went to him wiþ gret miȝt, 6455
& he to him anon riȝt.

Berard struck Guy so effectually,
¶ Þe ȝong man smot first Gij
Þurch þe scheld, sikerli :

Turnbull, p. 234, l. 6051.
He carf þe brini *þat* newe was,
Nouȝt worþ a botoun it nas. 6460

that his new coat of mail was not worth a button.
Gij of þat strok wonder haþ.

But returning the stroke,
Anoþer strok[1] sir Gij him ȝaf :
Gij anon smot þat ȝong man,
Þurch his scheld anon it ran,

[1] *Anoþer strok* on an erasure.

Guy wounded Berard, and upset his horse.
& þurch þe scholder he ȝaf him wounde, 6465
Þat hors & man it fel to grounde.

C. 6445. & when þe ȝongman was y-falle

Starting up,
Vp he stert sone wiþ-alle.
Anon his swerd he haþ out drawe,

Berard had a great mind to kill his horse.
His hors he wold habbe y-slawe. 6470
'Hors,' he seyd, 'acursed þou be,
When þou no miȝt vp-hold me.
Þat þou dye it is riȝt,
Seþþen þou in þe has no miȝt.

[2] *berarnd* MS.

He asked Guy to take off his coat of mail,
Gij,' quaþ Berard,[2] 'wende to me, 6475
& of þine hauberk vnarmi þe :

In pleyn armes wil we fiȝt,
And so we may asay our miȝt.
Bot ich þine heued binim þe,
Or ich out of þis place te, 6480
Neuer honour ich no bidde,
No neu*er* a day lenger to libbe.'
'Frende,' quaþ Gij, 'nil y nouȝt so.
To bataile we schul ȝete cu*m* bo.'
Þe maiden he nam & forþ ladde, 6485
& passed a riuer, & nouȝ[t] no drad.
Þe ȝongman went him oȝe
Alle sori i*n*-to þat cite.
Þe douk þai birid worþschipliche
In a chirche of Paui, sikerliche. 6490
Þe ȝongman to þemp*er*our is gon,
& told hi*m* of Ot*us* deþ anon.
Þemp*er*our alle his lond hi*m* ȝeld,
& wiþ þat[1] worþschip hi*m* at-held.
Armes he ȝaf hi*m* hastiliche, 6495
He loued hi*m* wel swiþe miche.
Of Almaine he made hi*m* steward,
þat fel mani a man swiþe hard.
Gij wiþ þat maiden is forþ y-go,
& þan newed alle hir wo. 6500
'Sir Gij,' sche seyd, 'what schal y do?
Mi leman no se y[2] neu*er* mo.
Dye y schal wiþ sorwe & care.
Now wold god ich wer þare:
Wiþ him ded ich wold be; 6505
& it so were wele wer me.'
Gij answerd wele þat maide,[3]
And to hir sweteliche he seyd:
'Tirri nis bot gode, siker þou be:
Alle in gode point þou schalt hi*m* se. 6510
Wiþ þe iaioler ich haue speke so,
þat alle his wille he wil do.'

that they might fight in 'plain arms.'

But Guy refused,

Turnbull, p. 235, l. 6077.
and rode away with Oisel.
MS. fol. 142r. b.

Berard returned to Pavia, where the Duke was buried with great honour,

and then repaired to the Emperor,

who bestowed on him the Duke's land,

[1] So MS., not *gret*.

knighted him,

and made him steward of Germany.

C. 6175.

Oisel's sorrows began again.

[2] *sey* MS. as one word.

She wished to be with Tirri, to die with him.

[3] The *i* added above the line.

Guy assured her that she would see him in good condition.
Turnbull, p. 236, l. 6103.

C. 6187. So long forþ wenten he,
þat hij come to þat cite
Of[1] Mounteyne, þat feir was: 6515
So þai went [in] wiþ ioie & solas.
When he into þe halle come,
Amis him knew riȝt anon.
When he him seye þan seyd he,
'Sir Gij, welcom mot þou be.' 6520
When sir Tirri Gij y-seþ
& Oisel, þat him was so lef,
Michel ioie he made Gij þo,
þat maiden he nam in his armes to.
'Gij,' he seyd, 'welcome þou be. 6525
þat þus asembled now be we!
Nold god & our leuedi
þat mi lef be schent of hir bodi.'
þai kisten hem togider anon,
For ioie þai wepen euerichon. 6530

MS. fol. 142v. a. **C. 6209.** When Oisel y-seþ sir Tirri,
þat was hir lef & hir ami,
For ioie sche swoned omong hem.
þer wende sche nouȝt to finden him.
Tirri nam hir in his armes tvo, 6535
& sweteliche seyd to hir þo,
Turnbull, p. 237, l. 6129. 'Mi swete leman, no drede þe nouȝt:
Hole & sounde icham hider brouȝt.'
Amonges hem was ioie & blis,
And soiournd þere,[2] y-wis, 6540
To her wille in þat palais:
Sir Amis was hende & curteys.
C. 6223. So on a day biþouȝt him sir Gij
þat long soiournd hadden hy.
Amis he cleped to him & sir Tirri: 6545
'Herkeniþ to me,' seyd sir Gij.
'Soiournd we haue here anow:
Now is time we go fram ȝou

[1] *Of þat* MS.

[2] *to her wille* MS.

So longe forthe roden they,
TyH they come to that[1] Citee
Of Mountaigne, that so faire was, 6515
And in they wente with ioye and solas.
Whan Guy in-to the halle come,
Amys him knewe anone,
And anone to him seide he,
'Sir Guy, weH-come thou bee.' 6520
Whan the Erle Tyrry sawe sir Guy there
And OyseH, that was him leef and dere,
Moche ioye he made to Guy thoo,
That maide he toke in his armes two.

[1] *they* MS.

When they came to Amis's city,

and entered his hall, Amis knew Guy at once,

and welcomed him.

Tirri was very glad to see Guy and Oisel.

Oisel seeing Tirri, whom she had not expected there, fainted with joy.

Amonges theim was moche blisse,
And there they soio*ur*ned, y-wis, 6540
At their wille in solas:
Amys theim fonde aH that nede was.
On a daye bethoughte Guy the free
That longe soio*ur*ned ther haue they.
Amys he cleped and[2] Terry: [p. 140] 6545
'Herken to me,' seide Guy.
'Tyme is that we vs dighte
To helpe our felawes anone righte,

They stayed there,

till one day Guy thought

[2] *on* MS.

To Gormoise to þerl Aubri :
Wele y wot he is for ous sori. 6550
Of-sende ichil baroun & kniȝtes,
& ern ichil opon þe douk wiþ *gret* miȝtes,
& mine felawes out of prisou*n* bring :[1]
Ich no may hem forȝete for no þing.
Ich man schal his miȝt don, 6555
For to awreke hi*m* of his fon.'
'Sir,' quaþ Amis, 'ichil go wiþ þe,
And a þousend kniȝtes forþ wiþ me,
A þousend seriauns also
Wele on hors, wiþ-outen mo.' 6560
'Gram*er*ci, sir,' þan seyd Gij,
'On þe al mi trust is, sikerli.'
Amis of-sent his kniȝtes anon,
And haþ asembled hem eu*er*ichon,
His seriauns he dede also, 6565
Þe best þat miȝt to fiȝt go.
When þat þai wer al redi
forþ þai wenten hastily.
To-ward Gormoise hij goþ,
Mani man þai made wel wroþ : 6570
Þai nimen castels & cites,
& destruen alle þe cuntres.
To Gormoise þai ben y-come :
Glad þai ben alle & some,
Ouer alle oþer þerl Aubri. 6575
When he seþ his sone Tirri
He fel aswon for ioie þo :
He wende he had ben forlorn for eu*er* mo.
Þer was ioie & miche[2] blis
Bitven þe fader & þe sone, y-wis. 6580
Eu*er*ich told o*per*, & forȝat nouȝt,
Hou Gij hem haþ fram deþ y-brouȝt.
¶ Gij nouȝt for-ȝete nold,
Asembled he haþ his kniȝtes bold.

[1] *bring* Turnbull, *binde* MS.

[2] The *m* in *miche* not quite distinct.

Turnbull, p. 238, l. 6153.

C. 6249.

MS. fol. 142v. b.

of Earl Aubri,

Oute of prison theim to bringe: 6553
I nolde theim lete for noo thinge.'

and of liberating his fellows, who were in Duke Loyer's prison.

'Sir,' quoth Amys, 'y shaH goo with the,
And .v. hundred of knyght*is* bringe with me.'

Amis was ready to help him with 1000 knights,

and as many squires on horse-back.

'G*r*aunt m*er*cy,' seyde sir' Guy,
'On the y truste, sikerly.' 6562
Amys sente for his knyght*is* anone:
Assembled he hath theim eu*er*y-chone.

Amis assembled his men,

Whañ they were aH redy
Forth they wente aH hastely.
Toward Gormoyse as they gooth
In lorenge grete harme they dooth: 6570
They take Castelles and Citees,
And so destroyeth aH the Contrees.
To Gormoyse than they bee coñe:
Gladde they bee aH and soñe,
And ou*er*e aH other the Erle Aubry, 6575
Whan he sawe his soñe Tyrry:

and they repaired to Gormoise,

wasting Loyer's country on their way.

Aubri was very glad to see his son again.

There was ioye and moche blisse
Betwene the fader and the sone, y-wis. 6580
Eche tolde other aH his thoughte,
And how Guy hath him fro deth̄ brought̄e.
Guy heraude foryete neu*er*e a dele,
Assembled he hath̄ knyght̄*is* fele.

Guy did not forget what he had to do.

Þe douk he haþ a grete harm y-do, 6585
He þouȝt for to awreke him so.
Turnbull, p. 239, l. 6179. When þe douk Loer herd þis tiding,
C. 6273. Þat Gij and Tirri were coming,
His douhte[r] Oysel also,
Wel glad & bliþe he was þo. 6590
Herhaud he cleped hi*m* to,
& teld him þe soþe þo,
Þat Gij and Tirri wer y-come,
& hadde on hem wer y-nome,
Wiþ hem was þerl Amis 6595
Wiþ ferred of miche p*ris*.
When Herhaud y-herd þis,
Þat Gij and Tirri comen is,
Neu*er* nas he so bliþe:
God he þonked mani siþe. 6600
'Sir Herhaud,' seyd þe douk Loer,
'Ichil þe make messanger:
To þerl Aubri þou schal go,
& Gij, & Tirri, & sigge hem so,
Þat ich wiþ hem acord wille 6605
Of alle þat þai cun to me telle.
Sir Tirri ichil mi douhter ȝiue,
& half mi lond while þat y liue.
Ichil þat þou wittnesse me
Þat þe loue ste[de]fast be.' 6610
'Sir,' quaþ Herhaud, 'ichil so
Alle mi miȝt do þer-to.'
Þe douke of-sent his prisouns alle,
Turnbull, p. 240, l. 6205. & dede hem arme swiþe[1] snelle,
C. 6305. & hete hem þat þai failed nouȝt 6615
Of þat þai hadde þider y-brouȝt.
'Forþ wiþ Herhaud ȝe schal gon,
Þe acord to make riȝt anon.'
Herhaud made him redi þo,
MS. fol. 143r. a. Riȝt into Gormoise he is y-go, 6620

[1] One or two letters erased after *swiþe*.

The Duke he harme gretly doo :[1] 6585
He thoughte for to a-wreke him thoo.

[1] So MS.

But when Duke Loyer heard of their coming

he was glad of it.

He told Herhaud all about it,

and asked him to be his messenger to Aubri,

Guy, and Tirri, to whom he was anxious to be reconciled.

Tirri was to have his daughter, and half his lands.

Herhaud was ready to go on the errand.

The Duke set all his prisoners at liberty,

bidding them go with Herhaud.

They came near Gormoise,

& wiþ him went alle þe kniȝtes,
Acord to make anon riȝtes.
Gij cam on a day fram hunting,
Þerl Amis, & Tirri þe ȝing,
& mo þan an hundred kniȝt, 6625
Wiþ swerd bigirt, y ȝou pliȝt.
Toward Gormoise þai ben y-go,
Bisiden hem þai loked þo;
So mani kniȝtes þai seye coming,
Of traisoun þai were dredeing. 6630
Þan seyd [of] þe Mountayn Amis,
'A gret ferd y se, y-wis.
Y not what folk it be:
Hiderward þai com, so þenkeþ me.'
Opon his gode stede he wond 6635
Wiþ swerd & spere in his hond.
Þiderward he is y-go,
To hem he com wel sone þo.
Þo he gan hem com neye
Herhaud of Ardern[1] þer he seye 6640
He oxed him whennes he come.
'Where is Gij?' he seyd anon.
'Sir,' quaþ he, 'ichil þe telle,
& lade þe to him wiþ gode wille.
Fram dere hunting y-comen he is: 6645
Biside þanne hulle ichim lete, y-wis.'
Quaþ Herhaud, 'felawes, wil we go.'
Wiþ sporres hij smite*n* her stedes þo:
Swiþe þai riden wiþ gret hy.
When þai seye Gij & sir Tirri, 6650
'God,' quaþ Gij, 'Herhaud y se
& alle min feren, so þenkeþ me:
Þai ben out of prisoun y-gon
Oþer quite-cleymed ichon.'
C. 6349. To kissen Herhaud þai hem do,[1] 6655
Wel gret ioie þai maden þo.

Turnbull, p. 241, l. 6231.
[1] The *d* altered from *t*.

just as Guy and
the others were
returning from
hunting.

Amis rode
towards them to
reconnoitre.

He saw Herhaud,
who asked him
where Guy was,

and, having been
told,

rode to meet him.

There was much
kissing
and great joy.

'Sir Tirri,' quaþ Herhaud þe fre,
'Gode *con*seyl y telle to þe.
Þe sent to grete þe douk Loer,
Whom ich loue wiþ hert cler: 6660
Worþschiped he haþ me miche,
And ou*er* alle oþ*er* loued, sikerliche.
MS. fol. 143r. b. Wiþ þe he wil acorded be,
And swiþe miche he loueþ þe.
Turnbull, p. 242, l. 6257. Þou schalt his douhter spousi: 6665
Wiþ half his lond he wille þe feffi;
And wiþ þi fader he wil acordy,
And allso wiþ þe, sir Gij:
In alle maner to þi wille
He wille amende, for soþe y telle. 6670
Ichil þ*er*-of his borwe be,
Þat he do wil as y sigge to þe.'
Alle þai bisouȝten sir Gij,
And so þai dede þerl Tirri,
Þat þai schuld wiþ him acordy, 6675
For he was michel to praisy.
[1] Read *hem*? So long þai bisouȝt him[1] so,
And wiþ hem Amis, þat þer was þo.
Þer of acord speken he,
Þat it schuld treuwe be. 6680
To þe cite þai ben y-gon,
& teld þerl Aubri anon
Hou þat Herhaud was y-come,
And hadde þe acord vnder-nome,
Þerl grau*n*ted raþe & snelle 6685
Þe acord to Herhaudes wille.
C. 6383. No soiournd þai nouȝt long þo,
Bot riȝt to Loreyn þai ben y-go:
Þerl Aubri & Tirri his sone,
[2] *ben* a little indistinct. Gij & Herhaud ben[2] þider y-come, 6690
Turnbull, p. 243, l. 6283. & of oþer kniȝtes mani also,
Þat bliþe were þider to go.

Herhaud delivered Duke Loyer's message.

So longe they haue entreted so, [p. 141]
With theim the Erle Amys also,
That aH they accorded bee,
And for eu*ere*-more betwene theim treus and eq*u*ite.

All besought Guy and Tirri to accept the offer of reconciliation,

and so they did,

and so did Aubri.

After a short time,

Þerl Aubri, & Tirri his sone,
Gij, Herhaud, & Amis þider come.
Mani was þe gentil kniȝt 6695
Þat wiþ hem went þo riȝt.
They all betook themselves to Lorraine,
To Loreyne þai ben comen, y-wis:
[2] *vnderfende* MS.
Þe douke hem vnderfeng[2] wiþ blis.
Where the reconciliation took place,
Wiþ him þai were acorded alle,
& þe misdede forȝeuen snelle. 6700
Gret joie þai maden *in* þe cite
Þat hij so fair acorded be.
And Tirri was married to the Duke's daughter.
Þe douk ȝaf Tirri his douhter þo,
And half his lond wiþ hir also,
Bifor barouns & kniȝtes fre, 6705
Þat þer were of mani cuntre:
MS. fol. 143v. a.
Bridal sone þai han y-hold:
Of erls, & of barouns bold,
& of emp*er*ours, & of king
Nas neu*er* non so riche gestening. 6710
C. 6403. ¶ Þe kniȝtes nomen her leue anon,
Vnto her cuntres þai ben y-gon:
Sir Gij soiournd þare.
On a day he is þennes y-fare:
One day there was a hunting.
Þe douk Loer & mani a man 6715
In hunting þai were toward Braban;
Turnbull, p. 244, l. 6309.
On hunting went þerl Tirri
& mani in his compeynie.
Þai comen into a fair forest,
A boar was unsloughed,
Þer þai fond a bore, a wilde best. 6720
Þai vncoupled her houndes alle,
& lete hem ern swiþ snelle.
Þe bore fleing swiþe he geþ,
Who killed more than a hundred hounds.
& mani of þe houndes harme he deþ:
An hundred he slouȝ and mo, 6725
Out of þat cuntre he is sone y-go.
Þe wisest hunt folweþ fast,
Huweþ & gredeþ wiþ gret blast.

Of huntes ne of houndes adrad he :
He ou*er*-ernnes douues & cuntre, 6730
þe brod lo*nd*, and þe valays :
Folwed he is ich weys.
Hij of-ernned her stedes þo,
Of hi*m* wondred kniȝtes, huntes also.
Alle þe houndes þat folwed hi*m* þere 6735
Oȝain turned, o*þer* ded were,
Wiþouten blod houndes þre :
Into Braban folwed he.
Þer nas hunt no kniȝt non,
Seriaunt no sweyn no grom 6740
Þat wist widerward þe bore gan te,
Into whiche lond no what cuntre.
Gij hi*m* folwed on his stede,
Wiþ swerd in hond after he ȝede,
& wiþ horn oft bloweing, 6745
Þe bore swiþe driueing.
Gij drof[1] þat swine wiþ game & gle[2]
Right into Breteyne þan went he.
Into a forest þat[3] swine hi*m* ȝede,
Into a þicke hegges he gan hi*m* hede. 6750
Þer he stod at abay,[4]
& werd him while þat he may.
When Gij þat stern swine y sey
Adoun he lepe of his stede heye :
Wiþ boþe honden þat swerd he held, 6755
& cam to þe bore as a kniȝt beld.
Þat swine anon oȝain hi*m* com,
And Gij smertlich smot hi*m* anon,
Þat þe hert he clef euen atvo :
Alle ded he fel to grounde þo. 6760
He open[ed] þat swine & blewe priis.
Alon he was, him miȝt agriis :
Alto fer he was fram his kniȝt.
Bot on hi*m* þinke god almiȝt,

He was pursued till the hunters' horses were tired.

All the hounds turned back

except three bloodhounds.

Turnbull, p. 245, l. 6335. Guy followed him into a forest of Brittany.

C. 6445.

[1] A letter erased before *d*.
[2] The *g* altered from *b*.
[3] The *t* added above the line.
[4] *a bay* MS.

MS. fol. 143v. b.

Here the boar stood at bay, defending himself,

till Guy killed him,

who then opened the animal, and wound his horn, being all by himself.

Sone he worþ in a *per*il strong, 6765
Be it wiþ riȝt, be it wiþ wrong.
Þo Gij hadde opened þat swine snelle
He gan to blowe as y ȝou telle.

Turnbull, p. 246, l. 6361.
C. 6467. 'Bi god,' quaþ þerl Florentin,
'Who mai þat be, for seyn Martin, 6770
The sound of his horn was heard by Earl Florentin,
Þat ich here in mi forest blowe?
Hert o*þer* bore he haþ doun þrowe.'
He cleped to him a kniȝt ȝing,
His sone he was, a feir ȝongling.

who sent his son for the hunter.
'Sone,' he seyd, 'to hors þou go, 6775
& who so it be, bring him me to.'
'Sir, y graunt þat it be so.'
Anon he lepe on hors þo:
Into þe forest he is y-fare,

Finding Guy,
& Gij he fond ful sone þare. 6780
An staf he bar of holin tre:
Gret wo *þer*-wiþ wrouȝt he.

the young man reproached him
'Lording,' he seyd, 'who artow
In mi lordes forest is comen now
Wiþ-oute*n* leue of mi lord? 6785
In iuel time þou come, at o word:

with killing the boar without his father's leave,
When þou hast y-nomen his swin
No leue haddestow of him.

and demanded his horse.
Þat hors anon þou take to me,
Þer-on no schaltow ride, y telle þe.' 6790

Guy refused to give him his horse,
'Leue frende,' quaþ Gij, 'þat nille y do.
Þat hors no tit þe, so mot y go.
Kniȝtes riȝt is it non
Þat he schuld fer o fot gon.

Turnbull, p. 247, l. 6387. MS. fol. 144r. a.
To þi wille ichil wende wiþ þe, 6795
To seche þe waiis of þis cuntre.

but offered him his horn, if he asked for it in a friendly way.
Þis horn þou miȝt wele haue,
And tow wiþ loue it wille craue.'

C. 6493. 'Lording,' he seyd, 'o*þer* is mi þouȝt:
So astow wenest no schapestow nouȝt.' 6800

Gij bi þe reyne he haþ y-nome :
Wiþ strengþe he wende to þe hors come.
Þei he war wroþ, it was no ferly.
Wiþ þat staf he smot sir Gij.
'Wicke man, þou hast me smite :
Þou schalt it abigge, god it wite !'
Wiþ his horn he him smot,
His breyn he schadde fot hot.
'Now, lording,'[1] quaþ Gij, 'þe swin þou nim,
& alle þi wille do wiþ him.
Na more smite þou no kniȝt :
Þat þou me smot, þou dest vnriȝt.'
¶ Þennes he is now y-ride,
& bi þe forest so long he ȝede,
Þat vnneþe out wan he,
For he no knew nouȝt *þat* cuntre.
He loked fer, he loked neye :
Castel no cite non he seye.
Him greued þe hete & þe long day.
No rod he nouȝt fer, soþ to say,
Þat he no sey a castel
Feir y-sett & swiþe wel :
Þider-ward ȝern þan rode he.
A man he mett of þat cuntre,
'Mi leue frende, telle þou me,
Þis feir castel wos it be.'
Þe man seyd, 'y schal telle þe,
A better man no miȝt þou se :
It is þe gode erl Florentin.
Better man drank neu*er* win.'
Gij anon þider-ward he rod,
& in he went wiþouten abod.
To þe halle gate he com riȝt,
& þer he is adoun y-liȝt.
An hore y-blowe kniȝt he seye
At þe des sitten an heye :

But seizing the rein of Guy's horse,
he struck him with a staff; which insult Guy requited by killing him by a blow with his horn.

[1] *lorging* MS.

C. 6505.
Riding away,

Turnbull, p. 248, l. 6413.
he came, at last, near a castle,

which he heard was Earl Florentin's.

Guy alighted at the hall-gate, and entered. He saw a grey-haired knight sitting on the dais,

Long berd he hadde & sterne siȝt;
A man he semed of michel miȝt.
MS. fol. 144r. b. Biforn him anon Gij hi*m* dede,
& feir he gret hi*m* in þat stede. 6840

C. 6535 'Sir,' quaþ Gij, 'vnderstond to me:
He þat þe warld made he blisce þe.
Icham a kniȝt as ȝe may se:
and asked him for a meal. Y bid þe mete p*ar* charite.
A meles mete ȝif þou me, 6845
& seþþen hennes ichil te.'
Turnbull, p. 249, l. 6439. 'Leue frende,' he seyd, 'sikerly,
The Earl willingly granted his request. þou schalt it haue gladly.'
þe water he axed þo anon,
To wasche his honden Gij is go[n]. 6850
While Guy was sitting at the table, To mete he sett him i*n* þat stede,
Bred & win biforn hi*m* þai dede,
& gret plente of oþ*er* mete.
When he hadde sumdele y-ete
the bells were rung in the town, and there was much lamenting. In þe toun he herd belles ring, 6855
& loude crie, & miche wepeing,
Cloþes to-tere, her to-te:
More sorwe no miȝt non be.
'God,' quaþ þerl, 'lord fre,
þis gret sorwe whi it be?' 6860
Then two men brought in the dead body of the Earl's son. Into þe halle come þere
Tvai men, & a bodi bere:
Amid þe flore þai it leyden, y-wis.
Quaþ þerl Florentin, 'mi sone þis is,'
Torent his here, his cloþes he drouȝ: 6865
In his hert was sorwe anouȝ.
'Leue sone,' he seyd, 'who slouȝ þe?
The Earl wished that the murderer were in his power. Now wold god, þat is so fre,
þat he were here in mi beylie!
Nold ich it lete for al Romanie, 6870
þat he no were anon y-slawe,
For-brent, & þat dust to-blowe.'

Þan seyd a squier biforn hem alle,
'Ichim se atte mete in þis halle,
He þat þi dere sone slouȝ. 6875
Ich[1] it seye, wiþ-outen wouȝ.'
Anon þat þerl y-herd þis,
Fram þe bord he aros, y-wis:
An au*n*diren he kept i*n* his honde*n* þo,
Hetelich it haf, & seyd hi*m* to, 6880
'Traitour, þou schalt dye here.
Why slouȝ þou mi sone dere?'
Wiþ þat au*n*diren he þret sir Gij,
& wiþ gret hate, sikerly,
Ac þat din[2] he feiled of him 6885
(Gij vp stert wroþ and grim):
Into þe wouȝ it fleye to fot & more.
'Merci,' seyd Gij, 'for godes ore!
ȝif ich þi sone owhar a-slouȝ,
It was me defendant anouȝ.' 6890
Kniȝt anon about hi*m* þrong,
To slen him, boþe eld & ȝong.
Gij hent in hond anon riȝt
An ax þat was gode, apliȝt.
Bi þat on ende of þe halle he hi*m* drouȝ, 6895
& þer he werd him wele anouȝ.
Þai aseyld him strongliche,
& he him werd stalworþliche.
Wiþ þat com forþ þe steward liȝt,
A Brabasone he was, a wel gode kniȝt: 6900
A strok he smot to sir Gij,
& hewe on him ful felly.
Gij of him failed nauȝt:
Wiþ þe ax he haþ him rauȝt,
Þat his heued he him to-clef: 6905
Al to ded to ground he dref.
Þus Gij him wereþ manliche,
And hij him aseyle heteliche.

Turnbull, p. 250, l. 6465.
C. 6567.
Then a squire said, 'I see him there at the table.'
[1] *Ich* MS.
Hearing this,

MS. fol. 144v. a.
the Earl threw an audiron at Guy, but missed him.
[2] Read *dint*?

Guy protested that he killed the Earl's son in self-defence.

C. 6587.
All rushed upon him,
but, seizing an axe,
he defended himself manfully.

Turnbull, p. 251, l. 6491.
The steward struck Guy,
but Guy clove his head with the axe.

Guy killed Florentin's best knights.

Þe kniȝtes he slouȝ þere,
Þe best þat in þat court were. 6910

C. 6605. ¶ 'Sir Florentin,' seyd sir Gij,

Guy urged that the Earl would be blamed for slaying a man while sitting at his table.

'For godes loue now merci!
Þou art y-hold so gode a man,
Hennes to Rome better nis nan:
& þou in þine halle me sle, 6915
For traisoun it worþ awist[1] þe.
In edwite it worþ þe adrawe,[2]
Swiche a man þou schust haue slawe,
When þou wiþ þi wille fre
Þe mete me ȝeue *par* charite. 6920
Were it wiþ wrong, were it wiþ riȝt,
For tresoun it worþ þe witt, apliȝt;
Opon alle þing a þing[3] atte mete,
Þer ȝe ouȝt me to were fram hete.
For godes loue, sir, so michel do me, 6925
Þat ȝe *þer*-fore blamed no be:
Do me deliuer mi stede,
& lete me out at þe castel ride,
& seþþen þei y slawe be
No worþ ȝe nouȝt y-blamed in þe cuntre.' 6930

[1] So MS., not *atwist*.
[2] So MS., not *drawe*.
[3] *a þing* to be struck out?

Turnbull, p. 252, l. 6517.

MS. fol. 144v. b.

He said, 'Let me have my steed, and ride out of the castle. If I should be slain afterwards, you would not be blamed.'

C. 6623. Þerl him wiþ-drouȝ wiþ þat:
At his hert gret sorwe sat,
Þat he his sone seye ligge ded.
Of him no worþ him non o*þer* red.
'Sone,' he seyd, 'what schal y do, 6935
Whenne ich þe haue þus forgo?
Who schal now weld after me
Mine[4] londes, þat brod be?
A man icham swiþe in eld:
Dye ichil, bi godes scheld.' 6940
Opon þat bodi he fel anon:
Reuþe þai hadden *þer*-of ichon,
Of his gret sorwe þat he made.
To his kniȝtes no þe les he sade,

The Earl was very unhappy on account of the death of his son.

[4] altered from *mune*.

'Ichot þat non so hardi be,
þat him mis-do to-for me,
þer-while þat he in mi court is:
þat ich hot ȝou alle, y-wis,
& þat his stede be him[1] bitauȝt,
& out at þe gates þat he be brouȝt,
& þat he be to-hewe flesche and bon.'
þai deliuerd his stede anon:
He lepe opon him swiþe,
& out at þe gat he gan driue.
His scheld wiþ him þan he bar,
His gode swerd forȝat he nouȝt þar.
Out of þe castel he is y-gon,
Toward Loreyne he went anon.

Nevertheless, he ordered his knights to give Guy his steed, and suffer him to leave the castle,

[1] *to* underdotted after *him*.

but then to kill him.

Turnbull, p. 253, l. 6543.

They brought Guy his steed; he leapt upon it, and rode out at the gate, with his shield and sword.

Þerl wiþ þat armed is:
Gij he drof smertliche, y-wis,
Wiþ his kniȝtes on heye stede
Redi armed to þat nede.
Sir Gij his stede bi-went þo:
On of her kniȝtes he smot so,
þurch his bodi þe swerd is gon.
Anoþ*er* he feld þer anon.
Wiþ þat come þerl prikeinde
Opon his stede wele bereinde
Wiþ a spere an hond y-armed[2] wel:
Gij to smite he was ful fel.
Gij him wiþ-went, wold he nouȝt fle:
To þerl Florentin þan smot he.
Heteliche togider þai smete
Opon her scheldes wiþ gret hete.
þerl alder furst smot sir Gij
Wiþ a gode spere, sikerly.
Gij him smot oȝain, no miȝt he as nauȝt,
þat he haþ þe grounde y-rauȝt.[3]
Bi þe reynes his stede toke he:
Of þerl he hadde gret pite,

C. 6647.

He was pursued by the Earl and his knights.

Having killed two knights, he was attacked by the Earl.

[2] The *y* added above the line.

MS. fol. 145r. a.

Turnbull, p. 254, l. 6569.

[3] *ra* on an erasure.

Guy threw him from his horse, but, pitying him,

For his sone he hadde aqueld,
And for he was a man so eld.
Fiftene ȝer weren agon
þat he er in armes come.
'Sir,' seyd Gij þer anon, 6985
'Nim þi stede, & worþ þeron.
What wonder dede þe armes bere?
To ȝer more þou schust rest þe here.
Her ich ȝiue þe þi stede,
For þou ȝeue me þe mete at nede. 6990
In chaumber þou schust ligge stille,
Oþer to chirche gon to bid godis wille.
Þi court ichil quite-cleym þe.
Ded ich wold raþer be,
Ar ich wold wiþ þe ete 6995
At souper o*þer* at oþer mete.'
Gij went forþ fulleliche wiþalle:
Was him þer no nedes to duelle.
C. 6689. On ich side he seye come kniȝtes,
Burieys, and seriaunce redi to fiȝtes 7000
Wiþ alle þat crie of þat cuntre:
Wiþ hem nomen no wold ben he.
Turnbull, p. 255, l. 6595. Him no was þer nouȝt worþ to abide:
He priked his hors & gan to ride.
Into a forest he gan to go. 7005
Oft his stede he wiþ-went þo:
Mani he wounded, & mani he slouȝ
Of kniȝtes þat wer gode y-nouȝ.
Gij ferd forþ swiþe wiþ-alle
Opon his stede, þat bar hi*m* snelle. 7010
Þurch þe forest swiþe he rode.
Þerl hi*m* oȝein went wiþouten abode.
Michel sorwe he made, y-pliȝt,
For his sone awreke he no miȝt.
MS. fol. 145r. b. His sone anon biri he dede 7015
In a chirche bifore þe auter i*n* *þat* stede.

he restored it to him

in return for his meal.

Guy was in great danger from knights, burgesses, and squires.

But he wounded and slew many,

and escaped.

The Earl returned

to bury his son.

C. 6707. Alle þat day Gij forþ rod,
Alle what þe sonne adoun glod:
Of alle niȝt he no blan rideinge
Fort amorwe in þe daweinge, 7020
So þat[1] he to Loreyin com:
þe cuntres he knewe anon.[2]
Wel[3] riȝt he ȝede to þat cite:
Ichon[4] þer fond he,
Alle þe best þat weren þare: 7025
For him þai had[5] michel care.
When þai him hole & sounde y-seþ
Of his coming glad hij beþ.
¶ Gij hem told þe soþe, y-wis,
Hou he fram þerl aschaped is. 7030
Alle þai þonked god þo,
þat deliuerd him of his wo.
C. 6721. Seþþen wold he nouȝt long duelle,
To his cuntre he wold snelle.
Gij of þe douke toke his leue, 7035
Ac he it him ȝaf wele vnneþe.
Anouȝ he him bede of siluer & gold,
Ac he þerof nouȝt nim nold.
To þerl Tirri he ȝede þo,
& þis wordes seyd him to: 7040
'Sir erl Tirri,' seyd Gij,
'Now ichil gon, sikerli,
Vnto mi cuntre *in*to Inglond
(þat way no may y nouȝt wiþstond),
Mine fader & min frendes to se: 7045
Y not ȝif þai oliues be.
Seuen ȝer & more agon it is
þat ich in þat cuntre was, y-wis.
ȝif it bitide ani-þing sone
þat þou haue wiþ me to don, 7050
Be it in pes o*þer* in werre,
Wheþer it be ner or ferre,

[1] Another *þat* erased it seems.
[2] The *o* indistinct.
[3] *Wel* Turnbull, *Wil* MS.
[4] About three letters erased after *Ichon*.
[5] Not *made*.
Turnbull, p. 256, l. 6621.

Guy reached Lorraine,

where all had been anxious about him,

and were glad of his return.

Than Guy noo lenger wolde duelle,
But in-to his Contree retour se appele.[1]
GUYE OF the Duke his leeue take wolde, 7035
And he by his wille him yiue nolde.

[1] So MS.

After a short time Guy resolved to go back to England.

He took his leave of the Duke,

To the Erle Terry he yede tho,
And thise wordes he seide him to: 7040
'Sir Terry,' seide Guy,
'Now y shall goo, sikirly,
To my Contree in-to Englonde
(Of that wey y may not withstonde),
My fader and my frendes to see: 7045
I ne wote if they alyue bee.
Seuen yere and more goon) it is
That y was in my contreee,[2] ywis.
And if it bee-tyde so
That thou haue any nede me to, 7050

and of Earl Tirri.

He wished to see his father and friends after a lapse of more than seven years.

[2] So MS.

If Tirri should want him he

Anon riȝt sende after me :
Ichil come anon to þe,[1]
Turnbull, p. 257, l. 6647. þat ich no fot hot com to þe 7055
Al sone as ich þi sond y-se.
Þi wer we haue ou*er*-com,
& þou hast spoused þi loue.
MS. fol. 145v. a. Destrud we haue ȝour fon,
Erls, barouns mani on. 7060
Þi lond we han brouȝt in pes :
No bestow neuer iuel at esse.
Þou art a kniȝt of miȝti dede :
Of þine fon þarf þe nouȝt drede.
Alle min estris of Inglond 7065
Sende ichil to [þe bi] mi sond,
& þou schalt to me also :
Alle þine wille sende me to ;
& ich me self wille com to þe
Sone so ich mi time may se.' 7070

C. 6755. 'Felawe,' quaþ Tirri, 'gram*er*ci.
Iuel biladde now am y.
Oft fram deþ þou hast me scheld,
& neu*er*e no haddestow for me ȝeld.
ȝif þou wilt fro me go, 7075
Þou me sext neuer mo.
Al-so[2] sone so it wite our fon,
þat þou art fro me gon,
On ich side ous schal arise werre
Of Almeyns, Lombardes neye & ferre, 7080
Turnbull, p. 258, l. 6673. þat ben Ot*us* kinsmen ;
For he was come of gret ken.
Þe king of Speyne his em is,
His soster haþ wedded þe douke Moralis.
Doukes, erls of gret pouste 7085
His deþ wille[3] þai wite me.
In wer & wo schal y be
Þer-while þe liue is in me.

[1] So MS.

[2] Something erased between *al* and *so*.

[3] *wille* added at the end of the line.

Anone right sende after me,
And y shall sone come to the.

would come again
at once.

But all his
enemies were
vanquished now.

They would send
messages
to each other.

Tirri was sorry
of having never
yet rewarded
Guy for his
services.

Moreover, he was
afraid lest, hear-
ing of Guy's
departure,

Otous' kinsmen,

such as the King
of Spain and
Duke Moralis,

should make war
on him.

& ȝif we were togider baye,
Of wer no þurt ous stond no aye. 7090
And ȝif þou here wiþ me bileue wold,
Anouȝ we haue of siluer & of gold,
Gode cites and castels strong,
Þe feirest and þe best of þis lond.
Wiþ douke Loer ichil be, 7095
& alle Gormoise ichil ȝiue þe
Wiþ alle þe worþschip þat liþe *þer*-to
& ȝete an oþ[1] ichil þe do
Þat neuere[2] þe worþ of a[3] pani[4]
Ichil þer-of chalangij.' 7100

C. 6781. 'Sir erl,' quaþ Gij, 'þ*er*-of speke nouȝt:
Al idel þou hast me þ*er*-of bisouȝt.

MS. fol. 145v. b. Gret wille ich haue to þ*a*t waye:
Y no lete it nouȝt, þ*er*-fore to daye.
No were it for þe loue of mi leman, 7105
Nold ich neuer wende þe fram,
Ac wiþ þe euer duelle ich wolde,
Þat neu*er* departi we ne scholde.
Gon ich mot, wille y so nille,
O-þink þe nouȝt, y may nouȝt duelle.'[5] 7110
Togider þai kisten hem þo,
At her departing þai wepen bo:
Boþe þai wepen bitterliche,
Þat folk hadde þerof pite miche.
Alle þe men þat þer were 7115
Was for hem sori þere
At the departing of to feren:[6]
Wel gode kniȝtes boþe þai weren.

C. 6795. Gij lepe on a mule ambling,
Bi þe way he rideþ sorweing. 7120
Tirri bileft sorwe makeing,
& Gij his felawe bimeninge.
So miche sorwe he made day & niȝt,
No man miȝt tellen it, y ȝou pliȝt.[7]

[1] *anoþer* instead of *an oþ* MS.
[2] *&* instead of *þat neuere* MS.
[3] *a* omitted in MS.
[4] *Paui* Turnbull.
Turnbull, p. 259, l. 6699.
[5] *deulle* originally, but the *e* underdotted, and another added above the line.
[6] *ferren* MS.
[7] This line was omitted, but afterwards added after l. 7142 with a reference to its place.

By way of inducing Guy to stay,

he offered him all Gormoise.

Ne were the loue of my lemmañ, 7105
I wolde neu*er*e departe the fram.
Therfor' y wolł not lette my wey
At this tyme, truly, for to dey.'

But Guy longed to see his leman.

At parting they kissed each other, and wept.

At the departyng of theim two in fere
Grete pitee was to see and here.

Guy rode away.

GUYE lepe vpon' a moyle amblyng,
In the wey he doth him fast ryding'. 7120
Terry belefte sorowe makyng' [p. 142]
For Guy his felawes wendyng'.

Sir Gij no lan neu*er* rideing, 7125
Til he com to þe se, wiþ-outen lesing.
Gode winde he haþ, & passeþ sone,
& come in-to Inglond mididone.
Now forþ to Warwik he is y-go,
King Aþelston þ*er* he fond þo; 7130
& when he was to Warwike com,
Wiþ ioie þai him vnder-fenge alle & some.

Turnbull, p. 260, l. 6725.

Þe king toȝeines him is y-go
Wiþ kniȝtes & burieys also,
For he him herd preyse so miche: 7135
Þe king him loued, sikerliche,
And wiþ hi*m*[1] soiournd sir Gij þe fre.

[1] Added above the line.

C. 6813. On a day at þe ches pleyden he:
Wiþ þat come þer þre men rideinde,
Of þe cuntre fre men heldinde: 7140
To þe king þai seyd, 'sir, vnder-stond:
Hard tidinges we bring þe an hond.
Bot ȝe sone take ȝeme þer-to,
Alle ȝour lond ȝe schul forgo.
Þer is comen opon þi lond 7145
A best þat bringeþ it al to schond.

MS. fol. 146r. a.

Out of Irlond it come:
To miche harm[2] it haþ y-don.
It no leueþ man no wiman non,
Þat it no sleþ hem[3] ichon 7150
Bot sum þat aschaped beþ
Þurch chau*n*ce and to þe cites.
It freteþ men & bestes also;
Riȝt for soþe y telle þe to,
Neuer nas best no so kene. 7155
Gret heued it haþ & gastelich to sene:
His nek is greter þan a bole,
His bodi is swarter þan ani cole.

[2] A letter erased after *harm*.

[3] Added above the line.

Turnbull, p. 261, l. 6751.

It is michel, & long, & griseliche,
Fram þe nouel vpward vnschepliche. 7160

Guy ne stynte neu*er*e ryding,
Till he com̄e to the see, withoute lesyng'.
Good wynde he hath and passeth̄ sone:
In-to Englond he com̄eth than anone.
To Warrewik he gan him goo,
There kyng' Athelston) was thoo.
Whan he was to Warrewik com̄e,
With ioye he was welcom̄e to all and som̄e.
The kyng ayenst him is goo
With knyghtes and burgeys also;

He came to the sea,

and passed over to England.

Coming to Warwick,

he was honourably received by King Athelstan.

And with him soio*ur*ned Guy the free,
And on a day at Chesses pleyden) they:
Foure men ther' com̄e to theim riding',
Men of the contree free holding:
To the king they seide, 'sir, vnderstonde:
Harde tidinges we bringe the on honde.
Bot ye sone take kepe therto,
All your' londe ye shull forgoo.
There is com̄e vpon thy londe
A beest that woll it all shonde.
Oute of Irlonde men seith̄ it com̄e:
Full moche harme hit hath̄ doon);
For it leueth man ne woman noon),
Bot theim sleeth eu*er*y-choon).

One day, while the king was playing at chess with Guy, three men came with the news

of a beast having come over from Ireland,

It eteth the beestes and men also:
This is trouth we telle you to.
Neu*er*e was noo best so kene.
Grete heued it hath̄ and grisely to sene.

eating men and cattle.

It had a thick and ghastly head.

Its body was black,

Þe smallest scale þat on him is
No wepen no may atame, y-wis.
As a somer it is brested bifore *in* þe brede
& swifter ernend þan ani stede.
He haþ clawes also a lyoun. 7165
Men seyþ þat it is a dragoun.
Gret wenges he haþ wiþ to fle.
His schaft to telle alle ne mow we.
Þe bodi is gret toward þe teyle.
Swiche a best nas neuer, saunfeyle. 7170
Þe teyle is gret & wel long:
In þe warld nis man so strong,
& were y-armed neuer so,
& he wiþ þe teyle smot him to,
Þat he no worþ ded anon: 7175
No schuld he neuer ride no go*n*.'[1]

[1] The abbreviation for the *n* not quite distinct.

C. 6841. When þe king haþ y-herd þis
Þat þe men him teld, y-wis,
An gode while he hi*m* bi-þouȝt,
Er þan þat he speke mouȝt. 7180
'Sir,' quaþ Gij, 'no care þou nouȝt:
Þer-of no haue þou no þouȝt.
Into Norþ-humberlond ichil wende,
& ȝif ich þat best may fende,
Turnbull, p. 262, l. 6777. Ich him schal ou*er*come þurch godes miȝt; 7185
For wiþ him ichil hold fiȝt.'
¶ 'Gij,' quaþ þe king, 'schaltow nouȝt so.
No wille ich þat þou al-on go.
An hundred kniȝtes schul wende wiþ þe,
Þat þou may þe sikerer be.' 7190
MS. fol. 146r. b. Gij answerd anon riȝt,
'Nold neu*er* god ful of miȝt
Þat for a best onlepi
Schuld so miche folk traueli.'
At þe king his leue he nam, 7195
And hom to his in he cam.

As a somer he is brested on brede, [p. 143]
And renneth swifter than any stede.
He hath chaules as a lyoun. 7165
Men seith it as a dragon.

and protected by scales which no weapon could pierce.

It was swifter than a steed, and had claws like a lion. People said it was a dragon. It had wings,

The taille is grete and fuH long:
In the worlde nys man so strong,
Bee he armed neuer so,
And he with taille smyte him to,
Bot he shalbee dede anone: 7175
Ne shuld he neu*er*e thense gooñe.'

and a long tail,

a stroke with which killed the strongest man.

WHANNE the king herde aH this
That the men had tolde him, y-wis,
A good while he sate in thoughte,
That longe tyme speke he ne mighte. 7180
'Sir,' quoth Guy, 'kare the noughte,
Ne therfor' take noo grete thoughte.
In-to Northumb*er*lond y shaH wende,
And if [y] may that best fynde,
I him shaH ouer-come with godd*is* mighte; 7185
For with him, sothly, y shaH fighte.'

The King was sorry to hear this.

But Guy offered to go to Northumberland to fight with the beast.

The King asked him to take 100 knights with him.

But Guy answered, 'God forbid that so many people should be troubled on account of a single beast.'

Of the king his leeue he nome, 7195
And to his Inne he yede home.

His felawes he lete þe*r* ichon :
Wiþ him most go neuer on
Bot Herhaud, þat was gode at nede,
& oþ*er* to kniȝtes y-armed on stede. 7200

C. 6867. So þai come þider on a day,
& spired where þat best lay,
Gij armed him wel richeliche,
& seyd to his felawes hastiliche
Þat so hardi þer be non 7205
O fot wiþ him for to gon.
Now is Gij to a launde y-go
Wher þe dragoun duelled þo.
Þo Gij him seye so griseli,
Of him no was he nouȝt al trusti. 7210

Turnbull, p. 263, l. 6803.

Wiþ þe spere he him smot smertliche,
Þat was kerueand scharpeliche,
Þat alto schiueres[1] it to-fleye ; [2]
Ac þe bodi com it nouȝt neye.
Þo he had smiten þ*at* best so,[3] 7215
Wel heye he bar his heued þo,
Wiþ-went him, & lepe hi*m* to :
Him & his[4] stede he feld bo.
Gij of þat strok astounded is :
Neu*er* hadde he non swiche, y-wis. 7220
Up he stirt anon riȝt :

C. 6888. 'God,' he seyd, 'fader almiȝt,
Þat made þe day & niȝt also,
& for ous sinful þoldest wo,
& heldest Daniel fram þe lyoun, 7225
Saue me fram þis foule dragoun.'
His swerd he drouȝ anon riȝt :
To hi*m* he lepe wiþ gret miȝt,
& smot him in þe heued schod
A wel gret strok wiþ-outen abod ; 7230
Ac no-þing sen þan was his dent :
Gij him held þan al schent,

[1] *schiuereþ* MS.
[2] *fleyþe* originally, but the þ struck out.
[3] þ erased before *so*.
[4] A letter (*d*?) erased after *his*.

He lefte his felawes ther' echon':
Ther' muste noon' with̄ him goon'
Bot heraude, that was good at nede,
And other twoo knyght*is* armed on stede. 7200
Whan' they bee thider com̄e,
And knowe where the beest doth̄ wone,
Guy armed him, surely,
And seide to his folke hastely
That so hardy ther bee noon' [p. 144] 7205
A fote farther for to goon̄.
Guy is in-to a launde goo
Where the dragon' woned tho.
Whan Guy sawe him so grisely,
Of him he was not aH trusty. 7210
With a spere he him smote strangly,
That was keruyng' sharply.
The spere to shyuers al to-flighe,
And the body ne com̄e it not nygh̄e.

He took with him only Herhaud and two other knights.

Having learnt where the beast lay, Guy armed himself,

and forbidding his fellows to go with him,

attacked the dragon with a spear,

which shivered to pieces without hurting the beast,

which, in its turn, leaping towards him, threw down himself and his horse,

so that he said,

'God save me from this foul dragon.' Drawing his sword, he struck the dragon's head with all his might, but it was to no effect.

Þat he no miȝt him deri nouȝt
Wiþ no wepen of stiel y-wrouȝt.
MS. fol. 146v. a. Bitvene hem was strong bateyle : 7235
Aiþ*er* gan oþer for to aseyle.
Turnbull, p. 264, l. 6829. At asaut wiþ Gyes partinge
Þat wers he hadde at þat wendinge,
[1] *went* struck out after *him*. Þe best him[1] neyed, & smot him
Wiþ his vp-coming so fel & grim, 7240
[2] The *t* added above the line. Þat he a lappe rent out[2] anon
Of his brini, þat alle his trust was on.

C. 6915. Now haþ Gij michel to done :
To a tre he went him sone ;
Þer he wille bateyle abide 7245
Of þat best, what schau*n*ce so bitide.
Þat best bisides him it went,
[3] *stroke* struck out after *his*. & wiþ his[3] teyle a strok him sent :
On þe scheld he smot him an heye,
[4] The *a* added above the line. Þat euen ato[4] it to-fleye, 7250
Al-so it were wiþ a swerd broun.
Well neye Gij him fel adoun.
Wiþ his taile he bigirt sir Gij,
& him þrest so strongli,
Þat þre ribbes he brac atvo ; 7255
& Gij wiþ strengþe smot him þo :
Atvo he him karf smartliche,
& deliuerd him seluen manliche.
Bi þe nauel he carf him ato,
& wiþ a gret pine deliuerd him fro. 7260
Gij him perceyued in þat stounde
[5] To be omitted ? Þat neuer more þurch wepen y-grou*n*de
Turnbull, p. 265, l. 6855. Þat[5] fram þe nauel vp-ward so
No slouȝ hi*m* man neu*er* mo.
[6] The second *e* underdotted. Read *feld* : *ȝeld* ? Þo þat best hirt him feled,[6] 7265
Swiþe loude he grad & ȝeled,
Þat alle þat cuntre dined þere,
& als wide as men herd his bere,

The dragon,
however,
succeeded in
damaging Guy's
coat-of-mail,

cleaving his
shield,

and twisting its
tail round his
body so as to
break three of
his ribs.

But Guy freed
himself

by cutting off the
dragon's tail near
its navel.

He saw that it
could not be
wounded from its
navel upwards.

Feeling itself
hurt, the beast
roared fearfully.

Nis man in þe werld þat wer *þer* neye
Þat him no miȝt agrise þat it seye. 7270
To a tre þan drouȝt hi*m* sir Gij,
& werd him wele for þe maistri.[1]
His hauberk was to-rent tofore
As a clout þat were al to-tore.
Stalworþli sir Gij *þer* fauȝt, 7275
Ac wele he seye it gained him nauȝt
To smite on the bodi bifore:
He no miȝt hi*m* sle no no man bore.
Also þat best hi*m* went aboute, MS. fol. 146v. b.
Gij him biþouȝt he was in doute: 7280
Bineþen[2] þe wenge he him smot:
Þurch þat bodi þat swerd bot.
Þurch þe bodi he him[3] carf atvo:
Ded he fel to grounde þo.
He grad & ȝelled swiþe loude, 7285
Þat it schilled into þe cloude.
Gij wiþ-drouȝ him þer-fro anon:
For stink þat of þe bodi come
Neye þat bodi he no durste. Turnbull, p. 266, l. 6881.
After þat he ȝede him to reste. C. 6953. 7290
When þat best þer ded lay,
For soþe y ȝou telle may,
Þritti fote meten it was
Þer it lay in þat plas.
Þe folk of þe cuntre it mette 7295
Þer it lay wonderliche grete.
Þat heued he bar þe bodi fro,
And wiþ þat Gij forþ went þo.
He come to his feren, apliȝt,
Þat for him bad to god almiȝt. 7300
To Warwike he is y-went,
Wiþ þat heued he made þe king present.
Þe king was bliþe & of glad chere
For þat he seye Gij hole & fere.

[1] The first *i* added above the line.

[2] þ erased between *bi* and *neþen*.

[3] *smot* struck out after *him*.

Guy withdrew behind a tree.

Seeing it was of no use to attack its trunk,

Benethe the wynges he him smote :
Thurgh the body that swerde bote,
That the body he karf in two :
Dede he felled him to grounde tho.
Hit gradde and yelled swithe lowde, 7285
That it schilled in-to the clowde.
Guy withdrowe him therfro anone
For the stenche that therof come.

he pierced it beneath one of its wings.

It fell down, yelling very loud.

On account of the stench coming from it, Guy durst not go near it.

Whan that beest ther' dede laye,
For sothe telle y you may,
That folke it mette of the contree
How longe it was : wonder to see,
Thritty fote longe of mesur' he was, 7295
And not an ynche more ne lasse.
The hede he smote the body fro,
And forthe with him it bare tho.
Come he is to his felaw-rede,
That for him were in moche drede. 7300
To Warrewik than he is wente,
With that hede the king' to presente.
The kyng' was blithe and glad of chere [p. 145]
That he sawe Guy hole and fere.

The dragon was 30 feet long.

Its head Guy took with him

to the King at Warwick.

The King was rejoiced to see Guy hale and hearty.

At Warwik þai henge þe heued anon : 7305
Mani[1] man wondred *þer*-apon.

[1] Written twice, but erased the second time.

God graun*t* hem heuen blis to mede 1
Þat herken to mi romaun*ce* rede
Al of a gentil kniȝt :
Þe best bodi he was at nede
Þat euer miȝt bistriden stede, 5
& freest founde in fiȝt.
Þe word of him ful wide it ran,
Ouer al þis warld þe priis he wan
As man most of miȝt.
Turnbull, p. 267, l. 6907.
Balder bern was non i*n* bi : 10
His name was hoten sir Gij
Of Warwike, wise & wiȝt.

¶ Wiȝt he was, for soþe to say, 2
& holden for priis in eueri play
As kniȝt of gret bounde.
Out of þis lond he went his way
MS. fol. 147r. a.
Þurch mani diuers cuntray, 5
Þat was biȝond þe see.
Seþþen he com into Inglond,
& Aþelston þe king he fond,
Þat was boþe hende & fre.
For his loue, ich vnder-stond, 10
He slouȝ a dragou*n* i*n* Norþhumberlond,
Ful fer in þe norþ cuntre.

C. 6967. ¶ He & Herhaud, for soþe to say, 3
To Wallingforþ toke þe way,
Þat was his faders toun.
Þan was his fader, soþe to say,
Ded & birid in þe clay : 5
His air was sir Gioun.

At Warrewik he henge that hede anone:
Many wondred theron anone full sone.

The head was hung up, and wondered at by many.

May God reward those who listen to my tale about a gentle knight.

His name was Sir Guy of Warwick.

He was a famous knight.

Having been in many foreign countries,

he came to King Athelstan,

and killed a dragon in Northumberland.

Guy of the king his leeue nom̄e,
In-to his contree to wende hom̄e.
To Walingford he is com̄e,
His free men there he fonde som̄e,
That of him were blithe alle
That of him they herde so telle.

Guy and Herhand went to Wallingford.

Guy's father was dead and buried.

Alle þat held of him lond or fe
Deden him omage & feute,
Turnbull, p. 268, l. 6931. & com to his somoun. 10
He tok alle his faders lond,
& ȝaf it hende Herhaud in hond
Riȝt to his warisoun.

¶ & alle þat hadde in his seruise be 4
He ȝaf hem gold & riche fe
Ful hendeliche on honde,
And seþþen he went wiþ his meyne
To þerl Rohaud, þat was so fre: 5
At Warwike he him fond.
Alle þan were þai glad & bliþe,
& þonked god a þousand siþe
þat Gij was comen to lond.
Seþe on hunting þai gun ride 10
Wiþ kniȝtes fele & miche pride
As ȝe may vnderstond.

C. 6991. ¶ On a day sir Gij gan fond, 5
& feir Felice he tok bi hond,
& seyd to þat bird so bliþe:
'Ichaue,' he seyd, 'þurch godes sond
Won þe priis in mani lond 5
Of kniȝtes strong & stiþe,
& me is boden gret anour,
Kinges douhter & emperour
Turnbull, p. 269, l. 6955. To haue to mi wiue.
Ac, swete Felice,' he seyd þan, 10
'Y no schal neuer spouse wiman
Whiles þou art oliue.'

MS. fol. 147r. b. ¶ þan answerd þat swete wiȝt, 6
& seyd oȝain to him ful riȝt:
'Bi him þat schope mankinne,

Guy bestowed all his inheritance upon Herhaud,

and rewarded all his other companions.

To Warrewik he is than ryde
To the Erle, that moche hono*ur* him dide,
And aH thoo of that contree 7315
For his comyng gladde were they.
The Erle him honoured and aH his:
Withoute him ne kouthe he bee, y-wys.
An huntyng[1] they wente bothe in-fere
To the wodes and to the Ryuer. 7320

Coming to Earl Rohaud at Warwick,

he was very well received.

Guy to his lemman is than goo,
AH his lif he tolde hir thoo.

One day he told Felice

about the fame he had won in many countries,

and that he had declined the hands of the daughters of emperors and kings

out of love to her.

'Sir Guy,' she seide, 'g*ra*unt m*er*cy!
And y the sey sikirly
That y haue desired bee 7325

Felice answered

Icham desired day & niȝt
Of erl, baroun, & mani a kniȝt. 5
For noþing wil þai blinne.
Ac Gij,' sche seyd, 'hende & fre,
Al mi loue is layd on þe:
Our loue schal[1] neuer tvinne,
& bot ich haue þe to make 10
Oþer lord nil y non take,
For al þis warld to winne.'

[1] The *h* is incomplete.

¶ Anon to hir þan answerd Gij, 7
To fair Felice, þat sat him bi,
þat semly was of siȝt:
'Leman,' he seyd, 'gramerci!'
Wiþ ioie & wiþ melodi 5
He kist þat swete wiȝt.
þan was he boþe glad & bliþe:
His ioie couþe he noman kiþe
For þat bird so briȝt.
He no was neuer þer-biforn 10
Half so bliþe seþe he was born
For nouȝt þat man him hiȝt.

Turnbull, p. 270, l. 6979.

C. 7011. ¶ On a day þerl gan fond, 8
& fair Felice he tok bi hond,
& hir moder biside:
'Douhter,' he seyd, 'now vnder-stond;
Why wiltow haue non husbond 5
þat miȝt þe spouse wiþ pride?
þou has ben desired of mani man,
& ȝete no wostow neuer nan
For nouȝt þat miȝt bitide.
Leue douhter hende and fre,[2] 10
Telle me now, par charite,
What man þou wilt abide.'

[2] *hende and fre* on an erasure.

Of the richest of this contree,[1]
And nooñ to loue nas my wille,
Ne neu*er* noon loue y nelle
Bot the, to whom y yiue me:
To thy wille y shaꝗ alweys bee.' 7330

that she also had been desired in marriage very often,

[1] *Reigne* MS.

but she would take no other husband than Guy.

Guy hir kiste; so gladde he was,
Neu*er*e more ioyefuꝗ of noo cas.
At hir than his leeue he noṁe, [p. 146]
And to his Inne he wente hoṁe.
Nygh̃te and day he made solas, 7335
Of hir loue thoo he siker was.

Guy kissed Felice, and was very happy.

THE ERLE on a day cleped his dogh*ter* to:
Bifore hir moder he seide hir tho,

One day the Earl asked Felice

'Dough̃ter, thou take the an housebonde.
Thou art heire to aꝗ my londe. 7340
Dukes and Erles desire the,
That coṁe oute of farre contree:
Noon) of theim thou wolt take.
How longe wolt thou bee withoute make?'

why she did take no husband.

¶ Felice answerd oȝain : 9
'Fader,' quaþ hye, 'ichil þe sain
Wiþ wordes fre & hende.
Fader,' quaþ sche, 'ichil ful fayn
Tel þe at wordes tvain, 5
Bi him þat schop mankende,
Opon sir Gij, þat gentil kniȝt,
Y-wis, mi loue is alle aliȝt,
Turnbull, p. 271, l. 7003. In warld where þat he wende ;
MS. fol. 147v. a. & bot he spouse me, at o word, 10
Y no kepe neuer take lo[r]d
Day wiþouten ende.'

¶ þan seyd þerl wiþ wordes fre, 10
'Douhter, y-blisced mot þou be
Of godes mouþe to mede.
Ich hadde wele leuer þan al mi fe
Wiþ þan he wald spousy þe, 5
þat douhti man of dede.
He haþ ben desired of mani woman,
& he haþ forsaken hem euerilcan,
þat worþly were in wede.
Ac naþeles ichil to him fare, 10
For to witen of his answare,
þat douhti man of dede.'

C. 7047. ¶ On a day, wiþouten lesing, 11
þerl him rode on dere hunting,
& sir Gij þe *con*querour.
Als þai riden on her talking
þai speken togider of mani þing, 5
Of leuedis briȝt in bour.
þerl seyd to sir Gij hende & fre,
'Tel me þe soþe, par charite,
Turnbull, p. 272, l. 7027. Y pray þe par amoure :

'Sir, y shall bethinke me, 7345 Felice confessed
And telle you within thise dayes three.'
Whan that it cōme to the thirde day
The Erle cleped forth that faire may,
Felice, that was so wise and free:
'Thy wille, doughter, telle thou me.' 7350 that she would marry none but Guy.
'Sir,' she seide well louely,
'My wille y telle the blithely.
There is Guy, your owne knyghte:
In the worlde ther nys man of his mighte.
Bot if y haue him to my make 7355
I woll neuere noon take.'

'Thou seist well, doughter,' seide he; The Earl was very glad of his daughter's answer,
'Blissed of god mote thou bee!

And to him therof speke y shall,
And his answer therof the telle.' 7360 and was determined soon to know Guy's mind.

One day, being with Guy out hunting,

he asked him

'Guy,' he seide, 'vnderstonde me.
Telle me thy wille, y bidde the:

Hastow ment euer in þi liue 10
Spouse ani wiman to wiue
  þat falleþ to þine anour?'

¶ Sir Gij answerd & seyd þan, 12
'Bi hi*m*,' he seyd, 'þat þis warld wan,
  To sauen al man-kende,
Bi nouȝt þat y tel can
Y nil neuer spouse wiman 5
  Saue on is fre & hende.'
'Sir,' quaþ þerl, 'listen nov to me:
Y haue a douhter briȝt on ble;
  Y pray þe, leue frende,
To wiue wiltow hir vnderstond? 10
Y schal þe sese in al mi lond,
  To hold wiþ-outen ende.'

¶ 'Gramerci!' seyd Gij anon; 13
'So help me Crist & seyn Ion,
  And y schuld spouse a[1] wiue
Ich hadde leuer hir bodi alon
Than winnen al þis warldes won 5
  Wiþ ani woman oliue.'
þan seyd þerl, 'gramerci!'
& in his armes he kist sir Gij,
  & þonked him mani a siþe.
'Sir Gij,' he seyd, 'þou art mi frende: 10
Now þou wilt spouse mi dohter hende
  Was y neuer are so bliþe.

¶ Ac certes,' seyd þerl so fre, 14
'Sir Gij, ȝif þou wilt trowe me
  No lenger þou no schalt abide:
Now for fourteniȝt it schal be
þe bridal hold wiþ gamen & gle 5
  At Warwike in þat tyde.'

[1] *a* is a later insertion in the same hand.

MS. fol. 147v. b.

Turnbull, p. 273, l. 7051.

Yf thou thinke to wedde a wif [p. 147]
Telle it me, my leef lyf.'

whether he ever meant to marry.

Guy him answerd fote hote, 7365
'In aꝗ the worlde noo woman y wote
That y shaꝗ take bot it bee oon,
That toucheth̄ me in herte alloon.'

Guy answered

that he would never marry woman save one that was noble and gentle.

'Guy,' he seide, 'vnderstonde me:
A dough̄ter y haue, that wite ye. 7370
Noon heire y haue bot that may:
Riche she shalbee after my day.
Guy, take hir; y yiue hir the,
And of aꝗ my londe lorde thou bee.'

The Earl then offered him the hand of his daughter.

'Sir,' quoth̄ Guy, 'gr*a*unt mercy! 7375
This is a faire yifte, sikirly.
Thy dough̄ter weꝗ leu*e*re me is
In hir smokke alone, ywis,
Than to wedde with̄ aꝗ spaigne
The Emperou*r*s dough̄ter of Almaigne.' 7380

Guy thanked him,

protesting that he preferred her bare body to any other woman with the wealth of all the world.

The Earl kissed Guy,

and was over-joyed.

The wedding was to take place without delay.

Þan was sir Gij glad & bliþe:
His joie couþe he no man kiþe.
To his ostel he gan ride.
& þo Gij com hom to his frende, 10
He schuld spouse his douhter hende
He teld Herhaud þat tide.

C. 7091. ¶ Þerl Rouhaud as swiþe dede sende 15
After lordinges fer & hende
Þat pris wel told in tour.
When þe time was comen to þende
To chirche wel feir gun þai wende 5
Wiþ mirþe & michel anour.
Miche semly folk was gadred þare
Of erls, barouns lasse & mare,
Turnbull, p. 274, l. 7075. & leuedis briȝt in bour.
Þan spoused sir Gij þat day 10
Fair Felice, þat miri may,
Wiþ ioie & gre[t] vigour.

¶ When he hadde spoused þat swete wiȝt 16
Þe fest lasted a fourtenniȝt,
Þat frely folk in fere
Wiþ erl, baroun, & mani a kniȝt,
And mani a leuedy fair & briȝt, 5
Þe best in lond þat were.
Þer wer ȝiftes for þe nones,
Gold, & siluer, & precious stones,
& druries riche & dere.
Þer was mirþe & melody, 10
And al maner menstracie
As ȝe may forþeward here.

¶ Þer was trumpes & tabour, 17
MS. fol. 148r. a. Fiþel, croude, & harpour,
Her craftes for to kiþe,

Guy told Herhaud of his happiness.

WHANNE the tyme was com̄e
Assembled there was many a gom̄e,
Dukes, and Erles, and knyght*is* many oon)
That to the spousaille were boden echoon).
That mayde was dig̅hte fuł richely,
And with grete worship hir spoused Guy.
Whereto shuld y of more discrye?
Of ał man*er*e thinges ther' was grete plente.

The Earl invited many guests.

When the time had come

Guy was married to Felice.

The festivals lasted for a fortnight.

There was great munificence.

There were all sorts of music.

Organisters & gode stiuours,
Minstrels of mouþe, & mani dysour, 5
To glade þo bernes bliþe.
Þer nis no tong may telle in tale
Þe ioie þat was at þat bridale
Wiþ menske & mirþe to miþe;
For þer was al maner of gle 10
Þat hert miȝt þinke o*þer* eyȝe[1] se
As ȝe may list & liþe.

Turnbull, p. 275, l. 7099.

[1] A faint dot over the second *e*, which seems to be casual, but was taken by Turnbull for the abbreviation for *n*.

¶ Herls, barouns hende & fre, **18**
Þat þer war gadred of mani cuntre,
Þat worþliche were in wede,
Þai ȝouen glewemen for her gle
Robes riche, gold, & fe: 5
Her ȝiftes were nouȝt gnede.
C. 7107. On þe fiften day ful ȝare
Þai toke her leue for to fare,
& þonked hem her gode dede.
Þan hadde Gij, þat gentil kniȝt, 10
Feliis to his wil day & niȝt
In gest al-so we rede.

¶ When Gij hadde spoused þat hendy flour, **19**
Fair Feliis, so briȝt in bour,
Þat was him leue & dere,
Y-wis, in Warwike in þat tour
Fiften days wiþ honour 5
Wiþ ioie togider þai were.
So it bifel þat first niȝt
Þat he neyȝed þat swete wiȝt
A child þai geten y-fere,
& seþþen wiþ sorwe & sikeing sare 10
Her ioie turned hem into care
As ye may forward here.

Turnbull, p. 276, l. 7123.

No tongue can tell all about the wedding.

On the fifteenth day the guests departed.

Guy lived with Felice at Warwick for fifteen days in great happiness.

The first night they begot a child,

but afterwards their joy was turned to care.

¶ þan was sir Gij of gret renoun **20**
& holden lord of mani a toun
As prince proude in pride;
þat erl Rohaut & sir Gyoun,
In fretþe to fel þe dere adoun, 5
On hunting þai gun ride.
C. 7119. It bi-fel opon a som*er*s day
þat sir Gij at Warwike lay
(In herd is nouȝt to hide);
MS. fol. 148r. b. At niȝt, i*n* tale as it is told, 10
To bedde went þe bernes bold
Bi time, to rest þat tide.

¶ To a turet sir Gij is went, **21**
& biheld þat firmament,
þat thicke wiþ steres stode.
On I*es*u omnipotent,
þat alle his honour hadde him lent, 5
He þouȝt wiþ dreri mode;
Hou he hadde euer ben stro*ng* werrour,
For I*es*u loue, our saueour,
Turnbull, p. 277, l. 7147. Neuer no dede he gode.
Mani man he hadde slayn wiþ wro*ng*. 10
'Allas, allas!' it was his song:
For sorwe he ȝede ner wode.

¶ 'Allas,' he seyd, 'þat y was born: **22**
Bodi & soule icham forlorn.
Of blis icham al bare.
For neuer in al mi liif biforn
For him þat bar þe croun of þorn 5
Gode dede dede y nare;
[1] *don wrouȝt*, MS. Bot wer & wo ichaue wrouȝt,[1]
& mani a man to grounde y-brouȝt:
þat rewes me ful sare.

It was in may in somers tyde:
Guy was at Warrewik in moche pride. 7390
From huntyng' on a daye he is coṁe, [p. 148]
Grete plente of venyson' he hath̄ noṁe.
Moche ioye he made and solas,
So that in the euenyng' so mery he was.

Having returned from hunting, one summer night,

The Contree he behelde aboute farre, 7395
And the skye thikke with sterre,
And the weder that was mery and bright.
Guy bethought̄e him anone right̄
That god him had so moche hono*ur* doo
In al̄ londes that he coṁe to, 7400
That he coṁe neu*er*e in noo fight̄e
Bot he was holde the best knyght̄e,
And neuer for his creatour',
That had doon' him so grete honour'.

Guy ascended a turret, and looked up to the sky thick with stars.

He was struck with the thought that God had given him so much honour,

whereas he had done nothing for Him.

He thought he was lost, body and soul.

Sore to sigh̄e he beganne, 7405

To bote min sinnes ichil wende 10
Barfot to mi liues ende,
To bid mi mete wiþ care.'

¶ As Gij stode þus in tour alon 23
In hert him was ful wo bigon:
'Allas!' it was his song.
C. 7151. þan com Feliis sone anon,
& herd him make rewely mon 5
Wiþ sorwe & care among.
'Leman,' sche seyd, 'what is þi þouȝt?
Whi artow þus in sorwe brouȝt?
Meþenke þi pain wel stro*n*g.[1]
Hastow ouȝt herd of me bot gode, 10
þat þou makes þus dreri mode?
Y-wis, þou hast gret wrong.'

Turnbull, p. 278, l. 7171.
[1] The *r* added above the line.

¶ 'Leman,' seyd Gij oȝain, 24
'Ichil þe telle þe soþe ful fain
Whi icham brouȝt to grounde.
Seþþen y þe seyȝe first wiþ ayn
("Allas þe while," y may sayn) 5
þi loue me haþ so y-bounde,
MS. fol. 148v. a.
þat neuer seþþen no dede y gode,
Bot in wer schadde ma*n*nes blode
Wiþ mani a griseli wounde.
Now may me rewe al mi liue. 10
That euer was y born o wiue,
Wayle-way þat stounde!

¶ Acȝif ich hadde don half þe dede 25
For him þat on rode gan blede
Wiþ grimly woundes sare,
In heuene he wald haue quit mi mede,
In joie to won wiþ angels wede 5
Euer-more wiþ-outen care.

And in his mynde bethoughte him anone
That all his lif he wolde chaunge tho,
And in godd*is* seruyse he wolde him do.
With that come the lady goyng,
And, tho she fonde hir lorde so thinking, 7410
She seide, 'sir, concele it nought;
Telle me sone what is your thought.'

He determined to do penance to the end of his life.

Felice came,

and asked him what he was thinking of.

'Lemman,' he seide, 'y shall the telle,
And shewe the my hertes wille.
Sithe that y first loued the 7415
In grete sorowe y haue bee:
Than y haue for the doo
Wrought moche sorowe and woo.

Guy answered

that since he had seen her,

he had never ceased shedding blood,

And if y had doon so well,
Withoute more the haluen dell 7420
Hadde for goddes loue wroughte, [p. 149]
That in so moche hono*ur* had me broughte,
In heuen, for sothe, y were,
In blisse for cu*er*e angell*is* fere.

but he had done nothing

towards attaining to the joy of heaven.

Ac for þi loue ich haue al wrouȝt :
For his loue dede y neuer nouȝt.
Turnbull, p. 279, l. 7195. Ie*s*u amende mi fare !
Þerfore ich wot þat icham lorn : 10
Allas þe time þat y was born !
Of blis icham al bare.

¶ Bot god is curteys & hende, 26
& so dere he haþ bouȝt mankende,
For noþing wil hem lete.
For his loue ichil now wende
Barfot to mi liues ende, 5
Mine sinnes for to bete,
Þat whore so y lye aniȝt
Y schal neuer be seyn wiþ siȝt
Bi way no bi strete.
Of alle þe dedes y may do wel 10
God grau*n*t þe, lef, þat haluendel
And Marie, his moder swete.'

C. 7185. ¶ Þan stode þat hende leuedi stille, 27
& in hir hert hir liked ille,
& gan to wepe anon.
'Leman,' sche seyd, 'what is þi wille?
Y-wis, þi speche wil me spille : 5
Y not what y may don.
Y wot þou hast in su*m* cuntre
Spoused ano*þer* woman þan me,
Turnbull, p. 280, l. 7219. Þat þou wilt to hir gon.
& now þou wilt fro me fare, 10
Allas, allas, now comeþ mi care :
For sorwe ichil me slon.

¶ For wer & wo þatow hast wrouȝt, 28
MS. fol. 148v. b. God þat al mankende haþ bouȝt
So curteys he is & hende,

And for him did y neu*e*re nought; 7425

But trusting to God's mercy,

Therfor' y am p*ur*posed in thought
In godd*is* seruyse now to goo,
To acquite some-what that y haue mysdoo;

he was resolved to expiate his sins as a pilgrim to the end of his life,

And of all the goodnesse that y doo shall,
I g*ra*unte the eu*e*re haluendell; 7430

sharing the fruits of his penance with Felice.

Felice began to weep,

fearing lest he should have another wife in some foreign country, for whom he wanted to quit her.

His sins might be atoned for

Schriue þe wele in word & þouȝt,
& þan þe þarf dout riȝt nouȝt 5
  Oȝaines þe foule fende.
Chirches & abbays þou miȝt make
Þat schal pray for þi sake
  To him þat schope mankende:
Hastow no nede to go me fro, 10
Saue þou miȝt þi soule fram wo
  In joie wiþouten ende.'

¶ 'Leue leman,' þan seyd sir Gij, 29
'Lete ben alle þis reweful cri:
  It is nouȝt worþ þi tale.
For mani a bern & kniȝt hardi
Ich haue y-sleyn, sikerly, 5
  & strued cites fale,
& for ich haue destrued mankin
Y schal walk for mi sinne
Turnbull, p. 281, l. 7243. Barfot bi doun & dale.
Þat ich haue wiþ mi bodi wrouȝt 10
Wiþ mi bodi it schal be bouȝt,
  To bote me of þat bale.

¶ Leman,' he seyd, 'par charite, 30
Astow art boþe hende & fre,
  O þing y þe pray:
Loke þou make no sorwe for me,
Bot hold þe stille astow may be 5
  Til to-morwe at day.
Gret wele þi fader, þat is so hende,
& þi moder, & al þi frende
  Bi sond as y þe say.
Grete wele Herhaud, y þe biseche. 10
Leman, god y þe biteche:
  Y wil fare forþ in mi way.

by shrift,

and by the foundation of churches and abbeys.

But Guy adhered to his purpose

of doing penance as a pilgrim.

He asked Felice

to conceal his plan till next day,

[1] Read *greet?*

And to[1] thy fader Rouhaude, whan y am goo,
And the Countasse, thy moder, also,
And heraude of Ardern, y the beseche,
And all my folke, that god y beteche.

but then to tell her father, her mother, and her friends, and especially Herhaud,

¶ Leman, y warn þe biforn, 31
Wiþ a knaue child þou art y-corn,
  Þat douhti beþ of dede.
For him þat bar þe croun of þorn
Þerfore as sone as it is born 5
  Pray Herhaud wiȝt in wede
He teche mi sone as he wele can
Al þe þewes of gentil man,
  & helpe him at his nede;
Turnbull, p. 282, l. 7267.
MS. fol. 149r. a.
For he is boþe gode & hende, 10
& euer he haþ ben trewe & kende:
  God quite him his mede!

¶ Leman,' he seyd, 'haue here mi brond, 32
& take mi sone it in his hond,
  Astow art hende & fre!
He may þer-wiþ, ich vnder-stond,
Winne þe priis in eu*er*i lond; 5
  For better may non be.
Leman,' he seyd, 'haue now gode day:
Ichil fare forþ in mi way,
  & wende in mi jurne.'
Þai kist hem i*n* armes two, 10
& boþe þai fel aswon þo.
  Gret diol it was to se.

¶ Gret sorwe þai made at her parting, 33
& kist hem wiþ eyȝen wepeing:
  Bi þe hond sche gan hi*m* reche.
'Leman,' sche seyd, 'haue here þis ring,
For I*es*us loue heuen-king 5
  A word y þe biseche:
When þou ert in fer cuntre
Loke heron, & þenk on me,
Turnbull, p. 283, l. 7291.
  & god y þe biteche.'

Whan the tyme cometh that thou hast childe, 7435
Thou loke it weH, and bee to him mylde,
For it kanne by him self goon.

by whom their expected boy was

Heraude betake him than anoon.

to be educated.

And this swerde, dame, y beteche the:
To my soñes behoue kepte it bee.' 7440
The lady he kyste anone right tho,
For pitee ne might he speke wordes moo.
Allas the Reuthe that was there tho!
In swowe they felle bothe two.

He gave her his sword for his son.

They kissed each other, and swooned with sorrow.

WHANNE Guy is risen of swownyng 7445
Awey he wente aH sorowyng.
'Sir,' she seyde, 'vnderstonde me
For goddis loue, or thou hense goo, pardee,
A-byd and take thys ryng with the.' [p. 150]
Gye toke of Felice that Rynge. 7450
Grete dole was in that departynge.

Felice gave him a ring as a keepsake.

Wiþ þat word he went hir fro 10
Wepeand wiþ eyȝen to
Wiþouten more speche.

C. 7267. Now is Gij fram Warwike fare, 34
Vnto þe se he went ful ȝare,
& passed ouer þe flod.
Þe leuedy bileft at hom in care
Wiþ sorwe, & wo, & sikeing sare :[1] 5
Wel drery was hir mode.
'Allas, allas!' it was hir song :
Hir here sche drouȝ, hir hond sche wrong,
Hir fingres brast o blode.
Al þat niȝt til it was day 10
Hir song it was 'wayleway' :
For sorwe sche ȝede ner wode.

[1] *fare* MS.

¶ Hir lordes swerd sche drouȝ biforn,[2] 35
& þouȝt haue slain hirself for sorn[2]
Wiþouten more delay.
To sle hirseluen, er þe child wer born,
Sche þouȝt hir soule it wer forlorn[3] 5
Euermore at domesday,
& þat hir fader, hir frendes ichon
Schuld seyn hir lord it hadde y-don,
And were so fled oway.
Þerfore sche dede his swerd oȝain, 10
Elles for sorwe sche hadde hir slain,
In gest as y ȝou say.

[2] Read *bifore: sore?*

[3] The *r* added above the line. MS. fol. 149r. b.

Turnbull, p. 284, l. 7315.

Then wente forth s*ir* Gyouñ — Guy left her.
Oute of towne, that bolde barouñ.
He wolde speke w*ith* no wyght
Ne w*ith* herawde, the trew knyght; 7455
But forth he wente to the see:
At jerusalem feyne wold he bee,
And in other holy lande, — He crossed the sea.
Ther holy men were lyuande.
IN the courte felice belefte there. 7460 — Felice remained at home
Her sorrow was eu*er* more and more.
'Lord,' she seyd, 'what may I seye?
How shall I leve thys ylke daye?' — in despair.
Her whyte handys can she wrynge,
And downe she fell in sownynge. 7465
Her clothes she rent and her here:
Was neu*er* woman that fared so ere.
On her hand she brake the rynge:
She was a well sory thynge.
At the nayles the blode braste owt. 7470
Thys lyfe she had the nyght thorow-owte.
Ofte she seyd, 'alas, alas!'
Gret mornyng mad she in that place.
Owt she toke a swerd bryght, — She would have slain herself with Guy's sword,
And sett hyt to her herte Ryght, 7475
And thought to shede her herte blode,
For she had lorne her lord goode. — but for her unborn child,
But than she be-thought her wyselye
That she shulde do grete Folye. [p. 151]
She had a chyld her w*ith*-ynne: 7480 — and for fear lest her friends should impute her death to Guy.
To sle that it were grete synne,
And she myght not her selfe sloo
But she slew her chyld also.
And also she thought in her manere,
When he wyste her fader dere, 7485
Her fader and her fryndys all
Shuld in sorrow and in synne fall;

¶ Arliche amorwe when it was day 36
To chaumber, þer hir fader lay,
  Sche com wringand hir hond.
'Fader,' sche seyd, 'ichil þe say
Mi lord is went fro me his way, 5
  In pilgrimage to fond.
He will passe ouer þe se,
Schal he neuer com to me
  Oȝain into Inglond.'
For sorwe þat sche hadde þat stounde 10
Aswon sche fel adoun to grounde:
  O fot no miȝt sche stonde.

¶ 'Douhter,' seyd hir fader, 'lat be. 37
Y trowe nouȝt þat sir Gij þe fre
  Is þus fram þe fare.
Y-wis, he nis nouȝt passed þe se:
He ne doþ nouȝt bot for to fond þe, 5
  Hou trewe of hert þou warè.'
'Nay, sir,' sche seyd, 'so god me spede,
He is walked in pouer wede,
  To beggen his mete wiþ care.
& þer-fore now singen y may, 10
"Allas þe time & wayleway
  Þat mi moder me bare."'

Turnbull, p. 285, l. 7339.

¶ Þerl ros vp with sikeing sare, 38
For sir Gij was fram him fare:
  In hert him was ful wo,
& alle his frendes lesse & mare
For sir Gij þai hadde gret care, 5
  For he was went hem fro.

For they wold sey sir Gyoun
Had her slayne or he wente owte of towne.
There-fore it had be grete folye 7490
Yf she had sleyne her selfe in hye.
Of all the nyght had she no reste,
No more than had a wylde beste.
On the morrow she rose anone,
And to her fader gan she gone. 7495
'Fader,' she seyd, 'wyte ye nought?
Wykyd tydyng*is* I haue brought:
My lord ys wente oute of this contre.
Shall ye neu*er* here-after hym see.
In excile now ys he gone: 7500
For sorrow I shall my selfe slone.'
W*ith* that she fell to the grounde,
And swounyd thryes in a lytyll stoun le.

Early in the morning she informed her father of Guy's departure.

He seyd, 'doughter, leve thy mornyng.
I may hyt leve for no thynge, 7505
That he wold wende in excile,
Other to put hym in such p*er*yle.
Day and nyght he was full yepe
How he myght thy love kepe.' [p. 152]
'Nay,' she seyd, 'so muste I thee, 7510
Ye shall hym neu*er* efte see.'

The Earl was of opinion Guy had left her only to test her love.
But Felice did not believe it.

Vp he rose, and dwellyd nought,
Thorought the towne he hath hym sought.
When they no-where found syr Gye,
After hys men he sente in hye, 7515
And tolde hem all that s*ir* Gye
Was gon, and no man wyste whye.

The Earl was very sorry,
and so were all his friends.

Þai souȝt him þan al about
Wiþin þe cite & wiþout,
Þer he was won to go.
& when þai founde hi*m* nouȝt þat day 10
Þere was mani a wayleway,
Wrin-gand her hondes tvo.

C. 7335. ¶ And when Gij was fram hem gon 39
MS. fol. 149v. a. Herhaud, & his frendes ichon,
& oþer barouns him by
To þerl Rohaut þai seyden anon,
'Þe best rede þat we can don, 5
Smertliche & hastily
Messangers we schul now sende
Ouer alle þis lond fer & hende,
Turnbull, p. 286, l. 7363. To seche mi lord sir Gij.
& ȝif he be nouȝt in þis lond 10
He is in Loreyn, ich vnderstond,
Wiþ his broþer Tirry.'

¶ Menssangers anon þai sende 40
Ouer al þis lond fer & hende
Fram Londen in-to Louþe,
Ouer al biȝonde Humber & Trent,
& est & west þurch-out al Kent 5
To þe hauen of Portesmouthe.
Þai souȝt him ouer al vp & doun,
Ouer alle þe lond in eu*e*rich toun
Bi costes þat wer couþe,
& seþþen to Warwike þai gan wende, 10
& seyd þai miȝt him no-whar fende
Bi norþ no bi souþe.

C. 7355. ¶ Herhaud was wele vnder-stond 41
Þat Gij was fer in vncouþe lond.
Ful hende he was & fre:

They sought Guy everywhere,

When they wyste that tydynge,
AH for Gye made mornynge.

but did not find him.

When s*ir* herrawd herd seye 7520
That hys lord was wente aweye,
He lefte neu*er* nyghṫ ne daye,
But grete sorrow he made aye.
'Syr,' he seyd, 'what may I seye,
Now I haue loren my lord free? 7525
I dred that I shaH hym neu*er* see.
I red yow sende your messengere
Thoroughṫ thys lande far and nere.
And yf he be not founde here
He ys att loreyne w*ith* hys fere, 7530
Wyth the Erle good terrye,
Whom he lovyth specyallye.'

Herhaud advised the Earl to send messengers all over England.

If he was not in England, he was sure to be with Tirry in Lorraine.

A messyngere forth he sente,
And aH the land thoroughṫ he wente;
But when he found hym not there 7535
Home a-geyne he com full yare,
And seyd he had the lond sought,
But of s*ir* Gye herde he nowght.

But the search of the messengers proved vain.

Tho thought herraude he wold fonde [p. 153]
To seche hym in other londe. 7540
He toke two messengerys wyght,

Then Herhaud,

Palmers wede he tok on hond,
To seche his lord he wald fond 5
Vnto þe Grekis see.
To þerl Rohaut he seyd anon
To seche his lord he most gon
Turnbull, p. 287, l. 7387. þurch alle Christiante.
When þerl seye him þus y-diȝt, 10
'Þou art,' he seyd, 'a trewe kniȝt:
Y-blisced mot þou be.'

¶ Þo went Herhaud so trewe in tale 42
To seche his lord in londes fale:
For noþing he nold abide.
He ȝede ouer alle bi doun & dale
To eueri court & kinges sale 5
Bi mani a lond side,
[1] The *r* added above the line. þurch Normondye[1] and alle Speyne,
Into Fraunce & þurch Breteyne:
He ȝede boþe fer & wide
MS. fol. 149v. b. þurch Lorain & þurch Lombardye, 10
& neuer no herd he telle of Gij
For nouȝt þat miȝt bitide.

¶ When Herhaud had souȝt him fer and hende, 43
& he no miȝt him no-whar fende,
Noiþer bi se no sond,
Into Inglond he gan wende,
& þerl Rohaut & al his frende 5
At Warwike he hem fond,

Both a squyer and a knyght,
And yaue hem treasure gret plente,
And bad hem wende be-yonde the see
To eu*er*y londe and eu*er*y towne, 7545
To aspye tydyng*is* of s*ir* Gyoune.
Herraud hym selfe forth ys gone,
Wede of palmer he toke vpone.
The Erle of Warwyke sone he fonde,
And by-toke hym aH hys londe, 7550
And seyd, 'in wede of a palmere
I wyH Gye seche fere and nere
In eu*er*y stede and in eu*er*y londe
There he hath bene in be-fore-hande.'
When the Erle saw herrawd so dyght, 7555
'Thow arte,' he seyd, 'a trew knyght.'

in the habit of a palmer, went

Herrawd went forth, the Erle left there.
To the see he come fuH yare:
Shyp he founde and passyd in hye.
Comyn he ys into normandye, 7560
From thense to fraunce and burgoyne,
To almayne and to sosayne:
Herd he neu*er* man speke w*ith* mouth
That owte of Gye teH cought.

himself in quest of Guy.

He visited every court in Normandy, Spain, France, Britany, Lorraine, and Lombardy, but never heard anything about Guy.

Than he though[t] hym shente: 7565
Into ynglond ys he wente.
AH that londe was weH sory,
For he myght not fynde s*ir* Gye:
Kyng*is*, Erlys, and barouns, [p. 154]
AH made dole for s*ir* Gyouns; 7570

Unable to find him, he returned to Earl Rohaut at Warwick.

& teld he hadde his lord souȝt,
& þat he no miȝt finde hi*m* nouȝt
In non skinnes lond.
Mani a moder child þat day 10
Wepe & gan say, 'waileway,'[1]
Wel sore wringand her hond.

Turnbull, p. 288, l. 7411.

[1] MS. *waileway* rather than *walleway*.

C. 7391. Now herken, & ȝe may here 44
In gest, ȝif ȝe wil listen & lere,
Hou Gij as pilgrim ȝede.
He welke about wiþ glad chere
Þurch mani londes fer & nere, 5
Þer god him wald spede.
First he went to Jerusalem,
& seþþen he went to Bedlem
Þurch mani an vncouþe þede.
ȝete he biþouȝt him seþþen þo 10
For to sechen halwen mo,
To winne hi*m* heuen mede.

¶ Þo he went his pilgrimage 45
Toward þe court of Antiage,
Bi þis half þat cite
He mett a man of fair parage:
Y-comen he was of heyȝe linage, 5
& of kin fair & fre.
Michel he was of bodi y-piȝt,
A man he semed of michel miȝt
& of gret bounte,
Wiþ white-hore heued & berd y-blowe, 10
As white as ani driuen snowe:
Gret sorwe þan made he.

Turnbull, p. 289, l. 7435.

¶ So gret sorwe þer he made, 46
Sir Gij of him rewþe hade.
He gan to wepe so sare,

For they wende vtterly
Neuer to haue seyne hym with eyȝe.

Many a mother's child wept that day.

As we fynde in storye
Now speke we of sir Gye.
AH that yere Gye hath gone 7575
Thorowgh-owte landys many on),
AH hethenesse thorrow and thorrowe
Ryght to ierusalem ys borrowe.
FuH longe wold he not dweH thare,
Furthermore wold he fare 7580

Guy first went to Jerusalem and Bethlehem,

Thorough aH the hethen contree.
To Antyoche, the riche Cytee,
As he wente in that contrey
Halfe the day a grette jorney,
Vndyr a bussch ther he fonde 7585
A pore pylgryme syttande.
He semed weH a saryzen.
He had gret sorrow and pyne.
He semed a man of gret lynage.
He had gret eyen and gret visage: 7590
Hys hed was white, hys berd was longe.
He semyd a bold man and a stronge.

but on his way to Antioch

he met with a man of high birth,

who was very sorrowful.

He made dole ouer aH thynge.
Gye had pyte of hys mornynge.
He drow hys berd, he brake hys here: 7595

Guy was touched with compassion,

[1] *to torn* MS.
[2] *born* MS.
MS. 150r. a.

His cloþ he rent, his here to-tore,[1]
& curssed þe time þat he was bore :[2] 5
Wel diolful was his fare.
More sorwe made neuer man.
Gij stode & loked on him þan,
& hadde of him gret care.
He seyd, 'allas & walewo! 10
Al mi joie it is ago.
Of blis icham al bare.'

¶ 'Gode man, what artow,' seyd Gij, 47
'Þat makest þus þis reweful cri
& þus sorweful mone?
Meþenke, for þe icham sori,
For þat þine hert is þus drery, 5
Þi ioie is fro þe gon.
Telle me þe soþe, y pray þe
For godes loue in trinite,
Turnbull, p. 290, l. 745ɔ. Þat þis world haþ in won;
For Iesu is of so michel miȝt, 10
He may make þine hert liȝt,
& þou no[s]t neuer hou son.'

¶ 'Gode man,' seyd þe pilgrim, 48
'Þou hast me frained bi god þin
To telle þe of mi fare,
And alle þe soþ wiþ-outen les
Ichil þe telle, hou it wes, 5
Of blis hou icham bare.
So michel sorwe is on me steke,
Þat min hert it wil to-breke
Wiþ sorwe & sikeing sare.
Forlorn ich haue al mi blis : 10
Y no schal neuer haue joie, y-wis.
In erþe y wald y ware.

In sowne he feꝗ oftyn there,
And seyd 'alas' that he was borne:
Herd sorrow was hym be-forne.

'Pylgrym,' quod Gye, 'what arte thow? [p. 155]
Whi makyste thow such sorrow now? 7600
I se fuꝗ weꝗ be thy chere
Thou arte agrevyd in som manere.

and asked him who he was.

Teꝗ me now, I byd the
In the name of the trinite.'

'Good man,' quod the pylgrym, 7605
'Thou hast me bedyn at thys tyme
That I shaꝗ [tell] wherefore and whye
That I am thys drerelye.
I wene thow shalt haue gret pyte
When I haue told the sothe to the. 7610

So the pilgrim resolved to tell his story.

C. 7429. ¶ A man y was of state sum stounde, 49
& holden a lord of gret mounde,
& erl of al Durras.
Fair sones ich hadde fiftene,
& alle were knizztes stout & kene. 5
Men cleped me þerl Ionas.
Y trowe in þis warld is man non,
Y-wis, þat is so wo-bi-gon,
Turnbull, p. 291, l. 7483. Seþþen þe world made was;
For alle min sones ich haue forlorn: 10
Better berns were non born.
Þerfore y sing, "allas!"

¶ For bliþe worþ y neuer more: 50
MS. fol. 150r. b. Alle mi sones ich haue forlore
Þurch a batayl vnride,
Þurch Sarrazins þat fel wore:
To Ierusalem þai com ful ȝore 5
To rob & reue wiþ pride,
& we toke our ost anon,
Oȝaines hem we gun gon,
Bateyl of hem to abide.
Þe acountre of hem was so strong, 10
Þat mani dyed þer-among,
Or we wald rest þat tide.

[1] *som* MS. ¶ Þurch mi fiftene sone[1] 51
Were þe geauntes ouer-come,
& driuen doun to grounde.
Fiftene amirals þer wer nome:
Þe king gan fle wiþ alle his trome 5
For drede of ous þat stounde.
Ich & mi sones, wiþouten lesing,
Out of þat lond we driuen þe king,
Turnbull, p. 292, l. 7507. And his men ȝaf dedli wounde.

I was a dowty man of honde,
And to me there fyꝗ much lande.
I was a man bold and wyght:
Erle Ionas some tyme I hyght.
I had sonnes fuꝗ fyftene, 7615
And bold men and kene.
I wene there was neu*er* man levande,
Syth crystendome was brought in hand,
That had so many sonnes wyght:
Eu*er*ych was a man att aꝗ ryght. 7620
Aꝗ they be take fro me a-weye:
Alas that eu*er* I sye thys daye!

He was Earl Jonas of Durras, and he had fifteen sons.

Att a batayle I was stronge;
The sarzins dyd grete wronge:
To Ierusalem com they were, 7625
And dystroyed aꝗ that was there:
I gaderyd an hoste of meny a towne
Owte of the crysten nacion̄,
I com to that bateyle thann: [p. 156]
There dyed many a dowȝty man. 7630

After a battle with Saracens near Jerusalem,

I and my sonnes fyftene
Mad the sarzins for to flene.
In that tyme tokyn we
Sevyn amerallys and kyng*is* thre.

in which the enemies were routed,

I and my sonnes chasyd thorough the lande 7635
A kyng that was fast fleande:

Earl Jonas and his sons

Þe king him hiȝt Triamour: 10
A lord he was of gret honour,
& man of michel mounde.

¶ Þan dede we wel-gret foly: 52
We suwed hi*m* wiþ maistrie
Into his owhen lond.
Into Alisaundre þai fleye owy:
Þe cuntre ros vp wiþ a cri, 5
To help her king anhond.
In a brom feld þer wer hidde
Þre hundred Sarrazins wele y-schridde
Wiþ helme & grimly brond.
Out of þat brom þai lepen anon, 10
& bilapped ous euer-ichon,
& drof ous alle to schond.

¶ Þai hewen at ous wiþ michel hete, 53
& we leyd on hem dintes grete,
& slouwen of her ferred.
& ar þat we were alle y-nome
Mani of hem were ouercome, 5
Ded wounded vnder wede.
Þai were to mani & we to fewe:
Al our armour þai to-hewe,
Turnbull, p. 293, l. 7531. & stiked vnder ous our stede.
MS. fol. 150v. a. Ȝete we fouȝten afot long, 10
Til swerdes brosten þat were strong,
& þan ȝeld we ous for nede.

¶ To þe king we ȝolden ous al & some 54
Þat we miȝt to rau*n*som come,
To saue our liues ichon.
Into Alisaunder he ladde ous þo,
& into his prisoun dede ous do, 5
Was maked of lime & ston.

Hys name was kyng tryamoure,
A paynyme he was of gret honoure.
To Alysaunder he fled fuꝗ ryght,
There he was kyng of mykyꝗ myght. 7640
There we dyd foly stronge,
For we chasydꝑ hem to longe.

pursued King Triamour as far as his own country,

There were redy in a wode
Two hundreth kny3t*is* goode.

Oute of the wod they cam anoñ, 7645
And ou*er*come eu*er*ychone.

where they were attacked by 300 Saracens,

Meny of hem we woundyd sare:
For nothyng wold we spare.
Oure good stedys gan they sloo:
Tho come to vs fuꝗ mykeꝗ woo. 7650
On fote we faught faste than,
And slow of hem many a man.
Or we wold vs yeld hem to
The beste of hem were for-do.
We defendyd vs aꝗ wey weꝗ 7655
Tyꝗ oure swerdys brake of stele.

and, despite their valiant resistance,

after their horses had been killed, and their swords broken, were compelled to surrender.

When we saw no bett*er* socoure
We yeld vs to kyng tryamore.
We made w*ith* hym such co*m*naunte, [p. 157]
And therto we held vp oure hande, 7660
That we shuld for grete raunsom
Bene delyu*er*dꝑ owt of hys p*r*isoun).

They were imprisoned at Alexandria.

Litel was our drink & lasse our mete,
For hunger we wende our liues lete:
Wel wo was ous bigon.
So were we þer alle þat ȝer 10
Wiþ michel sorwe boþe[1] y-fere,
þat socour com ous non.

[1] Read *alle*?

C. 7487. ¶ So it bifel þat riche Soudan 55
Made a fest of mani a man,
Of þritti kinges bi tale.
King Triamour com to court þo,
& Fabour, his sone, dede also, 5
Wiþ kniȝtes mani & fale.
þe þridde day of þat fest,
þat was so riche & so honest,
So derlich diȝt in sale—
After þat fest, þat riche was, 10
þer bifel a wonder cas,
Wher-þurch ros michel bale.

Turnbull, p. 294, l. 7555.

¶ þat riche Soudan hadde a sone 56
þat was y-hold a doughti gome:
Sadok was his name.
þe kinges sone Fabour he cleped hi*m* to:
Into his chau*m*ber þai gun go, 5
þo knightes boþe y-same.
Sadok gan to Fabour sayn
ȝif he wald ate ches playn,
& held oȝain him game;
& he answerd i*n* gode maner 10
He wald play wiþ him y-fere,
Wiþ-outen ani blame.

¶ Ate ches þai sett hem to playn, 57
þo hendy kniȝtes boþe tvayn,
þat egre were of siȝt:[2]

[2] Read *riȝt*?

To Alysaunder he dyd vs fare,
And put vs in hys p*ri*son thare:
Mete and drynke we had fuꝗ smaꝗ, 7665
Carefuꝗ lyfe we led w*ith*-aꝗ.
Hit is twelfe yere and mare
That we haue bene in this care.

Hyt be-feꝗ vpon a tyde
That the sowdan w*ith* mykyꝗ pryd, 7670
Lord to the kynge tryamore,
Made a feste of gre[t] honore:
Thrytty kyng*is* were there fuꝗ ryght,
The sowdan ys men *and* to hym Iplyght;
Amerallys there were fourty, 7675
That were redy vnto hys crye.
Thedyr wente the kyng tryamoure,
And hys son, sir faboure:
He was a yong man and a wyght,
And a new-dubbyd knyght. 7680

At some festival of the Soudan,

to which King Triamour and his son Fabour had repaired,

Att the thyrd day of that feeste,
That wa[s] so riche and so honeste,
When they had etyn, and made hem at ease,
And s*er*uyd aꝗ thyng to theire please,
The sowdan ys sonne a-rose fuꝗ ryght 7685
(Syr sadoyne of p*er*cy he hyght):
'Faboure,' he seyd, 'I byd the,
Come pley at the chesse w*ith* me.'
'Syr,' quod fabour, 'with myn entente [p. 158]
I wyꝗ do youre c*om*maundmente.' 7690
To fabours[1] yn tho they wente,
And after chesse sone they sente.

Sadok, the Soudan's son,

and Fabour

[1] *sabours* MS.

Tho they setten the fyrste assise,
They were wroth or they gan Ryse:

played at chess.

Er þai hadde don half a game,
Wiþ strong wretþe þai gan to grame, 5
MS. fol. 150v. b. þo gomes michel of miȝt.
Þurch a chek Fabour seyd, for soþ,
Sadok in hert wex wroþ,
Turnbull, p. 295, l. 7579. & missayd him anon riȝt,
& clep[e]d him 'fiz a putayn,' 10
& smot him wiþ miȝt and main,
Wher-þurch ros michel fiȝt.

¶ Wiþ a roke he brac his heued þan, 58
Þat þe blod biforn out span
In þat ich place.
'Sadok,' seyd þan Fabour,
'Þou dost me gret deshonour 5
Þat þou me manace.
Nar þou mi lordes sone were,
Þou schuldest dye riȝt now here:
Schustow neuer hennes passe.'
Sadok stirt vp to Fabour, 10
& cleped him anon 'vile traitour,'
& smot him in the face.

¶ Wiþ his fest he smot him þore, 59
Þat Fabour was agreued sore,
& stirt vp in þat stounde.
Þe cheker he hent vp fot hot,
And Sadok in þe heued he smot, 5
Þat he fel ded to grounde.

His fader sone he haþ y-teld
Þat he haþ the Soudan sone aqueld,
Turnbull, p. 296, l. 7603. & ȝouen him deþes wounde.

At a cheke that fabour seyd 7695
Sadoyne was wroth, and gan vp-brayd.
For he was matyd so sone there,
Wyth a Roke he smote hym sore;

Sadok, getting angry,

called Fabour names,

Vppon the heed he brake the browe:
Abowt the shulders the blod gan[1] Rowe. 7700
'Syr sadoyne,' quod faboure,[2]
'Thow hast me do grete dysshonoure
When thow hast broken my hede.
The grace of Mahoun be me be-revyd,
Yf thow ne were mi Lordys sonne, 7705
Thow shuldyst abye that thow hast done.'
'Traytoure,' quod sadoyne, 'what seyst thow?
Hast thow me manessid here nowe?
In EuyH tyme thow it thought:
Thyne deth thow hast wrought.' 7710

and broke his head with a rook.

[1] looks like *qan*.

[2] *saboure* MS.

Fabour, reproaching him with his behaviour,

was smitten by him in the face.

With hys fyste he wold hym smyte,
But faboure thought it was dispyte:
Vppon hys fete he gan stonde,
And toke the cheker in hys honde.
He smote sadoyne vndyr the ere: 7715
He feH downe and dyed there.
When Fabour sye that he was dede,
He Fled fast from that stede.
He went as faste as he myght renne [p. 159]
Home to hys faders Inne, 7720
And told hys fader how he had slone
Sadoyne, the sowdan ys sonne onne.[3]
Kyng tryamoure was adrad sare,

So Fabour struck him dead with the chess-board.

[3] To be struck out?

As soon as Triamour heard of Sadok's death

On hors þai lopen þan biliue, 10
Out of þe lond þai gun driue
For ferd þai were y-founde.

C. 7551. ¶ When it was þe Soudan teld, 60
Þat his sone was aqueld,
& brouȝt of his liif dawe,
On al maner he him biþouȝt
Hou þat he him wreke mouȝt 5
Þurch iugement of lawe.
After þe king he sent an heyȝe,
To defende hi*m* of þat felonie,
Þat he his sone haþ y-slawe;
& bot he wald com anon 10
Wiþ strengþe he schuld on hi*m* gon,
Wiþ wilde hors don him drawe.

¶ King Triamour com to court þo, 61
MS. fol. 151r. a. & Fabour, his sone, dede also,
To þe Soudans pa*r*lement.
When þai bi-forn hi*m* comen beþ
Þai were adouted of her deþ: 5
Her liues þai wende haue spent;
For þe Soudan cleped hem fot hot,
& his sones deþ hem atwot,
Turnbull, p. 297, l. 7627. & seyd þai were alle schent.

And for that dethe he gan to care.
Vppon her horse they lepyn in hye 7725 he fled with his son.
(In there hertis they were sorye),
Faste fleand to Alexaundre,
Or of hem rose ony slaundre.
Oute of the londe tho they wente,
Or eny wyste that sadoyne was shente. 7730
When they come to the Citee,
Fuꝗ sory and carefuꝗ tho was hee.

When that wyste that feꝗ sowdan,
That sadoyne, hys sonne, was slayne,
He was sory, that grete syre, 7735
And he was fuꝗ of tene and ire.
He beryed hys son Richelye,
And thought to avenge hym in hye.
HE sent to tryamoure the kyng,
As to a man[1] that he louyd no-thynge, 7740
And bad hym com to hym on hye,
And defend hym of that felonye,
And bryng with hym hys son faboure,
That slow hys sonne, that foule treytoure:
But he wold do hys commaundement 7745
He shuld be slayne and brente,
Or ellys such Iugement suffer there
As in hys court[2] ordeyned were.

The Soudan considered how he could revenge his son, and summoned King Triamour.

[1] *aman* MS.

[2] *contrey* MS.

The kynge dyght hym fuꝗ yare, [p. 160]
And to the sowdan can he fare, 7750
And with hym fabour, the good knyght,
Be-fore the sowdan com fuꝗ ryght.

He appeared, with Fabour, before the Soudan's parliament.

The sowdan askyd hym anone
How he had hys sonne slone:

Bot þai hem þerof were miȝt 10
In strong perile he schuld hem diȝt
And to her iugement.

¶ þan dede he com forþ a Sarrazine, 62
Haue he Cristes curs & mine
Wiþ boke & eke wiþ belle.
Out of Egypt he was y-come,
Michel & grisslich was þat gome 5
Wiþ ani god man to duelle.
He is so michel & vnrede,
Of his siȝt a man may drede,
Wiþ tong as y þe telle.
As blac he is as brodes brend: 10
He semes as it were a fende,
þat comen were out of helle.

¶ For he is so michel of bodi y-piȝt, 63
Oȝains hi*m* tvelue men haue no miȝt,
Ben þai neuer so strong;
For he is four fot, sikerly,
More þan ani man stont hi*m* bi: 5
So wonderliche he is long.
ȝif king Triamour þ*at* þ*er* was
Miȝt fenden him i*n* playn place
Of þat michel wrong,
Turnbull, p. 298, l. 7651.
þan is þat vile glotoun 10
Made þe Soudans champioun,
Batayl of hi*m* to fong.

C. 7593. ¶ King Triamour answerd þan 64
To þat riche Soudan
In þat ich stounde
þat he wald defende hi*m* wele y-nouȝ
þat he neuer his sone slouȝ, 5
No ȝaf him dedli wounde.

Yf he myght hym not defende, 7755
Thorough deth hys deth he[1] shuld amende.

[1] *it* MS.

Forth he brought a blake sarzine:
A fowler thefe dranke neu*er* wyne.
He was blake as any piche,
Men saw neuer none suche. 7760
Hys breste was brode, his body grete:
He was thykker than a nete.
Comyn he ys oute of ynde,
A feller thefe shuld no man fynde.

The Soudan brought forward a Saracen

of gigantic proportions,

black as a fiend.

There be none thre at that londe 7765
That durste ageyne that one stonde.
He was a fote and a halfe more
Than eny man that eu*er* was bore.

He was so strong that twelve men could not prevail over him.

Yf the kyng durste w*ith* hym fyght,
And prove on hym w*ith* mayne and myght 7770
That sir Sadoyne was neu*er* dede
Thorough hym ne thorough hys sonnys rede,
Yf he myght hym to deth brynge,
He shuld go quyte of all thynge.

King Triamour was to fight with him.

Syr tryamoure had drede stronge 7775
Of that Geaunte gret and longe.
Neu*er* the lesse a-monge hem all there[2]
He forsoke that the sowdan on hym bere,
And seyd that sadony was neu*er* dede [p. 161]
Thorough hym ne thorough his sonn*us* rede; 7780

He accepted the combat,

[2] *all thre there* MS.

When he seye Amoraun*t* so grim
(þer durst no man fiȝt wiþ him :
So grille he was on grounde),
MS. fol. 151r. b. þan asked he respite til a day, 10
To finde anoþ*er* ȝif he may
Oȝaines him durst founde.

¶ þan hadde he respite al þ*at* ȝere 65
& fourti days : so was þe maner
þurch lawe was þan in lond,
ȝif him seluen durst nouȝt fiȝt
Finde anoþer ȝif he miȝt 5
Oȝaines him durst stond.
Þe king as swiþe hom is went,
Ouer alle his lond anon he sent
Turnbull, p. 299, l. 7675. After erl, baroun, and bond,
& asked ȝif ani wer so bold : 10
Þriddendel his lond haue he schold
Þe batayl durst take an hond.

¶ Ac for nouȝt þat he hot miȝt 66
Þer was non durst take þe fiȝt
Wiþ þe geaun*t* for his sake.
Þan was ich out of prisoun nome,
Biforn hi*m* he dede me come, 5
*Con*seyl of me to take,
And asked me at worde fewe
ȝif y wist oþ*er* y-knewe
A man so miȝti of strake
Þat for hi*m* durst take þe fiȝt : 10
Were he buriays oþer kniȝt,
Riche prince he wald hi*m* make.

¶ & ȝif y miȝt ani fende 67
He wald make me riche & al mi kende,
& ȝif me gret honour,

but he asked for some respite, in order to find a substitute.

And an hole yere of trewes [was] tane
And fourty dayes tiłł it be gane.
Suche is the law of that contree,
Eu*er* was, and euer shałł bee :
And yf he durste not w*ith* hym fyȝte,
He shuld fynde a nother knyght.
Home to Alysaundre hys he wente,
After hys barons he hath sente,
And dyd crye thorough that londe,
Yf he eny man fonde
That durst that bateyle take in honde,
He shuld yeve hym halfe hys londe ;

So a respite of a year and forty days was granted him.

But in his own country the king

But he ne founde no man so wyght
That durste w*ith* that geaunt fyght.

found none ready to undertake the fight with the giant.

He toke me than owte of p*ri*soun,
And askyd me tho than reasoun
Yf I knew eu*er* any knyght
That durste w*ith* the Geaunte fygħt.
Fułł riche man he wold hym make,
And do me worshyp for hys sake :
He shuld haue gold̓ gret plentee
And halfe hys land eu*er* more free.

He therefore took Earl Jonas out of his prison,

and asked him if he knew any.

I seyd, 'I know none such of name ;'

& wold sese into min hond
To helden þriddendel his lond 5
Wiþ cite, toun, & tour.
Ac ichim answerd þan
In alle þis warld was þer [no] man
Turnbull, p. 300, l. 7699. To fiȝt wiþ þat traitour,
Bot ȝif it Gij of Warwike were, 10
Or Herhaud of Ardern, his fere :
'In warld þai bere þe flour.'

C. 7633. ¶ When þe king herd þo 68
þat y spac of þo kniȝtes to,
Ful bliþe he was of chere.
He kist me, so glad he was.
'Merci,' he seyd, 'erl Ionas! 5
MS. fol. 151v. a. þou art me leue & dere.
ȝif ich hadde here sir Gij,
Or Herhaud, þat is so hardi,
Of þe maistri siker y were.
& þou miȝtest bring me her on, 10
þe & thine sones y schal lete gon
Fram prisoun quite & skere.'

¶ Bi mi lay he dede me swere 69
þat y schuld trewelich bode here
To þo kniȝtes so hende,
& seyd to me as swiþe anon
Wiþ michel sorwe he schuld me slon 5
Bot ichem miȝt fende,

For to lye me thought shame.
'In none contre ne in no londe 7805
Is none that durste it take in honde
But it were Gye, the noble knyght,
That aH men seyn ys so wyght.
Yf I myghT hym fynde in eny contre [p. 162]
Other herrawd, to fyght for the 7810
Thow myghtist be seker, *with*-owt fayle,
For to wynne that bateyle.'

Earl Jonas named Guy of Warwick and Herhaud of Ardern.

When the kyng, that stode me bye,
Herd speke of herrawd and of *sir* Gye,
Hys ryghT hond he leyd on me, 7815
And seyd, 'but I haue helpe of the
ShaH I neu*er* of man levande
Haue helpe, I vndyrstonde.
Yf I myght haue sir Gye,
I were seker of the mastrye, 7820
Other *sir* herrawd, the knyȝt herdye:
Be-fore aH other I desyre *sir* Gye.'
He seyd, 'to englond shalt thow fare,
To loke yf he be founden thare.
Yf he may not fownden be, 7825
Loke *sir* herrawd com *with* the:
I wyH then delyu*er* the owt of p*ri*son
And aH thy sonnes *with*-oute rawmsom̄,
And thow shalte haue for thi *ser*uice,
Yf thow wylte be ware and wyse, 7830
And to me be both trew and hold,
Ten som*er*s chargyd *with* gold.'

The king was very glad, and kissed Earl Jonas.

If he could bring one of them, he and his sons were to be free.

Then swere I there in aH manere
To bene hys trew messyngere;
And yf I found of hem none, 7835
I shuld com home alone:
I shuld be hangyd on a galow tree
And my fyftene sonn*us* *with* me.

The Earl swore to be a true messenger.

But he and all his sons were to be killed if he should come back without a champion.

& al mine sones do to-drawe,
& ichim graun*t* in þat þrawe,
Turnbull, p. 301, l. 7723. To bring hem out of bende.
Out of þis lond y went þo 10
Wiþ michel care & michel wo :
Y nist wider to wende.

¶ Y souȝt hem i*n*to the lond of Coyne, 70
Into Calaber, & into Sessoyne,
& fro þennes into Almayne,
In Tuskan & in Lombardye,
In Frau*n*ce & in Normondye, 5
Into þe lond of Speyne,
In Braban, i*n* Poil, & in Bars
& in-to kinges lond of Tars,
& þurch al Aquitayne,
In Cisil, i*n* Hungri, & i*n* Ragoun, 10
In Romayne, Borgoine, & Gascoine,
& þurch-out al Breteyne.

¶ & into Inglond wenden y gan, 71
& asked þer mani a man,
Boþe ȝong & old,
& in Warwike þat cite,
þer he was lord of þat cuntre, 5
For to hauen in wold ;
Ac y no fond non lite no miche
þat couþe telle me sikerliche
Turnbull, p. 302, l. 7747. Of þo to kniȝtes bold,
Wher y schold Gij no Herhaud fende 10
In no lond fer no hende :
þerfore min hert is cold.

Out of that lond went I in hye, [p. 163]
A carefuH man and a sorye. 7840

I went ryght vnto aHmayn,
And forth to fraunce and to spayne,
Syth to pollayne and to Sesayne,
To pavy and to burgayne;

He sought for Guy and Herhaud everywhere.

Sethen I wente to ynglonde, 7845
And asked eu*er*y man that I fonde;
Sethyn to warwyke dyd I me,
There he was wonte lord to be:
Herd I no man speke w*ith* mouth
That ought of Gye teH couth, 7850
Ne of s*ir* herrawd ne of s*ir* Gye,
And therfore a sory man was I.
But hys men vppon a daye
Seyden that they herd saye
That Gye was wente in excile 7855
I-passyd a fuH longe while,
And s*ir* herrawde is forth wente
To sech Gye w*ith* aH hys entente.
Lenger wold I dweH there nought,
In many londis I haue hym sought: 7860
Myght I neu*er* fynde man

Even in England,

at Warwick,

no one could tell him

where to find Guy or Herhaud.

¶ For ich haue þe king mi trewþe y-pliȝt 72

MS. fol. 151v. b. þat y schal bring Gij now riȝt
ȝif ich oliues be.
& ȝiue y bring him nouȝt anon
Wele ich wot he wil me slon: 5
þer-fore wel wo is me.
& min sones he schal don hong,
& to-drawe wiþ michel wrong,
þo kniȝtes hende & fre.
& ȝif þai dye gret harm it is. 10
For hem ich haue swiche sorwe,[1] y-wis:
Mine hert wil breken on þre.'

[1] *sorwe* added at the end of the line.

C. 7703. 'God man,' seyd Gij, 'listen me now. 73
For þine sones gret sorwe hastow,
& no wonder it nis.
When þou Gij & Herhaud hast[2] souȝt,
& þou no may hem finde nouȝt, 5
þi care is michel, y-wis.
þurch he*m* þine hope was to go fre,
& þi sones al forþ wiþ þe,
þurch godes help & his.

[2] *haþ* MS.

Turnbull, p. 303, l. 7771.

That owte of Gye teH can.
Now I come heder this ilke daye,
And reste me here be the weye.
Hit is twelmonythis and more 7865
Sythen that I fro the kynge gan fare.
Now wyH I wende to hym a-geyne:
WeH I wote I shaH be slayne;
But for the deth wyH I not flee [p. 164]
To yeve answere how it bee, 7870

For I haue hym my trowth plyght
To com a-geyne to hym fuH ryght.
WeH I wote I shaH be dede
And also my sonnes w*ith*-owte rede.
Of my selfe yeve I nought, 7875
But of my sonnes is aH my thought;
For they be knyght*is* bold and wyght,
And weH assayd in meny a fyght.
Yf they myght leve and old men bee,
They myght much helpe crystiante. 7880
Now to hym wyH I fare,
And take the deth w*ith* hem thare.'
W*ith* that he sowned be-fore s*ir* Gye;
Therfor he was fuH sorye.
Gye had sorrow and much care, 7885
For he saw Ionas so fare.

He was sure that the king would order the death of himself and his sons.

'Leefe pilgrym,' quod s*ir* Gye,
'For thy sonnes thow arte sorye:
Gye and herrawd hast thow sowght
In meny londys, and foundyst hem nought. 7890
Thought thow make doel hit is no ferlye,
When thow ne foundyst nother herraud ne Gye:
Thorough hem thow hopedist to delyu*er*dH be
Of p*ri*son and thi chyldre free.

Guy, feeling for Earl Jonas,

Sum time bi dayes old 10
For douhti man y was[1] told
& holden of gret priis.

[1] *men þai wer* MS.

¶ Þurch godes helpe, our driȝt 74
(He be min help, & ȝiue me miȝt,
& leue me wele to spede!),
& for Gyes loue & Herhaud also,
Þat þou hast sonȝt wiþ michel wo, 5
Þat douhti were of dede,
Batayl ichil now for þe fong
Oȝain þe geaunt, þat is so strong,
Þou seyst is so vnrede.
& þei he be þe fende out-riȝt, 10
Y schal for þe take þe fiȝt,
& help þe at þis nede.'

¶ When þerl herd him speke so, 75
Þat he wald batayl fong for him þo,
He biheld fot & heued:
Michel he was of bodi piȝt,
A man he semed of michel miȝt, 5
Ac pouerliche he was biweued;
Wiþ a long berd his neb was growe.
Miche wo hi*m* þought he hadde y-drowe.
He wende his wit were reued,
For he seyd he wald as ȝern 10
Fiȝt wiþ þat geaunt stern
Bot[2] ȝif he hadde hi*m* preued.[3]

Turnbull, p. 304, l. 7795.
MS. fol. 152r. a.

[2] Read *As*?
[3] *proued* MS.

¶ 'God man,' þan seyd he, 76
'God al-miȝten for-ȝeld it þe,
Þat is so michel of miȝt,
Þatow wost batayl for me fong
Oȝain þe geaunt, þat is so strong. 5
Þou knowest hi*m* nouȝt, y pliȝt.

I was in myn owen londe
Som tyme a doughty man of hande :

told him that he had once been held a doughty man,

Now for the love of god aH-myght,
That he me yeve grace to fyght,

For Gye and herrawdys sake [p. 165]
That bateyle for the wyH I take,[1]
And thorow the grace of hevyn-kyng
Thy sonnes of p*ri*son shaH I bryng.'

and, for the sake of Guy and Herhaud,

offered to undertake the fight with the giant.

When Erle Ionas herd s*ir* Gye,
That he was so bold and so hardye
To do that bateyle yf he myght,
And w*ith* that grete Geaunte for to fyghT,
He devysed hym fuH weH,
Hede and fote, eu*er*y deale.
He sye hys body gret and longe,
And weH I-made to be stronge,
Wyth bones grete and bare of flesshe.
He semyd a man of wildernesse :
Hys berd was longe and thike of here.
He lokyd on hym fuH ofte there.

Jonas looked at him : he was tall and seemed strong, but was poorly clad.

He thought Guy was out of his wits.

'Syr,' he seyd, 'for thy reason
Haue thow goddys benysoñ ;
But thow knowest not that paynym
That ys so much and so gryme ;

He thanked him

for his good-will,

For ȝif he loked on þe wiþ wrake
Sternliche wiþ his eyȝen blake,
So grim he is of siȝt,
Wastow neuer so bold *in* al þi teime,[1] 10
Þatow durst batayl of hi*m* nim,
No hold oȝaines him fiȝt.'

[1] So MS.

¶ 'Gode man,' seyd Gij, 'lat be þat þouȝt, 77
For swiche wordes help ous nouȝt
Oȝain þat schrewe qued.
Mani haþ loked me opon
Wiþ wicked wil, mani on 5
Þat wald han had min hed;
& þei no fled y neuer ȝete,
No neuer for ferd batayl lete
For noman þat brac bred.
& þei he be þe deuels rote, 10
Y schal nouȝt fle hi*m* a fot,
Bi him þat suffred ded.'

Turnbull, p. 305, l. 7819.

¶ 'Leue sir,' þan seyd he, 78
'God of heuen forȝeld it te:
Þine wordes er ful swete.'
For ioie he hadde i*n* hert þat stou*n*de
On knes he fel adoun to grounde, 5
& kist sir Gyes fet.
Gij tok him vp in armes to.
C. 7755. Into Alisaunder þai gun go,
Wiþ þe king to mete;
& when þai com i*n*-to þe tour 10
Bifor þe king sir Triamour,
Wel fair þai gun hi*m* grete.

¶ And when he seye þerl Ionas, 79
Unneþe he knewe him i*n* þe fas:
So chau*n*ged was his ble.

For, and yf he lokyd angyrlye
Ons on the *with* hys[1] eye, 7920

He wold the so a-gaste make,
That thow shuldyst the bateyle for-sake.'

but expressed his apprehension, lest, in the presence of the giant,

[1] *hye* MS.

his heart should fail him.

'Pylgryme,' quod Gye, 'dred the nowght.
God ys myghtfuH as I haue thought.
Many on hath *pro*vyd to do me scathe, 7925
And *with* hys eyen lokyd wrathe,
Yet fled I neuer fro hym in bateyle.
I tryste on god, he wyH not fayle.
Though thow thinke I feble be, [p. 166]
He[2] ys of so grete poweste, 7930
That he may yeve me grace & myght
To slee that Geaunte in that fyght.'

But Guy promised

[2] *And he* MS.

not to recede for a foot.

'Sir,' quod the pilgrym, 'graunt m*er*cye!
He that was borne of that mayd marye
Yelde the or thow be dede.' 7935
For joye he sowned in that stede.
'My frende,' quod Gye, 'so haue I hele,
Go we forth, we shaH fare wele.'

Earl Jonas

fell on his knees, and kissed Guy's feet.

To Alysaunder they them dyght,
To-fore the kyng they com fuH ryght. 7940

Then they went to Alexandria.

When the kyng Erle Ionas sawe,
Vnneth he cowth hym knowe.
'Sir Ionas,' quod the kyng than,

Earl Jonas was so changed that the King hardly knew him.

'Erl Ionas,' seyd þe king,
MS. fol. 152r. b. 'Telle me now wiþ-outen lesing, 5
Gij & Herhaud where ben he?'
Þerl answerd, & siked sore,
'Gij no Herhaud sestow no more;
Turnbull, p. 306, l. 7843. For soþe y telle þe,
For hem ich haue in Inglond ben, 10
& y no miȝt hem no-whar sen:
Þer-fore wel wo is me.

¶ Ac þe lond folk teld me in speche 80
Þat Gij was gon halwen to seche
Wel fer in vncouþe lond,
& Herhaud after him is went
For to seche him, verrament: 5
Noiþer of hem y no fond,
Ac þis man ich haue brouȝt to þe
Þat haþ ben man of gret bounte,
Þat wele dar take on hond
Oȝain þe geaunt þat is so fel, 10
Al for to fende þe ful wel:
For drede wil he nouȝt wond.'

C. 7779. ¶ 'Erl Ionas,' seyd þe king, 81
'Loke wiþ him be no feynting,
Þat y deseyued be.
& ȝif þer be, þou schalt anon
Be honged & þi sones ichon.' 5
'Y graunt, sir,' þan seyd he.
Þe king cleped sir Gyoun,
& asked him at schort resoun,
Turnbull, p. 307, l. 7867. 'What is þy name? tel me.'
Sir Gij answerd to þe king, 10
'Youn,' he said, 'wiþ-outen lesing,
Men clepeþ me in mi cuntre.'

'Where is Gye, that noble man,
Other herrawd that thow hast sowght?
Hast thow Eny of hem brought?'
'Sir,' he seyd, 'I wiH yow seye:
I wiH not lye, be this daye.
I have hem sowght longe and fferre:
Herrawd ne Gye found I nether.
I was fuH fer into Englond,
And asked aH that I fonde.

They seid that Gye is in excile wente,
Therfor that londe is now nere shente,
And *sir* herrawd hath take his weye
To seke Gye both nyght and daye.

But I have brow3t a noble kny3te,
That in armes is bold and wy3te:
For yow he wiH do this bateyle, [p. 167]
With helpe of god he shaH not fayle.
He shaH weH defende your ryght,
And w*ith* that false paynyme fyghT.'

Quod the kyng to Erle Ionas,
'Loke thow lye not in this case.
Yf I be trayed thorought the rede of the,
FuH hye hangyd shalt thow be,
And thi sonnes eu*er*y-chone
W*ith* wikyd deth shaH dye anone.'
'I Graunte,' quod Ionas, 'that ye seye:
God vs helpe, that beste maye.'
The kyng clepyd *sir* Gyoune,
And told hym a gret reasoune.
'Pylgryme,' he seyd, 'what is this name?'
Then he seyd, 'Iohn, w*ith*-owten blame.'

He asked him where Guy and Herhaud were.

The Earl replied that he had not found them,

The King threatened to hang Jonas and his sons if he should be betrayed by him.

He asked the pilgrim's name.

Guy answered that he was called 'Youn'

¶ 'What cuntre artow?' þe king sede. 82
'Of Inglond, so god me rede:
þerin ich was y-bore.'[1]

[1] *y born* MS.

'Owe,' seyd þe king, 'artow Inglis kniȝt,
þan schuld y þurch skil and riȝt 5
Hate þe euer more.
Knewe þou nouȝt þe gode[2] Gij
Or Herhaud þat was so hardi?
Tel me þe soþe bifore.
Wele ouȝt ich be Gyes foman: 10
He slouȝ mi broþ*er* Helmadan;
þurch him icham forlore.

[2] An erasure before *gode*.

¶ Min em[3] he slouȝ, þe riche Soudan, 83
Ate mete among ous euerilkan.
Seyȝe y neuer man so bigin:[4]
Y seyȝe hou he his heued of smot,
& bar it oway wiþ him fot hot, 5
Maugre þat was þer-inne.
After him we driuen þo,
þe deuel halp him þennes to go:
Y trowe he is of his kinne.
Mahoun ȝaf þat þou wer he! 10
Ful siker miȝt y þan be
þe maistri for to winne.'

[3] *Minem* MS.

MS. fol. 152v. a.

[4] The first two letters are indistinct; Turnbull *ingin*.

Turnbull, p. 308, l. 7891.

¶ Sir Gij answerd to þe king, 84
'Wel wele y knowe, wiþouten lesing,
Herhaud, so god me rede.
& ȝif þou haddest her on here,
Of þe maistri siker þou were, 5
þe bateyl for to bede.'

'Leve frende,' then seyd the kyng, 7975
'Teh yow[1] me *with*-owte lesynge,
Where were thow borne & in what londe?
Was there no brede ne corne growande?'
'Sir,' he seyd, 'in Englonde
Was I borne and moste dwellande: 7980
Sethen that I was dubbyd knyȝte,
I haue bene in meny fyght.'
'Arte thow Englissh,' quod the kyng,
'I owte to hate the ou*er* ah thinge.
Knew thow owte s*ir* Gyoun 7985
And herrawd, the bold baroun?
They be dowȝty men of hand,
Yf they be in the world levand.
I owght to hate Gye w*ith* grete Ire: [p. 168]
He slowe my fader, the kyng of tyre, 7990

Hearing that he was an Englishman,

[1] Read *þow*?

he made enquiries about Guy and Herhaud.

Guy had slain his brother Helmadan,

And he slow my Eme w*ith* his honde,
The sowdan, at his mete sittand:
I saw hym smyte of his hede,
And w*ith* myȝt and streng[t]h a-wey hit leede.
Awey he p*r*ikyd ther-with fuh faste: 7995
Ah we chasyd hym at the laste.
The devyh hym savyd, that he was not slone,
But he slow of vs meny one.
Lord Mahoun wold he were here!
Than wold I make weh good chere. 8000
Yf that he wold fyght for me,
Also for-yeve shuld hyt be.'

and his uncle the Soudan,

riding away with his head

with the help of the devil, of whose kin he was.

Gye answeryd fuh curteslye,
'Syr,' he seyd, 'fuh weh know I Gye
And herrawd also; both two 8005
I know hem weh, so must I goo.
Yf ye had herraw[d]e other Gye,
Ye were seker of the mastrye.'

Guy answered that, if either Guy or Herhaud would fight for the King,

he might be sure of victory.

Þe king asked him anon riȝt,
'Whi artow þus iuel y-diȝt
And in þus pouer wede?
A feble lord þou seruest, so þenkeþ me, 10
Or oway he haþ driuen þe
For sum iuel dede.'

¶ 'Nay, sir, for god,' quaþ Gij, 85
'A wel gode lord [ar] þan serue[d] y:
Wiþ him was no blame.

Wel michel honour he me dede,
& gret worþschipe in eueri stede, 5
& sore ich haue him grame[d],[1]
& þer-fore icham þus y-diȝt,
To cri him merci day & niȝt,
Til we ben frendes same.
& mi lord & y frende be, 10
Ichil wende hom to mi cuntre,
& liue wiþ ioie & game.'

[1] The *r* added above the line.

Turnbull, p. 309, l. 7915.

C. 7838. ¶ 'Frende Youn,' seyd þe king, 86
'Wiltow fiȝt for mi þing?
Oþer y schal anoþ*er* puruay.'
'Þerfor com ich hider,' quaþ Gij,
'Þurch Godes help & our leuedi 5
As wele as y may.

Bot first þerl Ionas & his sones
Schal be deliuerd[2] out of prisones
Þis ich selue day.'[3]
Þe king answerd, 'y graun*t* þe. 10
Mahoun he mot þine he[l]p be,
Þat is mi lord verray.'

[2] The *i* added above the line.
[3] A line erased after this.

MS. fol. 152v. b.

'Teꝗ me,' quod [the] king than,
'Whi arte thow so lene a man?
An onkynd man hast thow *ser*uyd aye,
When thow dep*ar*tidyst so power aweye,
Eyther hit is thyn folye,
That thow dep*ar*tist secretlye.'

The King further asked Guy why he was so poorly clad.

He must have served a bad lord.

'Sir,' he seyd, 'weꝗ may faꝗ,
But myn Estate know ye not aꝗ.
For soth, I was in good servyse:
My lord me lovyd in aꝗ wyse.
For hym I had grete honoure [p. 169]
Of kyng, prince, and maydens in bowre.
But for a lytiꝗ hastines
Aꝗ I loste, both more and lesse.
Tho went I fro my contree,
Tyꝗ it myght aft*er* bett*er* be.
Thus wiꝗ I walke in this estate,
Tyꝗ his wrath be abate.
When he and I accordyd be,
Then wiꝗ I wende to my contree.'

But Guy replied that he had once had a good lord,

but he had incensed him greatly.

He would not cease to cry to him for mercy, till they were friends again.

Now quod the kyng so free,
'Wiꝗ thow this bateyle take for me?
Or ellys I shaꝗ Gett another.
Teꝗ thow me, my leve brodyr.'
Gye seyd, 'therfor com I hedyr,
I and Ionas to-geder.
With helpe of god in trinite
This bateile wiꝗ I take for the,
And sle the paynym w*ith* my honde,
W*ith* that thow graunte me this covenaunde,
That Ionas and his sonnes ecchone
Shaꝗ be delyu*er*d, and that anone.'
The kyng seyd, 'I the graunte.
Mahoun me helpe & turmegaunte.'

At last the King asked him if he would undertake the fight.

Guy answered he would

on condition that Jonas and his sons should be set free at once.

Granting this, the King wished him the help of Mahomet.

¶ 'Nay,' seyd Gij, 'bot Marie sone: 87
He mot me[1] to help come,
For Mahoun is worþ nouȝt.'
'Frende Youn,' seyd þe king,
'Under-stond now mi teling, 5
Al what ich haue y-þouȝt.
ȝif þat þou may ouercom þe fiȝt,
& defende me wiþ riȝt
(þe wrong is on me souȝt),
So michel y schal for þe do, 10
þat men schal speke *þer*-of euer mo
As wide as þis wald is wrouȝt.

[1] *me*] *þe* erased in MS.

Turnbull, p. 310, l. 7939.

¶ Alle þe men þat in my prisou*n* be 88
þai schul be deliuerd for loue of þe
þat Cristen men be told.
Fram henne to Ynde þat cite
Quite-claym þai schul go fre 5
Boþe ȝong and old.

And so gode pes y schal festen anon,
þat Cristen men schul comen & gon
To her owhen wille in wold.'

'Gramerci,' þan seyd sir Gij. 10
'þat is a fair ȝift, sikerly.
God leue þe it wele to hold.'

C. 7881. ¶ þe king dede make a baþe anon riȝt, 89
For to baþe Gij & better diȝt:
In silk he wald him schrede.

'Nay,' quod Gye, 'but Mary is sonne,
That for vs on the rode was done:
He be myn helpe for his m*er*cye; 8045
For I the sey weH sikerlye
That Mahoun hath no poweste
Nother to helpe the ne me.'
Quod the kyng, 'my frende so dere, [p. 170]
I wyH make a covenaunte here. 8050
Yf thow myght the Geaunte sloo,
And bryng me owt of my woo,
Thi god for the love of the
Grete honoure shaH haue of me.

'No,' said Guy, 'but of Mary's Son.

For Mahomet is worth nothing.'

The King promised

if 'Youn' should vanquish the giant,

AH crysten that I haue taken here 8055
ShaH be delyu*erd* w*ith* good chere.
In aH my lond of Alexaundre
Men shaH not the crysten dere.
Ther shaH be none in hethenes,
Man ne woman, more ne lesse, 8060
That ys of crystiante
But he here shaH delyu*erd* be;
And such a statute shaH I make
For the and for goddes sake,
That aH crysten her wey shaH wende 8065
Thorough-owt this land fayre & hende,
And, yf any be so hardye
To do them shame other villany,
Be he neu*er* so bold ne stowte,
He shaH be hanged w*ith*-owte dowȝt.' 8070
'Sir,' quod Gye, 'graunte m*er*cye!
This [is] a feyer graunt, sekerlye.'

to deliver all his Christian prisoners,

and to grant Christians privileges in his country.

The kyng bad he shuld bathed be,
'And yf hym Robes two or thre:
AH his desire be hym brought; 8075

'Nay, sir,' þan seyd sir Gij,
'Swiche cloþes non kepe y, 5
Also god me rede,
To were cloþes gold-bi-go
(For y was neuer wont þerto)
Turnbull, p. 311, l. 7963. No non so worþliche wede.
Mete and drink anouȝ ȝiue me, 10
& riche cloþes lat þou be:
Y kepe non swiche prede.

1 In MS. the first three lines of st. 90 are written as if belonging to st. 89.

¶ [1]& when þe time com to þende, 90
þat þai schuld to court wende,
þer sembled a fair ferred.
King Triamour maked him ȝare þo,
And Fabour his sone dede also, 5
Wiþ kniȝtes stiþe on stede.
To court ward þan went he,
MS. fol. 153r. a. To Espire, þat riche cite,
Wiþ joie & michel prede.
To þe Soudan þai went on heye 10
Wiþ wel gret cheualrie,
2 *of him* erased after *Bateyle*. Bateyle[2] for to bede.

C. 7899. ¶ Gij was ful wele in armes diȝt 91
Wiþ helme, & plate, & brini briȝt,
þe best þat euer ware.
3 Read *eluis*? þe hauberk he hadde was renis,[3]
þat was king Clarels, y-wis, 5
In Ierusalem when he was þare.
A þef stale it in þat stede,
& oway þerwiþ him dede:
Turnbull, p. 312, l. 7987. To heþenesse he it bare.
King Triamours elders it bouȝt, 10
4 *þai it bouȝt* MS. & in her hord house þai bouȝt[4]
To hold it euer mare.

Loke that hym wante nowght.'
'Sir,' quod Gye, 'hold the styH.
Hit is nothing my wiH
Riche Robis for to have : [p. 171]
I am now but a pore knave. 8080
Mete and drynke geve me my fiH,
And then haue I aH my wyH.'
The kyng bad than that he shuld have
AH that euer he wold crave.

Rich clothes Guy declined.

He only wanted enough to eat and drink.

The terme ys now come fuH sone, 8085
That the bateyle shuld be done :

The kyng was nobley dyȝte
And aH his baronage stoute and wyght :

Triamour and Fabour

repaired to the Soudan's Court.

To the sowdan wiH they fare.
Forth they went, and that fuH yare. 8090

Sir Gye was armed and weH dyght
As it feH to a worthi knyȝt.
On he had a good hawberke :
Hit was of a fuH good werke.
In fer lond was hit wrought, 8095
And to the kynge for a p*resent* brought.
When hit com to Ierusalem,
Hit shone as the soñ beame.
A theef hit stale w*ith* robberye,
And brought hit to Alexandrye. 8100
The auncetres of kyng tryamoure
Kepte hit w*ith* a gret tresoure.

Guy was well armed.

His hauberk had once been King Clarel's.

¶ Sir Gij þai toke it in þat plas. 92
Þritti winter afrayd it nas:
Ful clere it was of mayle,
As briȝt as ani siluer it was:
Þe halle schon þerof as sonne of glas, 5
For soþe wiþouten fayle.
His helme was of so michel miȝt,
Was neuer man ouer-comen in fiȝt
Þat hadde it on his ventayle.

It was Alisau*n*ders, þe gret lording, 10
When he fauȝt wiþ Poreus þe king,
Þat hard him gan aseyle.

¶ A gode sword he hadde, wiþ-oute*n* faile, 93
Þat was Ectors in Troye batayle,
In gest as so men fint.
Ar he þat sword dede forgon,
Of Grece he slouȝ þer mani on, 5
Þat died þurch þat dint.
Hose & gambisoun so gode kniȝt schold,
A targe listed wiþ gold
About his swere he hint.
Turnbull, p. 313, l. 8011. Nas neuer wepen þat eu*er* was make[d] 10
Þat o schel miȝt þerof take,
Na more þan of þe flint.

[1] *For* MS. ¶ Or[1] king Triamours elders it lauȝt, 94
King Darri sum time it auȝt:
Þat Gij was vnder piȝt.
MS. fol. 153r. b. Ich man axe oþer bigan
Whennes & who was þat man 5
Þat wiþ þe geaunt durst fiȝt.
C. 7939. King Triamour seyd wiþ wordes fre,
'Sir Soudan, herken now to me,
Astow art hendy kniȝt.

Hit was take for[1] tresorye
At that ned to sir Gye.
Thritty wynt*er*s and weƗ more
Was hit not on-folden ore:
Hit was so clere and so brygħt,
AƗ the haƗ shone of the lygħt.
He had an helme of oold werke, [p. 172]
On eu*er*y syd styfe and sterke.
Who that on his hed hit bere
Shuld not be co*n*victe in were.
Hit was Alexaundris the kyng:
He hit wan at a fyghtyng.
He slow the kyng priamoure therfore,
And wanne there much more.

He bare a swerd in hys honde:
Ectour, the good knyȝt, hyt fonde.

Ther-with the grek*is* many one,
Or he lese [hyt], had he slone.
He wold have yove for the fyndyng
The weyght of gold and of other thyng.
He had a ryght noble targe:
Hit was grete, stronge, and large.
There was no thyng that mygħt hit dere,
Knyfe, ne swerd, ne sharpe spere.

When he was dight aƗ thus s*ir* Gye,
The paynyms of hym had ferlye.
Eu*er*ych askyd other what he mygħt be,
Whens he com and fro what contre
That for the kyng shuld fygħt:
Saw they neu*er* a fayrer' knygħt.
The kyng seyd than to the sowdan,
'Heryth me now anon.
I am com be-fore yow here

Although it had not been rubbed for thirty years,

[1] *Read* fro?

it was as bright as silver.

His helmet

had been King Alexander's when he fought with King Porus.

His sword had belonged to Hector.

His shield

could be damaged by no weapon.

Everybody wondered who Guy was.

King Triamour

To þi court icham now come 10
To defende me of þat ich gome
  þat is so stern of siȝt.

¶ þis litel kniȝt þat stont me by 95
Schal fende me of þat felonie,
  & make me quite & skere.'
'Be stille,' seyd þe Soudan þo,
'þat batail schal wel sone be go, 5
  Also brouke y mi swere.'

He dede clepe Amorant so grim,
& Gij stode & loked on him,
Turnbull, p. 314, l. 8035. Hou foule he was of chere.
'It is,' seyd Gij, 'no ma*n*nes sone: 10
It is a deuel fram helle is come.
  What wonder doþ he here?

¶ Who miȝt his dintes dreye, 96
þat he no schuld dye an heye?
  So strong he is of dede.'
þan speken þai alle of þe batayle:
Where it schuld be, wiþ-outen fayle, 5
  þai token hem to rede.
þan loked þai it schuld be
In a launde vnder þe cite:
  þider þai gun hem lede.
Wiþ a riuer it ern al about: 10
þer-in schuld fiȝt þo kniȝtes stout.
  þai miȝt fle for no nede.

¶ Ouer þe water þai went *in* a bot, 97
On hors þai lopen fot hot,
  þo kniȝtes egre of mode.

To deffend me in aH manere
Of that wiked felonye
That was put on me wikydlye.

Thorough this knyght that stondyth here [p. 173]
I wiH prove that youre son dere 8140
Thorough his owen pursuet was dede,
My sonne defendaunte of that quede.'
'Kyng,' quod the sowdan, 'hast thow [hym] brought,
Hit shaH sone be don I have thought.'
He bad bryng forth that Geaunte, 8145
Of ynd a paynym, ameraunte.
He was armyd noblye:
Eu*er*y man of hym had ferlye.
His body was gret and swith longe:
He semyd to be wondyr stronge. 8150
When Gye saw that ilke paynyme,
That was so much and so gryme,
'I*es*u,' quod sir Gye than,
'Hit is the devyH, it is no man.

Who shuld eu*er* hys stroke stonde 8155
With-owten deth? noman levand!'

presented Guy to the Soudan as his champion.

Amoraunt was called, and Guy looked at him.

He said he was a devil of Hell.

The battle was to take place on

Forth they wente to that bateyle
Hastily, with-oute fayle,
In a feld w*ith*-owte the Cyte:
Ther was hyt ordeyned to be. 8160

a lawn before the city.

When they com there they shuld fyght,
They daltyn strok*is* anone ryght.
Tho they smytten to-geder faste,

The opponents mounted their steeds,

Þai priked þe stedes þat þai on sete,
& smiten togider wiþ dentes grete, 5
& ferd as þai wer wode,
Til her schaftes in þat tide
Gun to schiuer bi ich a side
Turnbull, p. 315, l. 8059. About hem þer þai stode.
Þan þai drouȝ her swerdes grounde, 10
& hewe togider wiþ grimli wounde,
MS. fol. 153v. a. Til þai spradde al ablode.

C. 7975. ¶ Sir Amoraunt drouȝ his gode brond, 98
Þat wele carf al þat it fond,
When he hadde lorn his launce:
Þat neuer armour miȝt wiþstond
Þat was made of smitþes hond 5
In heþenesse no in Fraunce.
It was sir Ercules þe strong,
Þat mani he slouȝ þer-wiþ wiþ wrong
In batayle & in destaunce.
Þer was neuer man þat it bere 10
Ouer-comen in batayle no in were,
Bot it were þurch meschaunce.

¶ It was baþed in þe flom of helle: 99
A goddes[1] ȝaf it him to wille,
[1] *A goddes*] MS. *Agnes*.
He schuld þe better spede.
Who þat bar þat swerd of miȝt,
Was neuer man ouercomen in fiȝt, 5
Bot it were þurch vnlede.
Þer worþ sir Gij to deþ y-brouȝt,
Bot ȝif god haue of him þouȝt,
Turnbull, p. 316, l. 8083. His best help at nede.
Togider þai wer ȝern heweinde 10
Wiþ her brondes wele kerueinde,
And maden her sides blede.

Eu*er* whiles her sperys wold laste ;

and commenced their fight.

But fuH sone that ylke tyde 8165
They brokyn on pecys hem besyde.

After their lances had shivered to pieces,

Then drew the[y] swerdys of good stele,
And fawght to-gedyr nobly wele.

they drew their swords.

Ameraunte hys swerd drew owte : [p. 174]
Hyt was weH sharpe aH abowte. 8170

Amoraunt's sword could be withstood by no armour.

Hyt was Ercules swerd the wyght :
He had hyt borne in many fyght,
And therwith slayne many a mane.
Ameraunte hym selfe hyt wane.

It had once belonged to Hercules.

Hyt was put in water of heH, 8175
Therfor hyt was kene and feH.

It had been bathed in the river of Hell.

But god of hevyn thynke on Gye,
He shaH be ded fuH hastilye.
With wrath sterte forth ameraunte,
To Gye he made a gret assawte. 8180
Then to-Gedyr gan they fyght,
And daltyn strok*is* anone ryght.

Guy will meet with his death unless God think of him.

¶ Sir Amoraunt was agreued in hert, 100
& smot to Gij a dint ful smert
Wiþ alle þe miȝt he gan welde,
& hitt him on þe helme so briȝt,
þat alle þe stones of michel miȝt 5
Fleyȝe doun in þe feld.
Al of þe helme þe swerd out stint,
& forþ riȝt wiþ þat selue dint
Oþer half fot of þe scheld,
þat neuer was atamed ar þan 10
For kniȝt no for no no*þer* man,
No were he neuer so beld.

¶ þe sadel bowe he clef atvo, 101
þe stedes nek he dede also,
Wiþ his grimli brond.
Wiþ-outen wem[1] or ani wounde
Wele half a fot in-to þe grounde 5
þe scharp swerd it wond.
Sir Gij to grounde fallen is,
He stirt vp anon, y-wis,
& loked, & gan wiþ-stond.
Anon riȝt in þat ich stede 10
To god almiȝten he bad his bede,
& held vp boþe his hond.

[1] MS. *when.*

Turnbull, p. 317, l. 8107. MS. fol. 153v. b.

¶ Sir Gij anon vp stirt 102
As man þat was agremed in hert,
Nouȝt wel long he lay.
'Lord,' seyd Gij, 'god al-miȝt,
þat made þe þerkenes to þe niȝt, 5
So help me to-day.
Scheld me fro þis geaunt strong,
þat y no deþ of him afong,
Astow art lord verray.

Ameraunte smote Gye on the helme ryȝt
With hys swerd, that was so bryght:

Sir Amoraunt

He fellyd the flowres aƚƚ a-bowte
Of hys helme, that was so stoute,

hit Guy on his helmet, so that all its stones flew down.

That was neu*er* blemysshed ere
In no bateyle where it were.

The same stroke cut off one foot and a half of Guy's shield,

Thorough hys sadyƚƚ he smote also
Hys good sted evyn in two,

and cleft his saddle-bow and his steed's neck.

And yet feƚƚ the stroke down thore
To the erth a fote and more.

Sir Gye fyƚƚ to ground anone;
Hys good stede vnder hym was slone.

Sir Guy fell to the ground, but rose again at once.

After a prayer to God,

'Lord,' he seyd, 'god aƚƚ-myȝte,
That madyst both day and nygħt,
Sheld me from deth to-daye,
For well I wot that thow maye.
Kepe me, for thi swete grace, [p. 175]
That I be not slayne in this place.'

Þat dint,' he seyd, 'was iuel sett. 10
Wele schal y com out of þi dett
ȝif þat I libbe may.'

C. 8007. ¶ Gij hent his swerd, þat was ful kene, 103
& smot Amoraun*t* wiþ hert tene
A dint þat sat ful sore,
Þat a quarter of his scheld
He made to fleye in þe feld 5
Al wiþ his grimli gore.
Þe stedes nek he smot atvo,
Amoraun*t* to grounde is fallen þo:
Turnbull, p. 318, l. 8131. Wo was him þerfore.
Þan wer on fot þo kniȝtes bold: 10
Fiȝt ofot ȝif þai wold.
Her stedes þai han forlore.

¶ Amoraunt wiþ hert ful grim 104
Smot to Gij, & Gij to him,
Wiþ strokes stern & stiue.
Hard þai hewe wiþ swerdes clere,
Þat helme & swerd, þat strong were, 5
Þai gun hem al to-driue.
Hard fouȝten þo championns,
Þat boþe plates & hauberiouns
Þai gun to ret & riue,
& laiden on wiþ dintes gret. 10
Aiþer of hem so oþer gan bete,
Þat wo was hem oliue.

C. 8025. ¶ Sir Amoraunt was agreued strong, 105
Þat o man stode hi*m* þo so long.
To Gij a strok he rauȝt,
MS. fol. 154r. a. & hit him on þe helme so briȝt,
Þat al þe floures fel doun riȝt. 5
Wiþ a ful grimly drauȝt

Vpon hys feete he sterte fuꝗ lyghꝗt,
As he that bold was and wyght.

Guy was resolved to pay the giant his debt.

He toke hys swerd w*ith* gret envye,
And smote Ameraunte tho in hye.

Of the helme the stroke glode, 8205
And by the horse the stroke rode.

Guy damaged Amoraunt's shield,

The stedys neke he smote in two:
The Geaunte feꝗ to the erth tho;

and killed his steed.

But vp he stert w*ith*-owte dwellyng:
Therof pleyned he no-thyng. 8210

He smote to Gye w*ith* aꝗ hys myȝt,
And he hym, as a noble knyȝt.
Tho they fowghten ryght faste there:
Nother of hem wold other spare.
They fowght w*ith* so grete Ire: 8215
Oute of ther helmis sprange the fyre.
They breke hawberk*is*[1] & shyldys:
The pecis flew in-to the fyldys.
They fought so faste w*ith* her brondys:
They corue theire armo*ur* w*ith* streng[t]h of handys.
Be-twene them was bateyle stronge, 8221
And hyt lastyd swyth longe.

They fought very obstinately.

[1] *hawberberkis* MS.

Tho thought Ameraunt the[2] knyghꝗt
That he had be in many a fyghꝗt:
Vp he lyfte his arme on hye, 8225
And thought to smyte sore s*ir* Gye.
On the helme he hym smote,
The sercle of gold of hys swerd bote.

[2] *tho* MS.

Sir Amoraunt was angry because he could not vanquish Guy.

He damaged Guy's helmet

þe cercle of gold he carf ato,
& forþ wiþ his dint also
Turnbull, p. 319, l. 8155. þer bileued it nouȝt:
On þe scheld þe swerd doun fel, 10
And cleue it in-to haluendel,
Almost to grounde him brouȝt.

¶ What wiþ þe swerdes out draweing, 106
& wiþ his hetelich out braiding,
þer fel a wonder cas:
Sir Gij fel on knes to grounde,
& stirt vp in þat selue stounde, 5
& seyd, 'lord ful of grace,
Neuer dint of kniȝt non
No miȝt me are knele don
In no stede þer y was.'
Sir Gij hent vp his swerd fot hot, 10
Amoraun*t* o*n* þe hod he smot,
[1] *þe þe* MS. þat he stumbled in þe[1] place.

¶ He hit him on þe helme an heyȝe, 107
& wiþ þat dint þe swerd it fleyȝe:
Bi þe nasel it gan doun founde,

& so it dede bi þe ventayle,
& carf it ato, saunfaile, 5
& in-to his flesche a wounde.

His targe wiþ gold list
He carf atvo þurch help of Crist,
Turnbull, p. 320, l. 8179. He cleue þat ich stounde.
So heteliche þe brond out he pliȝt, 10
þat Amoraunt anon riȝt
Fel on knes to grounde.